

35 f e

MISCELLANIES

LONDON.

Moral and Religious Subjects,

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

BY

ELIZABETH HARRISON.



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Mr. Samuel Walter, Hull
Mr. Wright.
Mr. Samuel Wilson
Anonymous, fine paper

Y.

Mrs. Younge, London
Mr. Yeoman, Oakhill

T H E



THE
HISTORY
OF
CLERIMONT.



CLERIMONT was an only child : his father, having lived too fast to live long, died of a consumption in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and *Clerimont*, heir to a large fortune, descended in his infancy to the care of an excellent mother, whose distress for the loss of her husband was much relieved by the prospect she now had of training her son to the love and practice of virtue. She attempted ; she succeeded. Under *Eusebius* and

B

other

other tutors, he became acquainted with every thing necessary for such a young gentleman to know, and the efficacy that knowledge had on his conduct, gratified all the wishes of the best of mothers. At nineteen he was enough the gentleman and the christian, to be the wonder, the delight, or the envy of every one that knew him. Such a son to such a mother was,—what? Ask the mother like *Clerimont's*, who has a son like *Clerimont*.

About this time the good lady was seized by a fever; her case was soon dangerous; soon desperate. She called for her *Clerimont*; he approached her, trembling. She caught him by the right-hand, grasped it hard, and said with a firm voice: “What ails my *Clerimont*! Thy mother is well, will soon be—not heart can conceive. I have lived to see my *Clerimont* all I can wish him. Yet one word of caution. By your father’s will you are, till of age, the charge of your uncle; a man, alas! too like his—But let me not remember an husband’s failings. Only be on your guard, and depend upon that grace which never suffered humility to trust in vain. Your uncle has already mentioned *Celinda*. Marry, my
* dear,

dear, but heaven better direct your choice. Prefer a mind to a fortune. You will. I leave you in the hand that will sustain you through life ; in death ; in death it sustains me.—Follow me—we meet yonder.” *Clerimont* would have answered, but grief prevented ; and while the tears were descending on their grasping hands, the holy soul was safe in the care to which she surrendered it, in the words of the martyr, *Lord Jesus ! receive my spirit.*

Clerimont had been overwhelmed with sorrow upon this occasion, but for the assistance of *Eusebius*, who behaved himself so affectionately, that the pious tutor was now more amiable than ever in the eyes of his young pupil, who before loved him as a father.

Immediately after the funeral, *Clerimont* was sent for to reside with his uncle ; and told, that he must part with *Eusebius*. The youth was alarmed, and with great earnestness, yet in terms of dutiful submission, solicited the continuance of his tutor ; at least for a few months, till his affliction for the loss of his mother grew more supportable. After some hesitation, his uncle complied, and the tutor was continued.

Clerimont, who had hitherto lived in a family thoroughly sober, and orderly, now found himself in one, to an high degree irregular and profane, where religion was never thought of but as a subject for ridicule, and where every servant soon learned to eccho from the master; “ Our young saint, and his sanctified tutor !” *Clerimont* was not, however, so young as to be laughed out of his love of virtue, but on the contrary, became every day more enamoured of his charmer, by comparing her beauties with the hideous deformity of vice. Poor youth ! how unhappily situated ! yet such was the polite ease ; such the humorous pleasantry of his behaviour, that he presently endeared himself to the family, and the neighbourhood, and often, when the visit was to sir *John*, the hope of social entertainment was from *Clerimont*. One day, in a large circle, sir *John* found himself, before he was aware, engaged in a dispute concerning morality, when, observing his own weakness at argument, he retreated under the cover of *ridicule*, from whence he was presently driven, and obliged to acknowledge,—“ My learned nephew has conquered me :” so that virtue,
who

who feared not to lose, began to think of gaining a votary. But the wary knight, having once escaped, would never more be snared.

His situation, however, was extremely disagreeable. His ear would not harden to the customary sounds of oaths and imprecations; and once, with a kind of distracted horror, he told *Eusebius*; Sure I am in hell! —if fiends indeed converse so profanely! The good man suggested what he thought pertinent to the occasion, applauded his firmness and steadiness in virtue, and to ensure perseverance, warmly recommended diffidence, watchfulness, prayer, and humble confidence in God.

The conduct of *Clerimont* was considered by the neighbours, as a moral, drawn from the life of his uncle; and sir *John*, with indignation, saw the life of his nephew a satire upon his own; for which reason, among others, he used all his art, to give a new turn to the mind of *Clerimont*: but all his art was in vain. *Clerimont* was too well acquainted with himself, to gratify the hopes of a man, who might, indeed, know more of the world than he, but who, nevertheless, was still to be taught,

that artifice is not always a match for honesty. Sir *John* had observed his nephew's social disposition, and his talent for entertaining all sorts of company. *Amander*, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, had the same character. He had sense, wit, and vivacity, but was a rake. Sir *John* artfully brought about an intimacy between *Amander* and *Clerimont*, but was utterly disappointed; *Amander* was the convert of *Clerimont*, not *Clerimont* of *Amander*.

The uncle now affected to appear extremely concerned for the honour and happiness of his nephew, and took several opportunities of talking with him, on the subject of marriage; assured him of his hearty desire to see him well settled, and as a suitable partner, mentioned *Celinda*. Her person, her wit, her fortune, her birth, and her virtue, were often the themes of conversation. *Clerimont* knew too much of *Celinda* already to wish a farther acquaintance; and always answered his uncle's intimations in general terms. But when sir *John* insisted on a visit to *Celinda*, *Clerimont* modestly prayed to be excused, alledging his reasons for wishing not to take any step at present,

present, preparatory to the change of his condition.

Clerimont, in his remonstrances, had more than once referred himself to the advice of his dying mother. "What, said sir *John*, has that whimsical woman marked out a wife for you?" This reflection on a mother's memory alarmed the piety of the son, and it was with difficulty that he repressed the emotion, which sir *John* perceiving, he subjoined; "Your mother indeed was a good sort of a woman, in her way; but your father, who was wise as well as good, by leaving you, my charge, has shewn some degree of confidence in my judgment, and wou'd, were he living, command what I but advise." "Sir (said *Clerimont*) peace to the ashes of my father whom I never knew, but my Mother I knew long! O! to have known her longer! and her care in my education, while memory remains, shall I ever remember: *care* which exerted itself in death, and which I can no otherwise repay than by observing the counsels which, in that moment, it suggested." "And you will not, interrupted sir *John*, at my instance, think of *Celinda*? Her mind is, indeed gay; she will therefore temper your

gravity; and really, nephew, you are too grave, too grave even for a clergyman; the character, I suppose, which your mother designed you to bear. Come, follow my advice in this matter, and, on my honour, you are happy." "Tempt me not, said *Clerimont*, to prove an ungrateful son, while yet it is my resolution, in every possible instance, to be an obedient nephew. Drop but this subject, and in every other particular"—"A fine compliment again, interrupted the uncle, you have made me, truly! My judgment is to be held of no consequence in affairs of *moment*, and to have some small weight in *trifles*!" Sir *John* uttered this with some warmth, and forbid a reply, by suddenly leaving the room.

This conversation *Clerimont* circumstantially related to *Eusebius*, intimating his apprehensions of being obliged to marry *Celinda*, or to break with his uncle. *Eusebius* made no scruple of telling him which branch of the alternative he ought to prefer; but encouraged him to hope that things would not come to that extremity, and his uncle might be persuaded not to insist on the match.

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Clerimont had now passed three months at his uncle's in this disagreeable manner, when, one day, in the fulness of his heart, he passionately asked *Eusebius* if no expedient could be hit upon for a removal, tho' it were but for a month, a fortnight, or a week. *Eusebius*, after a pause, answered, "Perhaps there might." "What can it be, said *Clerimont*? And is it an handsome one?" "You remember, said *Eusebius*, the invitation you received when last at sir *Thomas*'s. 'Tis to spend a month with him."—"I do, I do, and will immediately accept it," said he eagerly. "Hold, replied *Eusebius*, what, if this afternoon, we make a visit thither? And if the invitation should be renewed, I will return and solicit for you the consent of your uncle." In this hope the visit was made. The invitation was renewed, and in the strongest terms insisted upon. *Clerimont* politely signified his sense of the favour, and his desire to accept it, but could not think of complying without his uncle's leave; for which a servant was dispatched, with a line of request from sir *Thomas* and his lady, who returned with sir *John*'s compliments, and a kind

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acknowledgment of the honour conferr'd on his nephew.

Eusebius, who was included in the invitation, staid with his *Clerimont*. Sir *Thomas* and his lady were a pious pair; the God of heaven was twice a day worshipp'd in the family, where nothing appeared but order and felicity. Sir *Thomas* was besides a man of learning, so that he found in *Eusebius* the most agreeable companion. Nor was *Clerimont* excluded the party, who, though modesty inclined him to say little, said enough to surprize sir *Thomas* with his parts and his piety.

After about two months, past in this agreeable manner, *Clerimont* received a message from his uncle, to return within a few days. He sent a suitable answer, and fixed with sir *Thomas* the day for departure. *Clerimont* had not been able to appear always so cheerful, but sir *Thomas* could discover, by his countenance and manner, that he carried a dejected spirit. The dejection now became more apparent, which confirmed the knight in his persuasion, that the uncle's family afforded but an uneasy situation to the nephew. But not chusing to appear impertinent, or to acquaint himself with

with an affliction, which he might not have power to remove, he resisted the propensity of his compassionate temper, and avoided every occasion of inviting *Clerimont* to mention the cause of his distress.

The morning for parting arrived. *Clerimont*, with his usual ease, took leave of my lady; but could neither restrain, nor conceal the tear, when sir *Thomas* grasped his hand; nor could the knight any longer resist the wishes of sympathy, but exclaimed fervently; "Why will not my *Clerimont* honour me with an unlimited friendship?" "If I know my own soul, dear sir, said *Clerimont*, oppress me not more by charging me with a suspicious temper. I am indeed unhappy! the unhappiest—" Here *Clerimont* unboomed his heart with the most generous confidence, and sir *Thomas* received the complaint. But the writer perceives, that the most passionate description of this scene would be felt deficient by every reader who is capable of true friendship. *Eusebius* was present, but, through the excess of affection, silent. "I would, said sir *Thomas*, but cannot"— "You can," answered *Clerimont*.

"Con-

“ Condolence in affliction is relief,
“ And gen’rous pity softens ev’ry grief”.

The visitors departed, and this incident afforded many a sadly-delightful evening to sir *Thomas* and his lady.

Clerimont, at his return, was treated by his uncle, with all possible kindness, and invited to take a little journey with him to visit lord *M*—, with whom he intended to spend a week or fortnight, and to take this opportunity of introducing him to his lordship. He told him likewise, that this was a proper occasion for dismissing *Eusebius*, and complimented him on that sense, learning, prudence, and virtue, which rendered needless a governor and tutor.

Clerimont could not fail of suspecting, where one of less understanding had been suspicious; and was almost confident, that his uncle was not dealing with him in the honesty of his heart. He concealed, however, his apprehensions; and confessing himself too much obliged by his uncle’s good opinion, said all that diffidence could suggest, to engage his consent for continuing *Eusebius*. “ I will, indeed, said *Clerimont*, submit to your pleasure, but my loss!—”

“ Loss !

“Lofs! said sir *John* angrily, well! if *you* must have a tutor, it shall not be the man who has the insolence to be *mine*.” *Clerimont* perceived it was in vain to reply, and respectfully withdrew.

Clerimont immediately met *Eusebius* in the garden: *Eusebius* observed his agitation, and tenderly enquired the cause. “We must separate! we must separate! I am lost! I am lost!” was all he would utter for some time. But after a little recollection, he told the occasion of his distress, and the good man endeavoured to administer all the consolations of reason and religion.

Such were the incidents of that forenoon. After dinner, sir *John* took *Eusebius* into a private room, and told him he was discharged of all further care of his nephew. *Eusebius* expressed his good wishes, both for the uncle and *his Clerimont*, as he could not avoid calling him, though now to be *his Clerimont* no longer; and desired to know when he should take his leave of the family. “We are going to-morrow, said sir *John*, to visit lord *M*— for about a fortnight; in that time you may have leisure to provide yourself.” *Eusebius* thanked him,

him, and offered, if it might be thought proper, to attend them in the morning, part of the way, and take his leave on the road. Sir *John* consented, and withdrew.

After the family was in bed, *Eusebius* and *Clerimont* spent the night together; one in asking advice with fervour, the other in giving it with freedom. Thus the interview concluded, each falling on the other's neck. *Eusebius* said solemnly; "Ever obey your uncle, except when duty to heaven supercedes that obedience. Be directed by the monitor within, and heaven direct you! God Almighty bless you!" "Sure," said *Clerimont*, "the patriarch is blessing me! the patriarch's God be mine!" "Adieu, my son!" "My father, adieu!"

Eusebius set out in the morning, with the coach, and after dinner at the inn, took his last farewell of *Clerimont*, and parted with sir *John* in a friendly manner. Sir *John* and *Clerimont* proceeded on their journey; and were politely received by lord *M——*, his lady, and *Celinda* their daughter. A plot had been laid, and it soon began to open. Lord *M——* had spent every thing but his title, and was therefore

fore willing to marry his daughter to a man, whose circumstances did not qualify him to demand more with a wife than the fortune which had been left *Celinda* by an uncle.

Celinda was ambitious of birth, and *Clerimont* was the son of a baronet; she thought a rich, sober man, best capable of maintaining a gay wife. *Clerimont* was rich, and sober; but how to win him was the question. By assuming a character like his own. *Celinda* assumes it.

One day, after dinner, when *Amander*, who often visited the family, was present, lord *M*— took occasion to wonder what was the matter with his daughter; and protested he fancied *Amander*, who had lately commenced saint himself, had made her a profelyte. *Celinda*, well-skilled in her part, played it so excellently, that in half an hour *Clerimont* thought he saw an angel striving to engage lord *M*— and sir *John* for virtue. This, observed her father, is a specimen of her manner! She turns *quaker* next, I suppose; for last night she gave us an excellent funeral sermon.

Clerimont, the next morning, took a ride to breakfast with *Amander*, who assured him

him, that *Celinda* was certainly pious on principle; and sustained, with amazing greatness of mind, the ridicule of all her gay acquaintance. *Clerimont* was all wonder, belief, and rapture. He returned, and sought opportunities of being alone with *Celinda*, as industriously as he had intended to avoid them. He often observed *Milton* in her hand; oftener a Bible; and upon subjects which those books suggested, she talked not only better than he expected, but at least as well as he wished. No heart was ever better formed for love than *Clerimont's*; no wonder, therefore, that his heart was no longer his own but the lady's, whom, before he thought a wit, and a beauty, and of whom he now believed wit and beauty to be the lowest perfections. His guardian-angel never once whispered *beware*!

Nor was *Clerimont* the lover, who forgets that he is a rational creature. In the lone hour of contemplation, he arraigned his conduct at the bar of reason, where, after the most impartial trial, it was acquitted. Not the advice of a dying mother alarmed him; because that advice respected not the woman but the character; and

and the *Celinda* of her ideas, was not the present *Celinda*.

One morning, when *Clerimont* was engaged with his charmer, and among other things, congratulating her on having broken the chains of custom, and asserted her natural liberty, *Sir John* came in, *Celinda* withdrew; and this dialogue past between the uncle and nephew.

Sir John. What think you, nephew, is not she a fine girl?

Cler. Sir, I never thought her otherwise.

Sir John. But I think her altered in her disposition, and much for the worse.

Cler. I must beg leave to differ, sir; the change, in my opinion, is infinitely to her advantage.

Sir John. Well, well, enjoy your opinion. I fancy you sent her a mold, by *Amander*, in which to new-cast herself. But really, I am afraid, you'll be too much alike to be happy.

Cler. Sir, I have no fears of that kind.

Sir John. Why, then I am glad of the metamorphosis. You'll make a pretty demure couple; support a mighty sober fami-

ly ; make saints of your children, as soon as they can speak ; and turn *Eusebius* into a chaplain to say prayers all day long.

Cler. Excuse me, sir, that I cannot join the laugh at religion, till I think it ridiculous.

Sir John. Come, I neither reflect on you, nor your religion.

Enter Lord M—.

Lord. You and your nephew are, it seems, in close conversation.

Sir John. And on a very important point, my lord, matrimony. My *Clerimont* is not insensible to the amiable *Celinda*.

Lord. You know her fortune, sir *John* ; if my girl has no objection, I shall be proud of the alliance.

Sir John. My lord, you honour us.

Lord. I once apprehended my daughter would expect a very gay husband, but I am now doubtful whether your nephew, who, I confess, has agreeably deceived me, with his engaging sprightliness, may not appear too gay for her.

Cler. I wish I deserved your lordship's compliment ; and that I may, let me imitate *Celinda*.

Lord. I doubt, sir, you see her at disadvantage. She has indeed charms of person,
and

and laudable qualities of mind; but they are at present, methinks, under a cloud.

Cler. Asking your lordship's pardon, to me, they appear gilded with the lustre of a morning sun.

Here his lordship made *Clerimont* another compliment; and gave him the choice of spending the afternoon with sir *John*, himself, and his lady, at the house of a neighbouring gentleman, or of entertaining *Celinda* at home. He readily chose, as it was expected he wou'd, and the moment he was left alone, flew into the garden, hoping to meet with the lady, and give those intimations which might lead her to expect the proposals he intended to reserve for the afternoon. He met her, engaged her in conversation, and in the midst of a tender expression, was interrupted by a servant with a little packet: The cover inclosed two letters, one of which read,

“ My dear *Clerimont*,

THE other inclosed letter will make an unexpected, but, I hope, an happy discovery; the lady who received it, and must

at present be nameless, is an acquaintance of mine, and an intimate of *Celinda's*, who was enough shocked at the delusion, to give me this opportunity of undeceiving you. I am on this, as on every occasion,

Your sincere—

AMANDER."

The other letter, of which the direction was scratched out, read,

" Dear Child,

AND did you imagine I was turned a real faint? This pleases me more than the imposition I carried on at the masquerade. We are all in masques here, except *Clerimont*. What a charming specimen this of futurity! *Who cheats the lover can the husband cheat*. Cheat him! hang him! the masque shall fall on the wedding-day: The day after at farthest. Yet if I am not almost afraid of a religious husband! His religion may teach him to—I know not what, and I care as little; let fear and love come together. If he locks me up in a garret, I'll have my revenge through *Prior's* key-hole. You shall be at the wedding. I expect the question every hour; and we have

have an expedient for speed. Farewel; go to bed and dream of the little hypocrite

CELINDA."

Celinda had withdrawn to an arbour; from whence, unobserved herself, she observed *Clerimont's* emotion, while he consulted his parcel; but as little suspected her artifice to be the cause, as he had suspected her of artifice. She saw him now re-perusing his letters, now starting backwards; now lifting up his hands, his eyes; walking hard, stopping suddenly; and having seen some instances of his pity, concluded these agitations to be the effects of his enthusiastic sympathy with somebody in distress, a sympathy which she wished him well to enjoy, and went in.

Clerimont sought the closest walks, and in the perplexity of his heart, exclaimed to the trees and the wind; "What shall I do? —Monstrous imposition! That modest look!—those pious expressions!—am I deceived, or am I dreaming of deception? —Base! barbarous! and worse than all, still charming *Celinda*! Yes, in spite of my reason, I love thee!—Love Vice? Hell! —impious passion! quit my heart, or the

heart will I disown which dares detain thee !"—

When reflection had rescued him from the power of confusion, he perceived sentiments of gratitude to providence for making so early a discovery, and began to consider what method the timely interposition demanded him to pursue. He deliberated, was near resolving when the bell rang for dinner. At which he was enough master of himself to appear as facetious as usual ; and *Celinda* believed the enthusiasm was over.

Soon after dinner, the rest of the company took their leave, wishing the young folks a merry afternoon together. *Clerimont* stood speechless, or walked musing. *Celinda* rallied him on the social intercourse he was holding with himself. *Clerimont* assured her that sometimes he had found that sort of conversation very entertaining, and that at this time he was unfit for any other ; and again he stood pensive. *Celinda* laughed. *Clerimont* asked her the reason. Your's, said she, is a melancholy, mine a merry self-conversation.

Clerimont,

Clerimont, having now formed his resolution, asked pardon for his absence, and assured her it was for no insensibility to the charms before him, but occasioned by the intelligence which he received in the garden. She then put on the look of pity, and expressed a wish to relieve him. He thanked her; asking leave to conceal what he did not think himself at liberty to discover; and desiring her to inform his uncle, that he found himself under a necessity of leaving the family, and would endeavour to give him satisfaction about the reason of his sudden departure. *Celinda*, surprized at seeing him prepare to depart instantly, intreated him to stay till the company returned; but could not prevail. Protesting that he never left a person with equal reluctance, he took horse.

Celinda stood as thunder-struck; and was still endeavouring vainly to explain to herself *Clerimont's* unaccountable conduct, when his lordship, my lady and Sir *John* returned from their visit. Her astonishment was visible; and, by her account, soon communicated. Every one suggested something as a possible reason of the departure. Sir *John* declared his apprehension that his

nephew had taken it in his head that *Celinda* was not, in every article, the woman of his dying mother's imagination, and swore never to change his resolution of abandoning the fool for ever, unless he returned to the family at the first message.

From Lord *M's*, *Clerimont* had rode directly to *Amander*, to return *Celinda's* letter, and thank him for such an effort of friendship. From *Amander* he obtained several other particulars, which confirmed his purpose to see *Celinda* no more; and about midnight he got home, where he received, on the morrow, a message from Sir *John*, which he answered by the following letter.

“ Dear and honoured Sir,

YOU command me to return. Believe me, my heart bleeds when I say, I cannot. *Celinda* is not what she appears, and I know it: I hope *You* may recede with honour. I am confident I may. Till I can love the dissimulation that would have ruined me, I cannot think of *Celinda*. In every possible instance, you'll find a dutiful nephew in

Your *Clerimont*.”

At

At the receipt of this letter Sir *John*'s indignation was sufficiently discernable in his countenance, before he begun to vent his passion, which however he could not contain, but express'd in fifty imprecations on his nephew, and on himself. When his rage was a little abated, said he, "My Lord, he refuses to return. I ask pardon of the family for the trouble we have given it, and may *Celinda* be blest with a man who deserves her!" Lord *M—* and his lady applauded his resentment; and *Celinda*, with undissembled rage, vowed to repay the slight, with everlasting contempt.

The same evening, after supper, it was hinted by somebody, that perhaps *Clerimont* might have stolen a glance beneath the mask of *Celinda*. Sir *John* then acknowledged that his nephew's letter intimated as much: by what means nobody could conjecture. Nor did *Celinda*, in attempting it, once think of her letter to *A—*.

While Sir *John* was compleating his fortnight with Lord *M—*, *Clerimont* was struggling with his passion at home; a passion however which gave him less pains to conquer than he imagined. The fortnight expired.

pired. Sir *John* was expected every hour. He returned. *Clerimont* met him at the door, with those terrors which could not fail of attending the dread of his displeasure, yet with a degree of firmness as natural to a consciousness of not having deserved it. He asked the smile of forgiveness, and received the curse of fury. He attempted often to express himself, in terms of submission; but was as often prevented, by the reproaches of passion; and at last, said Sir *John*, "Yes, you will submit whenever your humour happens not to interfere with your duty! In one point however I will be obeyed: you quit my house this night: your allowance till of age is three hundred a year, which shall be transmitted to your order; and for my brother's sake, I shall take care of the estate, till you rid me of the troublesome office, which, however, I shall find alleviated when I am fairly rid of you."

"Let me beg," said *Clerimont* — "If you resolve to be denied," answered Sir *John*; "but the same roof shall never again cover the uncle and nephew." Tears forbade a verbal farewell; he bowed and withdrew. When passion would permit, he returned
to

to the parlour, and asked his uncle, if he pleased to name any place to which he might retire. The answer was, "To H—ll." "Heaven for ever be my uncle's residence!" said *Clerimont*, and again left the parlour.

It was near ten at night when *Clerimont* with his servant set out from his uncle's, before he had asked himself this question, "Whither shall I go?" The question however soon occurred, and concluding that *Eusebius* was at the house of his brother *Horatio*, about the distance of fifty miles, he resolved to direct his way thither. He rode hard all night, and in the morning was at the end of his journey. *Eusebius* saw him alight, and hastened to receive him, wondering what extraordinary occurrence had brought him. *Clerimont* fell on his neck, and wept, at the recollection of what had past since their last interview. The story was told and heard with equal emotion. *Eusebius* congratulated him on his surprising escape, and good *Horatio* felt his share of the pleasure.

Horatio, at dinner, appearing distressed, that the provisions of his little family were unworthy of his guest; *Clerimont* not only
professed

professed his satisfaction with the present entertainment, but invited himself to board in the family ; an honour, indeed, which *Horatio* could not have hoped, and which yet he could not but accept. Nor was *Clerimont* disappointed in the expectances he had already conceived from *Horatio*, whom, though a poor clergyman, he found a man of learning, piety, and good breeding. His company was courted, not only in his own, but the bordering parishes ; so that, by his means, *Clerimont* was introduced to a large circle of acquaintance, of whom he could not but learn something, though seldom so much as he taught.

Amander took a lodging in the neighbourhood on purpose to be near his *Clerimont*. They were nearly of an age. Their circumstances, their dispositions, their souls were a-kin. Their friendship was not less sincere than intimate. They were ever seen together ; and the villages knew them less by their own names, than by those of *David* and *Jonathan*.

This removal also was happy to *Amander* in another respect ; he now avoided the importunity of a covetous father to marry a lady,

a lady, whose only merit was a fortune superior to his own, which yet was very considerable.

Amander proposing to spend a few days with his father, *Clerimont* offered to accompany him. They went. The old man, who was no stranger to *Clerimont's* circumstances and character, entertained them with courtesy; often applauded his son's choice of a friend; and observing that brother was the reciprocal term of familiarity, he took occasion to insinuate his wishes that the relation might be more than nominal; expressing, at the same time, his concern, that his estate was not large enough to exalt his wishes into hopes.

Clerimont saw plainly enough, that *Aurelia*, the eldest daughter, was intended; a lady indeed, of whom, from the little acquaintance he had with her, he thought very highly; but danger having rendered him cautious, he gave an answer which prevented further intimations of that kind. This happened in the presence of *Amander*, who, the first time he was alone with *Clerimont*, declared that he as little approved his father's motion, as he had suspected his design. This declaration was sufficient.

Such

Such intimates believed each other without oath or repetition.

Clerimont, however, asked *Amander* those questions concerning his sister, which convinced him that he was far from thinking of *Aurelia* with indifference. *Amander* answered honestly, yet his answers warmed the heart of *Clerimont*, with the virtues of *Aurelia*.

About a twelve-month before, *Rosario*, a clergyman, whose income was a hundred a year, and who had besides a small fortune, had seen *Aurelia* with desiring eyes, and ventured to ask her father's permission to visit her. The old man refused him, because of his circumstances; but hearing of a rich old uncle who was likely to make this nephew his heir, he retracted his repulse, and invited the suit. *Rosario* addressed; saw his passion returned; but soon received a blast on his hopes by the death of his uncle, who left his whole fortune to a distant relation. *Aurelia's* father instantly forbid him his house, and commanded his daughter, on pain of his last resentment, to see him no more. *Rosario* discontinued his addresses, but could not desist to love. *Aurelia* obeyed a father, and seemed

to have conquered her affection. *Amander* told this story to *Clerimont* with all its tender circumstances; he told it with the duty of a son, with the fondness of a brother, with the frankness of a friend.

A story which increased his esteem of *Aurelia* could not lessen his love. At his return to *Horatio's* family he consulted *Eusebius*, who having known *Aurelia* from her infancy, and believing her to be an excellent lady, faithfully gave her that character, intimating however his wishes that the family had been noble, and the fortune larger.

Clerimont allowed himself time for consideration; but having no taste for a life superior to that in which his own fortune would support a family, he saw charms sufficient in virtue and beauty, and determined to hope for *Aurelia*. *Amander* knew this determination almost as soon as the heart that formed it; and 'tis hard to say which of the friends panted most for the event.

Before the matter went farther, it was thought proper to visit *Rosario*; our friends visit him; open the design; and his generous resignation of an object apparently dearer

dearer than life, fixed *Rosario* in the heart of *Clerimont* next to *Amander*.

Friendship however is not love. *Clerimont* made his proposal to the father, and was accepted ; but at his first visit to *Aurelia* was repulsed. She expressed her sensibility of the honour intended her, and her good opinion of the person who had intended it, in this declaration, at once unaffected and unreserved : “ Sir, I cannot encourage you, because I should not. My heart is, ever must be *Rosario*’s. What have I then for *Clerimont*? My passion is indeed a secret ; a secret even to *Rosario* ; but you have honour.”—How astonished ! He held himself answered ; took his leave ; and in tenderness to *Aurelia*, so managed with the father, that he drew the charge of indifference upon himself.

Clerimont flew to *Amander*, with this intelligence : the distress was mutual, and it was excessive. But a generous mind cannot long be entirely wretched, having always the power to alleviate, if not remove any sort of affliction. Nor is any virtue superior to that of securing for others the happiness we cannot reach ourselves. Such souls had *Clerimont* and *Amander* : *Cleri-*

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Clerimont asked his friend what was the utmost of *Rosario's* income, and whether another living of three hundred a year would qualify him for *Aurelia*, in her father's opinion; observing that such a living would probably be at his disposal when he came of age; of which he now wanted scarce three months. Thus they relieved their own disappointment, by the hope of procuring, for two worthy lovers, a disappointment of a different kind.

In pursuit of this scheme, *Amander* waited on his father, and acquainted him with the true reason of *Clerimont's* resolution not to marry *Aurelia*; and with his proposal, in favour of *Rosario*. His father listened hard; and after a little deliberation, wished the clergyman would renew his addresses. *Clerimont* hastened to *Rosario*, who received him with coldness, and honestly assured him, that his heart was too full of *Aurelia* to find room for her new lover, whom if he did not hate, he at least heartily wished to be disappointed; and whom he was determined to rival, whatever might be the consequence. *Clerimont* applauded the love that could not dissem-

ble its bitterness, and answered the menace with his proposal. *Rosario* heard him like a man scarce half awake! — At length *Clerimont* got himself believed, but could not rescue *Rosario* from his own reproaches. The tear of gratitude now stood in his eye, applauding *Clerimont* with more than Roman, it was Christian eloquence. Wanting no other kind of acknowledgment, the obliging friend abruptly withdrew, happier, if possible, than the man he obliged.

The next morning *Rosario* waited upon *Clerimont*: *Amander* was present; every heart turned for friendship, will easily conceive this to have been a transporting interview. On the credit of *Clerimont*'s promise, he now renewed his pretensions to the lady for whom he had once forborn to hope; but who never ceased to be the centre of his wishes; and her father consented he should marry her, when he received the expected benefice.

While *Clerimont* continued with *Horatio*, by the advice of *Eusebius*, he wrote three letters to his uncle, intreating a reconciliation; but received no answer. He once attempted a visit, and had the doors thrown
against

against him by insulting servants. The only notice his uncle took of him, was by a lawyer who possessed him of the estate, and demanded a discharge.

He entered the mansion-house of the family on his birth-day, and held an entertainment suitable to his rank; the company consisted of chosen friends, who neither wished the riot which virtue forbids, nor affected the gravity she never commanded. Not a person was present who could not burn with pleasure, when *Clerimont* professed his gratitude to the hand which had made him rich, and his wishes to fill the sphere it assigned him.

Eusebius became his chaplain; he kept no servant, who twice, to his knowledge, transgressed the rules of sobriety; and he retained several as supernumeraries, who had unhappily exchanged competence for penury. All the neighbouring gentry sought his acquaintance, Sir *Thomas T.* and his lady, *Horatio*, *Rosario*, and all the friends of his exile, were among his intimates; his friendship with *Amander* was such as no accident could lessen; and it is hard to conceive what could increase it.

The living designed for *Rosario* did not yet fall ; the consumptive incumbent holding out longer than had been expected he could ; nor would *Aurelia*'s father think of a son-in-law, while there was a possibility that *Clerimont*'s promise might never be fulfilled.

Clerimont's birth-day returned. *Pleasure* was at the celebration, so was *Virtue*, her parent. Every one observed with what an honest rapture *Eusebius* gloried in his pupil. After the company withdrew, the old man, who had not yet vented all his heart, resumed his favourite theme ; " The good are happy, and they *shall* be so." He uttered himself with uncommon fervour, and wishing *Clerimont* a good night, observed, that a " worthy man might always fall on his pillow,

" Indifferent in his choice, to live, or die."

Clerimont was strangely touched with his manner, and could not fail to anticipate something of the distress he should suffer whenever he lost such a friend. He went thoughtful to bed. Imagination agitated his slumbers. He rose early, and his feet, almost without his direction, carried him to the chamber of *Eusebius*. He found him
asleep,

asleep, but could not forbear saying aloud, "Is *Eusebius* well?" Well he was, for his sleep was that of death. "And where's my friend?" was his first exclamation. His second, "O that I was with him!" Nor was his anguish violent alone, it was lasting. His language through the next year was "Now am I an orphan indeed!" and perhaps the lamentation had been fatal, but for the thought, "My *Jonathan* is still living."

Amander, among other methods of amusing his melancholy friend, often carried him to *Amasia*, a lady whose character is sufficiently described, by saying, *Amander* designed to marry her. She was the person that discovered *Celinda's* treachery to *Clerimont*, an incident which gave *Amander* an opportunity of talking with her upon virtue; the force of argument prevailed; convictions urged endeavours; what she had till then imagined impossible, she found, upon trial, easy; and after having once tasted the bread of *Wisdom*, would never more sit down to the empty table of *Folly*. She had also confessed to *Celinda* the use she had made of her letter; represented the monstrous immorality of the dissimulation,

mulation, and, in short, the convert of *Amander* made *Celinda* her convert.

His breath in vain a man shall seldom spend,
When virtue's advocate is virtue's friend.

Of this change in *Celinda*, *Clerimont* had never received the least intimation. She had charged *Amasia* not to mention it even to her *Amander*, without obtaining his promise of keeping it from the man, who could never think the woman sincere that had been so complete an hypocrite, the man of whom she could not think without a blush; and with whom she hoped no accident would oblige her to another interview. *Amander* was indeed informed; but passed his honour for secrecy, and was faithful. His maxim was just; "your dearest friend has not a right to *all* your secrets."

Celinda was never kindly treated by her father from the day when *Clerimont* departed. His lordship, it was believed, stung by necessity, had solicited part of her fortune; was refused; and had hopes of succeeding by cruelty; for in case of her death, the fortune was his. Cruelty, indeed, had those effects which it would not have produced formerly: through a tenderness
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of disposition lately acquired, every instance of parental unkindness pierced her to the soul, and though she retained her life, it was not without the loss of her health. Even her mother neglected her; yet perhaps, the principal enemy to her strength and beauty, was the bitterness of her own reflections. Her spirits languished; and for the bloom of health, her countenance contracted the wrinkles of age. Such was the change, that the face with which you was intimate to-day, to-morrow was no more.

Clerimont, who was often abroad early, called one morning upon *Amander*, and observing his passions uncommonly agitated, instantly enquired the cause, and was thus answered; "I was yesterday a shooting; and having pursued my game into the heart of a large wood, lost myself; rambled to no purpose; it grew dark; I sat down under an oak; fell asleep; and was awakened by the shrieks of a woman in distress. Following the voice, I found her fainting before the force of a villain about to debauch her, from whom I delivered her, but the wretch is escaped "Who, and where is the woman?" said *Clerimont*

impatiently. "Who she is I know not," answered *Amander*, "but my sister and a maid are with her in the next room; I bore her home in my arms; and she has not yet been able to speak." That moment they heard her shriek, and stepping into the room, found her struggling, and crying out Villain! villain! After a while, she recovered enough to know *Aurelia*, whom she had several times seen before, and *Amander*, whom she once had known intimately; but when her eye glanced on *Clerimont* she relapsed into a fainting fit. Again reviving, she desired to speak with *Aurelia* alone. The rest withdrew; she then asked *Aurelia*, Who delivered her; and was informed it was *Amander*; at which she expressed great satisfaction, and intreated, that she might not again see the gentleman who went out with *Amander*. *Aurelia* now thought she discovered the remains of a once known face; by attending to the voice, became certain, and flying to *Amander* and *Clerimont*, exclaimed, *Celinda! Celinda!* They sprung into the room, and, worn as she was, soon remembered her. She again fainted; was again recovered; but could not to be prevailed upon to tell her story
in

in the presence of *Clerimont*. He retired ; and she acquainted *Amander* and his sister, that as she was walking in her father's grove in the evening, two ruffians seized and forced her into the wood, where she knew, by the talk on the way, they intended to murder her, after they had debauched her by turns ; but that the other, his heart failing him, had made off, leaving her to the mercy of him from whom she was rescued.

Amander told all to *Clerimont*, and they concluded the ruffians to have been employed, and possibly by her own father. They hastened to his seat, but his lordship had confessed his guilt by flight. *Clerimont*, returned to his own house, and *Amander* to the care of his charge, a care to which he wanted no quickening from *Clerimont*, who yet had conjured him, by their inviolable friendship, to consider *Celinda* as the life of *Clerimont*.

Faithful to the laws of friendship and humanity, *Amander* behaved with a tenderness for which he more deserved the name of a father than the wretch from whom she sprung.

It

It was long before she would consent to see *Clerimont* ; nor at last, could any one have persuaded her ; but the man to whom she owed her life and her honour. *Amander* prevailed ; *Clerimont* was admitted ; the soul of *Celinda* retired beneath the blush of ingenuous shame ; the soul of *Clerimont* penetrated the charming veil ; they embraced ; they became one ; and *Amander* treasured up to himself more than the wealth of the *Indies*, by an incident that saved a life, and restored a lover.

In less than half a year *Celinda* regained her faded charms, and the country was impatient for the wedding. *Clerimont* now put *Rosario* in possession of the promised benefice ; and the same day was fixed for the marriage of the three friends, *Amander*, *Rosario*, and *Clerimont*. At the request of lady T—— and sir *Thomas*, the nuptials were celebrated at their seat. *Horatio* performed the office. *Amander* was blessed with the *Amasia* he had formed upon his own principles ; *Rosario* with his long loved *Aurelia* ; “but who so happy as *Clerimont* and *Celinda* ?” And the happiness they possessed, they deserved, because it was their glory to communicate happiness.

Their

Their issue was numerous, and worthy of such parents. If ever woman attained whatever is attainable by woman, it was *Celinda*. If ever mere man acquired a perfect character, it was *Clerimont*.

They lived of one mind, and died the same day, in a good old age, and in that country their names will be precious to the latest posterity. No woman can be mentioned with honour, but somebody will observe, "an excellent creature, but not a *Celinda*." No man can be the theme of applause, but a shade will be cast on his merit by comparing him with the inimitable *Clerimont*.

Occasional



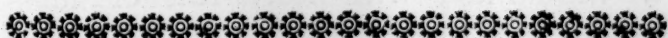
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Occasional Reflections.



On the CREATION.

IN the visible things of the creation, we should see the glory of the invisible God.

The formation of the worlds out of nothing, displays his infinite power; the excellence of the ends proposed, and the fitness of the means contrived for securing those ends, declare the glory of his wisdom; and the rich provision which he has made for the communication of happiness, manifests his boundless goodness.

When we discover the marks of God's perfections in his works, we should endeavour to elevate our knowledge into devotion.

If

46 OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

If a lover of ingenuity surveys an *orrery*, which represents the *sun* and the *planets*, and describes the situation of the *planets* in regard of the *sun*, and their several motions; he will have some value for the contriver of that curious, and entertaining instrument. And shall we be unaffected, when in the most beautiful frame of nature, we see the glory of its author? Surely we should say, with hearts full of admiration, love, and transport, Blessed be thou O Lord God for ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory: for all that is in Heaven, and in the earth, proceedeth from thee.

Since all things are of God, it is fit they should be under his controul, who will order them according to the rules of unerring wisdom, and infinite kindness.

A view of ourselves, as bearing the natural image of God, and capable of his moral image, should excite us to a behaviour suitable to the dignity of the human mind.

Shall I live the life of a brute, who may live that of an angel? Shall I not employ the noble power of my immortal soul, in the pursuit of knowledge, and a resemblance

blance of God in purity? Shall I not labour to subdue my irregular passions, and appetites? This course will be rewarded in the present state with the sublime pleasures of religion, and with eternal felicity in the kingdom of Heaven.

B.



Of the S A B B A T H.

IT is an enquiry of no importance, whether God appointed innocent man to keep a *Sabbath*, or whether *Moses* mentions the institution of it, by anticipation: there have been learned men on each side of the question. This is certain, that God commanded the *Israelites* to keep the seventh day of the week, in remembrance of his resting from the works of creation, and delivering that nation from the *Egyptian* yoke. It is also evident, that the primitive christians observed the first day of the week, in honour of their risen Saviour; and as no inconvenience attends the setting apart one day in seven for the exercises of devotion, so an unprejudiced person

son must allow, that it hath an admirable tendency to promote a divine temper, and a corresponding behaviour.

O my soul ! account the observation of the Sabbath equally thy duty, and thy privilege. Love this sacred day, and carefully improve it, by worshipping God, the infinite mind, in spirit, and in truth ; then wilt thou enjoy much of Heaven upon earth, and be fitted for an everlasting Sabbath.

B.



On the State of INNOCENCE.

MEthinks, I see the *first happy pair*, placed in that delightful garden, which was planted for them by their beneficent Creator, enjoying the various objects that surrounded them, as the gifts of God, not suffering their affections to center in them, but adoring the giver. Free from care and toil, and sorrow, they maintain a constant intercourse with him ; and they knew, that if they preserved their integrity they should continue in those agreeable cir-

circumstances, to the end of their probationary state; and then, without submitting to death, be fixed in immutable purity and joy. Except to observe the law of *Nature*, which was engraven on their hearts, the only term required was, to abstain from the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. A life equal to this is not attainable by their offspring, in a world that brings forth *thorns* and *thistles*: but *Christ*, the *second* Adam, shews me the *paradise of God* above, where all the work, and all the enjoyments are divine; and from whence there can be no exclusion.

B.



A View of DEATH.

DEATH is the mighty conqueror of mankind; at whose approach, the greatest monarchs resign their crowns, and by whom they are led captive from their splendid palaces to the gloomy apartments of the grave. How justly is he stiled the *King of Terrours*, when he seizes the unreformed sinner, ripe for everlasting destruction! But to the sincerely good, he is a *friendly messenger*, sent to free them from

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all the incumbrances of this life; to dismiss their immortal spirits, that they may enter the world of eternal peace and joy.

How heartily welcome Death to me, if God should condescend to smile on my departing soul! How willingly shall I sink into his icy arms! that my nobler part may be number'd among the spirits of just men made perfect, and enjoy the happiness of the separate state, till the last trumpet shall sound, when he shall be compelled to surrender all his spoils, and my glory shall be completed. B.



Considerations for the MELANCHOLLY,
haunted by particular Thoughts,
one sort of which are called *Blasphemous Injections*.

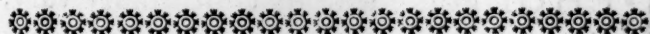
WHEN the melancholy are troubled on account of particular thoughts, to which persons in that circumstance are liable, they shou'd consider, that these thoughts are forced on them altogether through

through bodily distemper (unless Satan hath an influence) and are entirely disagreeable to them.

That therefore guilt is not contracted by such thoughts.

That for this reason, they should not produce the uneasiness which they frequently occasion: also, because the more they disquiet, the more closely they follow those who are under this disorder: and that they who are thus afflicted, while they disapprove and strive against these intruders, have cause to possess their souls in patience, expecting a state of everlasting tranquillity.

B.



REFLECTION of a Man in easy Circumstances:

MY heavenly father hath very liberally bestowed temporal comforts upon me: great hath his goodness been, in furnishing me plentifully all my days, with the accommodations which substance procures; in preserving me from accidents; granting

me so much ease and strength; giving me agreeable friends; supporting me under, and delivering me from calamities. And he affords me the prospect of a good share of tranquillity, and a sufficiency of the world, the residue of my life. O that I may constantly be led by all these streams to the inexhaustible fountain from whence they flow!

B.



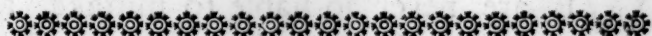
On the Approach of WINTER.

BEHOLD the seasons continually vary, like the circumstances of man, and that outward frame which advances apace towards the grave and corruption. It seems but yesterday, when the smiling spring caused a glorious resurrection in the world of vegetables; and nature disclosed her beauties to my ravished sight. The delightful prospect improv'd; and soon arrived at its perfection; immediately began to decline; and now the face of the earth languishes: the trees are stripped of their lovely

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS. 53

lovely verdure ; bleak winds, pinching frosts that bind up my animal spirits, will, as usual, admonish me that winter is returned ; the snow will descend to clothe the trees and fields ; hard rains will fall ; the bright regent of the day will often, and long, be wrapped in gloomy clouds, and so soon sink below the horizon, that he will seem to leave half his journey unfinished. But may my soul enjoy a perpetual spring, while the nourishing influences of divine grace cause me to abound in the fruit of righteousness, like a tree planted by rivers of waters, and while God, my sun, cheers me with his resplendent rays !

B.



What is this World ? Thy School,
O Misery !

'TIS true, that man is born to trouble,
as the sparks fly upward, if we speak of the circumstances of mankind in general. We are expos'd to numberless calamities ; to those which are very great ; to many

at the same time ; and frequently, they are of long continuance. Yet, by our mismanagement, we render life much more uncomfortable than otherwise it would be. Folly magnifies little sorrows, and imagines those which are not. It is not however impossible for a good man to enjoy, for the most part, great prosperity, though his happiness will have some allays.

B.



The PEACOCK and Ass compar'd.

WE are never so liable to mistake, as when passing a judgment on persons and things at first sight. When I view this *Peacock*, its gay plumage and majestic mien challenge all my attention ; and when it gives back its radiant beauties to the creative sun, I am ready to conceive it the master-piece of nature, in the animal creation.

On the other hand ; when I contemplate the awkward shape, and unmeaning
look

look of this *Ass*, I can scarce withhold my contempt.

But when I compare their different qualities, when I consider that by the former my sight is only regaled, while by the latter, I am provided with a *sovereign remedy*, which the divine blessing has rendered useful in restoring many a decayed constitution, and prolonging many a useful life; when to this I add my own frequent experience of its salutary effects; it appears from hence highly unreasonable, not to set a far greater value on this animal, despicable as it seems on a cursory survey, than on the *gaudy Peacock*, which attracts praise and admiration from every spectator.

Let this appearance in nature furnish me with a lesson of morality, and make me very cautious of judging mankind.

An agreeable person, pleasing form, and polite address, gain respect and applause, at the first interview: On the contrary, we are disposed to look with indifference, perhaps with contempt, on the man who has none of these shining qualifications. Whereas, upon further acquaintance, we might find him endowed

with those ornaments of the mind, which would fully compensate any deficiency in outward accomplishments. And our esteem for him might rise in proportion to the growing intimacy: whilst the charms of the former might appear at length, to consist only in a fair outside, which concealed an empty, useless head, or an unworthy heart.

Hence let me resolve never to be determined by *shew alone*: hence let me learn ever to prefer the *honest rustick* to the *flattering courtier*; the *plain*, but *sincere* and *humble christian*, by whom I may be edified, and animated in virtue, to all the *glitter of dress* and *beauty*, or the *pompous parade of empty notions*.



A S I M I L E.

AMONG my *live* walnut-trees stands a *dead* one, which through the *winter* looks as well as the rest, but in *spring*, the distinction will be visible. An emblem of the state of the dead, and the difference that shall obtain at the resurrection.

MISERY



MISERY to DESTINY.

SINCE the day when I began to range the world, the declared enemy of mankind, seldom have I triumphed so much to my satisfaction, as yesterday at *Lisbon*, when my *car* was an *Earthquake*.

Yours,

Nov. 2, 1755.

MISERY.

From the ruins, where I intend to continue some time, contemplating my trophies.



Reflection on the EARTHQUAKE.

Nov. 29, 1755.

WHO can image to himself the horror that possessed the people at *Lisbon*, during the tremendous *Earthquake*? What heart but pities, what hand, if able, but will relieve the surviving sufferers? Let *Britain* remember

remember her *preserver*, and remember it to be the *power* that destroyed *Lisbon* ! A *power*, perhaps, never kinder to his creatures in general, than when, apparently, most severe to individuals. Surely such an incident, besides exciting the compassion, must, at least, for a while, awaken a *sense of providence*, which too often sleeps, and leaves the world an atheist !

Such judgments, how suddenly they arrive ! How indiscriminately they proceed ! No sagacity foresees, no piety defends ! If any intimation of impending danger precedes the blow, how uncertain its effect ! Flight is natural, but who can be sure they are flying from the calamity ? To quit a tumbling city for the fields, if that be possible, seems, indeed, the dictate of *reason* ; but, alas ! this were, sometimes, impracticable even to the wing of an *eagle*. *Reason*, on such an occasion, perceiving herself incapable of sustaining her character, resigns the whole scene to *Fear*. All the astonished inhabitants fly, but it is little more than changing places with one another ; while neither these nor those shift to any purpose. What a ghastliness on every countenance ! Each individual

dual collects the terror of all the rest, while to all the rest he communicates his own! Perhaps, a distortion of features may render intimates and relations strangers to one another! if not, but ideas *friendly* and *relative* can obtain, in those moments they must deepen the horrors of the scene! At *other* times, *house* and *home*, what security in the thought! Now, no where so formidable! for a stronger than *Sampson* has taken hold of the pillars!

The shocks began about nine in the morning; the twenty thousand, supposed to have perished, how sound asleep, a few hours before! And how little dreaming of danger! People, most of them in health, many with sanguine expectances of long life, and great felicity; twenty thousand, almost instantly in eternity! where were they yesterday? Where are they to-day? Some too, of my countrymen among them!

Of the survivors, none but have lost something, many a great deal, and some their all, All have lost relations, friends, or neighbours.

If the feet that have escaped durst enter the city, what awful ideas must the ruins inspire!

inspire! But this city, may possibly re-ascend.

The ruins of a *world* every eye must behold with self-interested concerns! Ruins never to be repaired, and from which there can be no escape but to the city which has immoveable foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

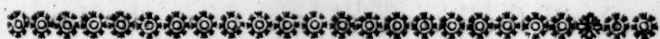


Returning home after a JOURNEY.

ONCE more I have been permitted to return to my delightful habitation, after a long fatigue, occasioned by the disagreeable circumstances which unavoidably attend travelling, and the great disorder under which I laboured. And though the last part of my journey was the worst, the consideration of my swift advances homeward cheered my mind. I entered my house faint, weary, and pained, and increasing distemper seemed to imbitter all my future enjoyments. But, contrary to my fears, I gradually revived, and had a night of repose. The prospect this day hath been promising; and I hope, I shall
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so far recover health, as to be capable of relishing life. O may I be as solicitous to improve, as to enjoy it ! May I exert myself in this narrow sphere of action, and the less I have to do for others be the more diligent in adorning my own mind, by adding to its furniture of knowledge and piety ! And may I finish my christian course in the lively expectation of being admitted into a mansion infinitely superior to what I call my *little paradise*, a mansion, which I shall never quit, and wherein my happiness will have no alloy !

B.



S O L I T U D E.

O Solitude, most acceptable to the devout worshipper, thou source of solid pleasure, unknown to the vulgar ! How do I covet, and seek thee, averse to the the society of the profane multitude ! Here, here, are to be felt the serene gales of the spirit : Here enter not rage and clamour : here no impure vapour spreads

spreads its contagion. The fields entertain me with the concert of the feather'd choirs. Here I mix with the holy angels, and pass my life in sweet repose, free from the incumbrance of business, free from corroding cares and fierce contentions, free from the snares, and neither a sharer in, nor spectator of the intrigues of a court. Here I justly estimate the gain of a good conscience, and by undissembled piety, prepare for the happiness of heaven. Let others desire a towering palace, immense treasures, and all the splendor of equipage; silence is my delight, who am an enemy to false appearances. Solitude and rest shall conceal me from the notice of man, content to be under the observation of God alone.

B.



NATURAL



NATURAL RELIGION preferable to
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NATURAL Religion is preferable to Natural Philosophy ; for they are related, as end, and means. The former immediately, the latter remotely, sets to view the noblest objects ; the former is immediately, the latter remotely, subservient to the most valuable purposes.

The objects set to view are God's essential perfections, his relative characters, duties which he requireth of the human race, and motives to enforce the observation of his law.

The designs are, that men should not deserve the title, and receive the punishment of rebels against the supreme ruler, but should behave suitably to him, and obtain solid felicity.

B.

Of

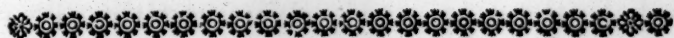


Of the Use of REASON, and the
Affections, in RELIGION.

THE knowledge of the nature and grounds of religion, must be obtained by reason; reason also must regulate the affections; and then the affections will answer worthy ends. By the exercise of them in devotion, part of that tribute will be paid, which we owe to the great author of our being; and they will be wings to assist us in escaping evil, and pursuing good. But from external causes, they are so different in different persons, and so liable to vary in the same, that the general bent of the will for God is the proper evidence of sincere piety, and by the frequency and efficacy of holy resolutions, a judgment is to be formed of its degree.

B.

On



On sitting for my PICTURE.

MEthinks this painter furnishes me with useful instructions: he sets before himself the person whose likeness he would take, frequently casts his eye upon him, and endeavours to obtain a clear idea of his form; labours to imprint it strongly on his imagination, and then endeavours to express it; he expunges, alters, and heightens; and thus proceeds in hope of producing at last a finished piece. In the same manner, O my blessed Saviour, I am to copy after that fair original of thee which is drawn in thy Word, that at length I may perfectly resemble thee.

B.



On the Sight of an infirm Old Man.

LORD, what is man? Altogether vanity even in his best estate. Is he sprightly in his temper? strong in his constitution?

F

yet

yet soon must he fail; and frequently, when age approaches, a few months make a prodigious alteration. How remarkable an instance of this have I before my eyes! He, who was lately swift in motion, is so feeble, that he can scarce walk; he who had all his senses lively, all his powers vigorous, is now dull of hearing, and slow of perceiving: His eyes are sunk, his countenance is faded, his flesh is wasted. O may I be provided for all the decays of nature! I always advance toward them: but I need not fear them, if my soul is renewed day by day.

B.



On the SEPARATE STATE.

IT is evidently a principle of the revelation contained in the New Testament, that the soul is fixed in a state of action, and of pleasure or pain, upon its departure from the body. Perhaps there is a vehicle belonging to it, seated in the head, which at death flies off with it, and renders it still capable of imagination, and affec-

affection. Be it so, or be it otherwise, I cheerfully consent, that God, who is infinitely wise, and powerful, and good, and to whom I am devoted without reserve, should allot me what state he should judge proper, when my eyes shall be closed, and the present scenes must for ever disappear.

B.



On the SUN, under a CLOUD:

I Look up to the Heavens, and I see light; the body of the Sun is not quite obscured; but how much hath he in appearance lost of his brightness, by reason of the clouds which pass under him; whereas, to an eye placed beyond them, he would appear in all his lustre? A fit emblem of the present, and the future state; for here I can see no more than some glimmerings of that everlasting light, which I shall behold in all its splendour, when I leave these gloomy regions of mortality, and ascend beyond the skies.



On my THOUGHTS in Sleep.

IT is an occasion of concern to me, that I have so many thoughts in sleep, which bear no proportion to the workings of my mind in the day. When my nature is not remarkably betrayed, I am generally engaged in that which is trifling ; my best thoughts have a strange mixture of reason, seriousness, and absurdity. The most I can do towards the removal of this complaint is, to improve, as well as I can, my waking hours, and get my heart more above the world ; and to beg of God that he would interpose so far as he shall see it proper ; and I would comfort myself with the frequent view of that happy state, in which I shall enjoy perpetual day, and all my noble powers shall, without ceasing, be exercised suitable to the dignity of my nature.

B.

On



On seeing the SEAT of the Duke
of CHANDOIS.

WHEN I behold the stately edifices which great men erect, the variety of the apartments, the lofty cielings, the inlaid doors, the marble pillows, the fretwork, the nice carving, the costly painting, the rich and glittering furniture, silver, gold, and fine embroidery, I say to myself, though all this is entertaining, I, who make no figure *here*, expect something infinitely better. When my body is raised, I shall have something analogous to what I now call sight, and the best provision for the use of it. There is a mansion preparing for me above, more beautiful than any thing my eyes can behold on earth; a mansion, which shall always affect me in the same manner, because its lustre shall not fade, nor my sense of its beauty decay. In the firm belief of this, I would proceed in my course, undiverted either by the amusements or sorrows of my life, from so noble, so reviving, so animating a prospect.

B.

F 3

On



On seeing a HATCHMENT on a new built House, the Owner of which died soon after he had retired from Business.

WHAT is that prosperity which men so eagerly covet? That idol to which they pay their blind adorations? It is a shadow, a bubble, a dream. As it yields not the imagined satisfaction while enjoyed, so it frequently takes a speedy, unexpected flight. Of this I have now a striking instance before me.

Here was one, who had acquired a handsome fortune, built an elegant habitation, situate in an healthy air, with pleasant prospects, and property; he had pleased himself with the thought of many years retirement from the hurry and fatigue of business. But here behold the uncertainty of the most promising scheme for earthly happiness! Scarce is he settled in this peaceful and delightful dwelling, when inexorable death approaches, seizes the inhabitant, and

and conveys him to his dark domains ; while an hatchment, with a *memento mori*, proclaims to the world that he has seen an end of all temporal felicity.

B.



A Reflection on CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THOU, O Lord, art full of love, good to the indigent, gracious to the sinful, compassionate to the miserable, patient towards the obstinate ; and with a peculiar lustre hath thy love shone forth in the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ. Thou didst send thy only begotten son, one inconceivably glorious, honourable, and dear to thee. Thou didst send him, from a world of spotless purity, into a world that lay in wickedness ; from a world of unmixed delight, into a world of toil and sorrow ; from a world in which he received universal homage, into an ungrateful and cruel world. Thou didst send him, not on the account of apostate angels, but revolted men, prone to offend, even after they have been drawn to thee by the cords of love. Thou didst

send him to obtain for sinful man a life of grace and a life of glory. Often would I contemplate the noble subject ! and I most earnestly desire that the whole design of the Redeemer's coming may be answered in me and by me !

B.



The Excellence and End of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

THE Gospel is a compleat rule of faith and practice ; it needs no assistance, and can admit of no improvement from the other religions which have been profess'd in the world : None from the Jewish ; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness ; none from the Pagan, the model of the *Popish superstructure*, which is little more than the religion of the heathen world, set off with the christian name.

And as to multiply rites, whether originally of human authority or divine, they contribute nothing to our salvation ; as ineffectual for that purpose, is the mere outward profession of Christianity, even in its simpli-

simplicity. If Christianity saves a sinner, it must previously change his temper and conduct, by means worthy of the wise institutor, and by divine power rendered successful. A power, however, which operates upon man as a reasonable and accountable creature.

The man thus converted by the Gospel aspires after a happiness, worthy of his immortal nature, and pursues it in a course, which encourages him to expect, while it prepares him to possess it.

On me may the Gospel answer this glorious end ! Then shall I honour the christian name by a character to which infinite mercy has promised a blessed eternity.

B.



A Morning Reflection in WINTER.

ONCE more, my eye-lids are unseal'd;
 darkness is departed before the dawning day ; and the sun like a bridegroom sets out on his appointed race. Long was the night, but morning succeeds. Thus the night of sorrow foregoes the morning
 of

74 OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

of joy. To the power that created, and ordained the sun his course in the firmament, I owe it, that I ever beheld the *Sun* in *Prosperity*. My life has been a cold *Winter*, but not without a sun.

And, while my grateful heart thus renders a tribute of praise to God, as the God of Nature and Providence, let me not forget him as the God of Grace!

My soul, with the warmest gratitude, adore the mercy that preserv'd thee, thro' my night of ignorance! The mercy which, to dispel that night, called up the Sun of righteousness, whose course is thy direction, and whose beam is thy better life!

I have seen reason to be thankful, very thankful, for those enlivening rays of prosperity, which have been intermingled with the dark, and frequent hours of affliction; but must my acknowledgments stop here? Had these been my only mercies, surely, I had not been inclined to write this thankful memorial of his goodness, to warm my heart with devotion, and inspire my tongue with praise. Shall I ever forget that love which led my feet into the way of truth, and has enabled them to continue there? Must I not, with the pious king, declare,
that

that unless *the Word of God, and the promises of his covenant had been my delight, I had perished in mine afflictions*: This Word, wherein *Jesus* appears in all his glory, I must acknowledge, to the divine honour, has been my joy in sorrow, my light in darkness, and my life in the views of death.

When the sun first broke forth, I expected a fine day, but how am I disappointed! quickly he retires behind the clouds; a thick gloom overspreads the azure sky, which so lately delighted me; the hoary frost and fleecy snow convince me, that Winter is not yet gone. Such has been the state of my temporal concerns, through a long course of years.

This too is an emblem of my spiritual condition. Sometimes the beams of the Sun of righteousness have reached my soul; but oftener, alas! have those beams been intercepted by the black cloud *Unbelief*.

But a morning, a glorious morning is approaching, when my sun shall rise, and advance, but never pass his meridian. It is true, a dark season precedes, but the hand that has sustained me through many a night of affliction, in the night of death will never desert me. My soul, it ever protect-
ed

76 OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

ed thy companion, the body, on a bed of down, and will as surely guard its slumbers in the grave; and so well entertain thee, when separated from it, that this night, however long, will not appear tedious. And O! anticipate the happy *moment*, when the severed companions shall rejoin to separate no more. What a *day*, what a *spring* shall succeed! A day, which no evening shall close, no cloud obscure! A spring never to be ruffled, and never to conclude!

What thanks can I render, in any degree, worthy of these immortal hopes? Yet often to repeat the weak attempt may illuminate the *nights*, and mitigate the *Winter* of my life.



A MORNING HYMN.

BEHOLD the *Day spring from on high*
 Unseals! and streams away!
 What millions drink! hence raptur'd, I
 Can drink the flood of day.

This

This moment what gay scenes appear,
To millions, late so fast !
Millions (the mercy to endear)
Who might have slept their last !

Ah ! no : have wak'd with rueful cause,
That waking to deplore !
(Strange that the world no more it awes !)
Have wak'd to sleep no more !

To Virtue let *me* wake ! for, breath
Was lent, alone for this !
Thus wake, O world ! from sleep of death,
You then shall wake to bliss.

* * *



AN EVENING REFLECTION in great Weakness.

THE day is far spent, the shadows of
the evening are stretching over my
head, which will usher in the darkness of
the night. I view the change, not only
without concern, but with pleasure, since
it closes the scene of hurry and fatigue,
and

and gives me an opportunity to lay the weak and wearied body on a bed of rest; in the hope that sleep will renew my strength and spirits for the work of the morrow.

But, methinks, I should with yet more delight contemplate my declining day of life, and the approaching shadows of death. Has not my day been filled up with pains, disappointments, temptations, and sins? May not these things excite my wishes to quit such afflicting, such ensnaring scenes? Will not this weary body be glad of rest in the grave? My noblest faculties, which are now often locked up in sleep, while fancy roves on the most impertinent or distressing themes, shall then find themselves free, enlarged, and equal to the sublime service, and happiness of the separate state.

Come then, my soul, by faith, anticipate the transporting scene! The anticipation will present thee with a thousand motives, sweet and strong, to pass the remainder of thy time on earth, with patience and cheerfulness. Nor let the apprehensions of the last hour dismay thee; for how inconsiderable is the pain of being clothed

clothed upon, by an house from Heaven,
 when mortality shall be swallowed up of
 life? Perhaps thy tender father, who re-
 members thou art but dust, will gently
 loosen the bands, that the garments of
 flesh may easily drop off. Possibly, Heaven
 may descend upon thee, in those moments,
 and permit nature to expire without agony.



AN EVENING HYMN.

Securely have I past the day,
 And well my soul knows why;
 An arm eternal was my stay,
 My guard th' eternal eye.

This night, that arm, that eye be near,
 Then midnight shall befriend,
 And morning, to th' eternal car,
 In incense shall ascend!

Thro' all my days, and nights below,
 Be equal care supply'd;
 When thro' the *night of Death* I go,
 Be God my guard, my guide!

That

That night, if God his care supplies,
 O I am safe *indeed* !
 Then shall I see the morning rise,
 Which night shall ne'er succeed.

* * *



Crooked RICHARD'S Marriage.

BEING determined to be married, I began to look about me for a wife: she was to be *rich* and *handsome*, because my *person* was ordinary, and my *purse* empty. In the city, and at court, I heard of *charming*, of *exquisite ladies*; but they were sure to be *married*, or in *keeping*; and, almost without exception, the *rural beauties* were *poor*.

At length, I was smitten with the *very handsome* daughter of a *wealthy Turkey merchant*, who, to avenge himself of the *complicated* affront of my proposal, bid me marry the *monkey Poverty*.

My next attempt was just as successful: the *rich old Banker* dismissed me, absurdly, assigning *inequality* as the motive. Absurdly,

ly, in my opinion, for a *cypher* and a *figure* will give a *sum*, while *added cyphers* are nothing still.

As a third attempt was not prevented by the failure of the first and second, after a sixth failure, I resolved to try once more. I remembered the saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady:" and "*Seven* is the perfect number." Accordingly, I took a *small box* in the *privatest village* I could fix upon; "A likely place, says the *world*, to yield a *fine rich lady*!" The world may laugh on, but *in good earnest* here I sought, and here I found her: I wanted a wife, but not, like him of *Balens*, to make me *uneasy*: and without *drinking* with the *Father*, talking with the *mother*, *romping* with the *sister*, or gaming with the *brother*, I gained her with a single "Will you marry me?" "A *rich lady*, and *handsome*, I'll warrant her!" says the *world*. Another truth, uttered in jest. She is *handsome*, or beauty is *ugly*; *rich*, or *crowns* are *poor*. Charming creature! Not *Alli Crooker*, but ALLI CONTENT. She has never yet found fault with my *shoulders* or pocket; though, possibly,

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sibly, the match might never have taken place, but for an estate of twenty pounds a-year, left by a *deformed country squire*, to

CROOKED RICHARD.

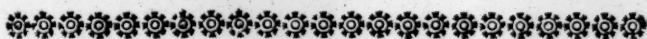
* * *



LETTERS



L E T T E R S.



From EUSEBIUS to ELIZA.

My dear ELIZA,

'T WAS with pleasure I received an account of the manner in which you bore up under my removal from you; that you have so frequently been enabled to turn your thoughts from this lifeless clay, and that dark and silent grave wherein it is interred, to these blissful realms, at which my more noble part is safely arrived.

But your guardian angel informing me how greatly your spirits were depress'd on the revolution of that day which gave me birth into your world, I could not forbear giving you a gentle reproof, and letting you know how different the sentiments of our blest inhabitants are from those your

world imbibe. Nay, I would labour to bring you, even by the concessions you must be forced to make, on your imperfect way of reasoning, to acknowledge it is acting a most irrational, and contradictory part, by giving way to such torrents of tears for my removal.

What was the reason, my dear *Eliza*, that you, who formerly, with so much pleasure, call the returning day, and mention it with delight, now became dejected, wept all the morning, and saddened your friends all day long? Will you reply, Alas! the case is now widely different? I used on those days to enjoy thy company, and when deprived of that pleasure, had the satisfaction of hearing from my dear *Eusebius*; but now alas! we are parted, to meet no more, whilst my residence is on earth! Will you, dare you, *Eliza*, you, who profess yourself a christian, argue in this manner? Do not your own exalted hopes, and sometimes bright and enlarged views, lead you rather to think and say, "O my *Eusebius*! with what raised delight should I celebrate that day which gave thee birth, now I am assured that all the wise and kind designs of providence, and grace, are fully answered by
and

and upon thee? Thou hast now attained, and art perfect; thou hast entered upon a happiness for which thou wast born, for which every scene of life prepared thee. A happiness, large as thy wishes, and lasting as thy immortal soul: and shall I repine at thy felicity, and urge the strength of my affection as the motive? How absurd!" By such reflections, I well know, you, sometimes, stem the tide of immoderate sorrow; but too often faith resigns to nature. Shall I then give you some little description of the change I have passed through?

You know well, *Eliza*, it was the bright prospect I had of future glory that composed my mind, amidst the tedious languors of decaying nature, and sustained me through the last encounter. The moment the painful struggle was over, I perceived myself disengaged from all terrestrial scenes, and in the presence of a celestial being, who kindly offered to conduct me through the unknown regions of the air. The amazing scenes that presented on the way were beyond description; but be assured, that while you were lamenting over the just forsaken clay, I was entertained

with scenes so new, and delightful, that, believe me, for this felicity alone it had been well worth while to die. Yet, well knowing these to be only the outward courts of those mansions, to which I was ascending, I was not tempted to loiter on the road, but with eager impatience pressed on, till I came within the gates of the *New Jerusalem, the city of the living God*. No sooner was I entered, than a number of benevolent spirits (many of them my old acquaintance on earth) came to congratulate my arrival; one of which discovered a peculiar joy, and the welcome he gave me produced (though I knew not why) correspondent sensations of pleasure. I soon knew the cause, when he address'd me in these terms: "My dear son, as I left your world, while you were but an infant, I wonder not that I am unknown to you; but 'tis with unspeakable delight I meet you here, after all the difficulties and trials you have encountered in your militant state, of which I have had frequent intelligence, by those friendly spirits that minister to mankind. With transport shall I lead you up, and present you, as one of those children God has graciously given
me,

me, and with you offer my most exalted praise to him who has fully answered my wishes, and my prayers." He ceased, and led me to a throne, before which I bowed with reverence, and received my acquittal. From thence I was conveyed to my appointed mansion, near the beloved author of my *natural* life, and not far from that yet better friend, to whom I am indebted for life *everlasting*. My father, or by what superior name shall I call him (for his affection is now, if possible, more than paternal) takes infinite pleasure in resolving my questions, enlarging my views, initiating me in the forms of worship, and instructing me in the other employments of this happy state. But I can give you no adequate idea of the scenes in which the meanest inhabitants of this world is engaged. Could I hope to succeed, I would not fail to attempt. Recollect the sweetest moment you ever knew, when conversing with a friend, when communing with your God,—even this will but weakly assist your conjecture. Suffice it to say, that here every power for virtue is exerted to its utmost, and every nature as happy as it can bear.

Persevere then, my dear *Eliza*, through every difficulty, through every danger, sustained by the charming hope of arriving at all you wish, at all you love; in a state, where you will find that death has but increased the affection of your ever dear

EUSEBIUS.



JOVE and the WORLD.

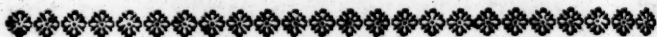
SOME time, in the early ages of the world, mankind began to speak literally against the government of *Jupiter*; and, by degrees, became impious enough to charge him with sending them nothing but *curses*, under the character of *Blessings*. *Jove* took the matter into consideration, and sent *Mercury* to summons all men to meet, such a day, at a certain place, and make a choice for themselves. The enraptured world convened, and there stood *Justice* between two large heaps (one larger indeed than the other) inviting every person to take what suited him; nor did she

in-

intimate which was the *heap of blessings*. The general selection was made from the *smallest heap*, which abounded most with gold and *jewels*; and which presently vanished, while the other was not apparently lessened. The world presently perceived its mistake; and desired *Jove* to inflict what punishment he thought proper; but at all events to resume the government. *Jupiter* sent *Mercury* to receive back the *curses*, and distribute the *heap of blessings*; enacting, at the same time, this law, “*Jove* from this day shall govern the world as he pleases, and all the *curses* which men impiously wish for themselves, shall neither visit them in this life, nor escape them in the next.” The law was ratified by *Fate*. Let the world praise *Jupiter*.

* * *

Dear



October, 22, 1755.

Dear Doctor,

SHALL I recommend you a patient?

The case is, I believe, a dangerous one, but you know the medical maxim, "While there is life there is hope:" and I know that despair must come a moment too soon, if it could have been precluded a moment longer. Friends are, perhaps generally, the first to apprehend danger, and their apprehensions will bear some proportion to the power of their affections: now, nobody loves the patient I am recommending better than myself; none ought to love him better; for he has served me to the utmost of his power; has indeed served every one to his utmost, not excepting the person whose skill I am endeavouring to interest in his favour. And I am mistaken indeed, if *you* are the physician whose gratitude can bear to be addressed in vain; who cannot be smitten with the charms of merit, or who possibly can be blind to the merit of benevolence. The life then, for which I am concerned,

is that of a being, benevolent as an angel ; a being, that has already blessed the world with more than the wealth of the *Indies* ; who, whenever he expires, will bequeath to multitudes very considerable legacies ; will bequeath to every survivor something. And now for the name of the disease—Why there lies the difficulty ; but names are nothing ; 'tis a *complication*, a nervous case. —Have not I hit of (excuse me) the cant of the faculty ?—Upon a considerate survey of the face of the patient, I take it to be the *yellow*, just turning into the *black jaundice*.

But judge from the symptoms. The *hair* changes colour, and falls apace ; the *aspect* is melancholy ; he weeps much ; breathes hard and hollow ; sometimes seems to *rattle* again ; now and then indeed, the *countenance* is *sun-shine*, and the *breath* soft ; but I suspect it to be a kind of *lightening* against death. His *pulse* is generally *low* ; keeps *sinking* ; the *habit* is certainly very *consumptive* ; but (as it is common in such a case) he often appears *warmly to hope a recovery*.

It

It may be necessary to give a hint of his constitution, and manner of life. He was, then, extremely gay in his youth, which one may term his *spring*; in his manhood or *summer*, he exerted his spirits, till he even fainted again. He was mightily given to *music*; kept the most exquisite *band of performers*; which, indeed, he has dismissed, retaining only a couple, to sing to him in the agonies of death.

For my own part, I cannot entertain the *warmest* hopes for my dear friend, but even tremble in expectance of his catastrophe. Not that I doubt your abilities; no, without flattery, if any one can recover him, you can. I mentioned his *baldness*, which will appear strange, when I tell you, that he is not ten months old; nor can I hope that he will reach fourteen. But by all your wishes for fame, let me conjure you to ransack the whole *materia medica*; if you succeed, you are more than the *seventy-seventh son of the seventy-seventh*. Can you think of no cordial for one, who has (if I may be indulged the expression) by all the *art of nature*, prepared cordials for the world? Protract his period but for

a moment, and you more than raise the dead. *Nature* herself shall raise you a statue, in which all her diamonds shall clustre, and the diamonds shall be ranged into this inscription, "To the man immortal, the man, who added a moment to the life of the year."

P. S. I should have applied to *Phæbus* himself, but he happens to be on a journey to visit the sick *South*; and should the *North* pursue with lamentations loud and doleful, till the intended visit were discharged, the pleader would be told that words were but *wind*. Indeed, I never heard, that he stopt on a journey, or returned before his time, except once; he stood still a while, to wonder at a *great General*, and went back, a few steps, to heal a *pious King*. But without reflection on the *Duke* or his *Majesty*. Such *generals* and *kings* live not in every age.

And still my hopes are on *Phæbus*. Though no *master*; no *child of arts*; no *fellow of a college*; *Phæbus*, the *first-born son of nature*, *Phæbus* shall return, not merely to cure the sick, but to restore the dead, the
dead

dead year; a restoration which defies a power inferior to that which restored *Lazarus*. Nature, the parent of *Phæbus*, is herself child to the *physician* who bid *Lazarus* live.

* * *



To Mrs A - - - -

Christmas-Day, 1755.

MADAM,

HAVING owed you a little money a pretty while, like other tardy debtors, I endeavour to excuse myself as handsomely as may be. You may, then, depend upon it that I have not forgotten you; but thro' one misfortune or other, necessity has, always, pleaded for cash before it would come.

Believe me, madam, I am not insensible to the goodness which has already waited so long; and which, you may be sure, I mentioned from no interested motive; though it happens somewhat unluckily,
that

that I shall be obliged to trespass on your patience a little longer.

Upon searching my little repository, I can find no money which I could honourably venture to put off, especially upon *you*. The only *sterling* pieces, you know, are those which are coined from *good metal*, and which carry the face of *Reason* ; of which sort, indeed, I picked up about half a dozen ; but they are clipped, till considerably beneath the *standard-weight*. The *clipper* I caught in the fact ; one *Folly* ; and very hastily did I wish to have made her an example ; but twisting up the *clippings* in the corner of her *cap*, she cried, "Catch me if you can ;" and mocked my efforts, as a feather, or a butterfly, eludes the pursuing school-boy. *Dullness* too, I found upon the spot, casting *leaden counters*, against whom my resentment was equally bitter, and just as impotent ; for all my endeavours to turn him out of doors he withstood, like a mountain of his own metal, and discovered as little feeling. My first blow set him a yawning, and my last left him fast asleep.

Reason herself, the only coiner of her own pieces, and in whose place, it is impossible to procure an artist equally excellent,

lent, is upon the ramble ; and will hardly be prevailed upon to settle to the mint till after the holidays.

This, madam, you may depend upon it, is a true state of the case. There are, to be sure, deceivers in the world ; people of no principle, who pretend to be hard driven, on purpose to awaken the compassion of the creditors, when at the same time they could pay all their debts, were they so minded, and have wherewithal besides. But for my part, I am an otherguese person, be it known, and have, though I say it, as honest a heart as Mr. *Anybody* ; being disposed by little and little, as its comes, to render to every one their due. So that the moment I can make up the sum, it shall wait upon you ; for the character of a debtor I am resolved to retain, no longer than till I can fairly part with it.

From an accurate survey of my circumstances, I am indeed inclined to believe, that a composition must soon take place ; which I prefer to a bankruptcy : however that may be, I am determined to see you paid to the utmost farthing.

And clearly to convince you, that I have no thoughts of cheating any body, much
less

less your good self, madam, I assure you that a copy of this letter is gone to every creditor, from their, and your humble servant to command

* * *



From BELINDA to LETITIA.

I Will not attempt a description of the anguish with which I took my last farewell of my native country, and my dear *Letitia*. My father's severe threatnings, seemed to forebode what treatment I shou'd meet with when I came to town, though he informed me, that it would be better than I deserved : and indeed, the two days, that I continued there, I found it better than I expected ; so that on the third day, when my brother came and asked me to go on shipboard with him, I began to take heart, and with cheerfulness accepted the invitation. But I soon discovered that I was trapp'd, and destined for a voyage. In vain were my most earnest intreaties to return with my brother : I fell down and embraced

H

braced

braced his knees, but prayers and tears were ineffectual: with a stern countenance he bid me desist; and told me he only executed my father's orders. Having said this, he rose up, threw me off from him, and went away. I immediately fainted beneath my affliction, and when I recovered, looking around me, I saw a young lady, who seemed very assiduous in her attendance upon me, and spoke to me with great tenderness. "O madam! said I, your concern for me is very generous, but I am beyond the reach of your friendly care." "No, replied she, I hope not; take this (putting a glass in my hand) and you will be better in a little time. I drank what she gave me more out of complaisance than inclination, and it so far recovered me as to give me strength thus to address the lady: "Why, madam, should you desire to prolong the misery of a dying wretch? My own father hath given the first stab to my heart, and lest it should prove too slight a wound, my brother, whom I loved as my own soul, has pierced it deeper. Death alone can give me ease." Having said this I fainted again, and when I recovered, found myself on a bed in a small cabin,

bin, with the lady sitting by me. I continued for some days so ill, that I took no notice of any thing, nor once enquired what was to be done with me. But when I grew a little better, the young lady came to me one morning, and desired I would make myself easy, for she would do all in her power to render my place agreeable. By this I perceived I was either a servant, or a slave, though which I could not determine. I commanded myself so far, as to tell her, that as I found my time was hers, I was sorry I had been so long useless and troublesome; and that I hop'd I shou'd now make the return of a diligent attendance for all her compassion. My lady replied, " Indeed, *Belinda*, I heartily pity you, and would never have consented to take you in this capacity, had I been at all acquainted with your story. My uncle, the captain, told me he had provided me a waiting-maid, who, on the death of her parents, was inclined to go abroad *to try her fortune*. I said, I did not doubt their inventing so plausible a pretence; for it could not be thought a parent would openly act such a part; however, I had great reason to be thankful, that I had met with a ten-

derness in strangers, of which my nearest relations were destitute.

Thus encouraged, I entered on my new station, with more calmness than cou'd have been expected. My lady treated me more like a sister than a servant, by which she gained my high esteem and affection. I soon perceived, that she had sense and piety as well as uncommon good nature; and she, also, soon discerned the disadvantages I had laboured under in my education; especially that I was a great stranger to religion. She laboured with great diligence, but in the most engaging manner, to compensate these defects; and as my knowledge increased, warmly excited me to improve it. Her condescension freed me from all restraint in her company; but I durst not enter on the subjects nearest to my heart, lest she should extend her enquiries farther than I chose to carry my resolves. The last day of our voyage, after she had been speaking of the obedience due to parents, she added, in a mild tone of voice, "I fear, Belinda, in this respect you have been greatly deficient; for I can never imagine, that a parent could thus behave without some high provocation. I have not mentioned

tioned this before, because I was not willing to add to your grief ; and as you seemed so ignorant of your duty, both towards God and man, I was desirous to furnish you with some principles of this kind of knowledge, that you might be the better prepared to judge of the affair." I was so confounded, that I could not reply for some time, but fell into a violent passion of weeping. " Come, says she, don't give way to this distress ; for let your case be what it will, thank heaven, it is not hopeless : and I think, that the manner in which I have treated you might claim a true account of your story. I am apprehensive there may be some circumstance which you would chuse to conceal, but I shall be glad, if, by a sincere relation, you can free me from my suspicion." She waited for my reply, which was this : " Alas ! madam, I am wretched for this world, and the next. I fell a victim to love. A young gentleman, whose name is *Philander*, made his addresses to me, with the consent of parents on both sides ; but a quarrel, not to be reconciled, happened between the families ; upon which we were enjoined to meet no more ; and for the grea-

ter security, *Philander* was sent several miles further in the country : but our love wou'd not be controuled by the caprice of parents ; we frequently wrote to, and sometimes had interviews with each other. The morning after the last interview, I was going with him to the next town to be married, but being discovered, I was carried back to my father, who kept me a close prisoner, till he sent me hither. This, madam, is a true account of the unhappy wretch before you, who dare not entertain a hope of mercy from God, or compassion from you." As soon as I had ended, the captain called my lady away, and I was left alone some hours, to ruminate on this conversation. When she returned, she found me very uneasy, and told me, when we came on shore she would do all in her power for my advantage ; but she feared that I could not continue long with her : which I found too true, for I had not been a month at *Barbadoes*, when she informed me, that we must part, adding this for my consolation, that she had, unknown to her uncle, provided me a residence for the present ; to which she further said, she herself would attend me, as she was afraid to
trust

trust any one with the secret. She visited me often at this place, and continued her friendly advice, which seemed sometimes, to support my spirits, but at others, I was driven almost to desperation, and more than once, was providentially hindered from ending my life ; the last intention I had of this kind, was to throw myself into the sea, 'and as I was walking for that purpose on the shore, to my inexpressible surprize, and joy, I met *Philander* ; his astonishment and pleasure, seemed equal to mine ; after a silent embrace, " how much, cried he, do I owe to contrary gales which drove me into this port, where all my treasure lay !" Some time after he proceeded thus : " when your father had disposed of you, I determined upon a voyage, imagining that life would be less burthensome in a strange country. Whilst I was contriving the best method of acquainting my father with my design, he was seized with a violent fever ; which in a few days put an end to his life. As soon as I could, I settled my affairs, and embark'd for——but the winds have blown me into the port of felicity."

To finish my tedious narration, we went together to my obscure retreat, where my lady was waiting for me, to whom I related the surprizing occurrence. She immediately conducted us to her house, where the captain most obligingly received us. The next day he gave my hand to *Philander*, and has desired us to make his house our home, till we can return to our native country; when I hope again, with pleasure, to meet my dear *Letitia*.



From AMANDA to her Brother.

Dear Brother,

FOR so I must still call you, notwithstanding what has pass'd: heaven is my witness, that I have not only loved you as a brother, but honoured and obeyed you as a parent; since you kindly took upon you that office, when I was left an infant orphan. Nor can you upbraid me with having ever disputed your orders, 'till the mournful night I last saw you. However harsh the command appeared, to see *Myrtillo* no more,

(to

(to whom you well knew my heart was united by a strong and virtuous love) I silently obey'd, and at your desire wrote to him not to repeat his visits. But when you insisted on my marrying *Meander*, who had nothing but an estate to recommend him, and further added, that without I would consent to this on the morrow, you would turn me out of doors immediately; no tongue can express my concern. Hard was the task to betake myself to a wandering life, with the pittance you tendered me, protesting it should be all you would ever bestow; but still harder to break thro' all the ties of nature and conscience; I therefore made the peremptory refusal, which you termed disobedience and obstinacy. This, from a brother, was the hardest of all. Whither should I turn! Such was my concern for your reputation, that instead of repairing to some friend, I determined to seek some distant place, where I might in secret bewail my misfortunes. Committing myself therefore to providence, I set out towards * * * but could not reach the first town in my way by day-light, which obliged me to lodge that night in a field. In the morning I went forward, spent
with

with grief, and destitute of refreshment; observing a little house at a distance, I made towards it, but fainted by the way, in which condition I was found by a gentleman, who, when I revived, conducted me to his own house, yet nearer the cottage than I intended, though concealed by the trees, and committed me to his lady. When I was able to converse, they enquired whether I had been going; and why a person of my appearance was alone? I told them my story was melancholy, but a regard to the author of my distress forbade the relation; that my intention, however, was to keep a school where I was unknown; a sphere, which till yesterday, I little thought would have been my lot. A flood of tears interrupted me, and that moment a clergyman, who had been expected, entered the parlour; surprizing! it was *Myrtillo*. “*My Amanda*,” said he eagerly—“Thy lost *Amanda*!”—“How lost?” I hinted my story. Catching me in his arms, thy griefs shall end, and my happiness commences.—“Mitigate you may, said I, but shall never share my sorrows!” “Providence, said he, shall answer for me! I am come to take possession of a living at *B*—sufficient to main-

maintain us. On this alteration in my circumstances, I intended to have waited on your brother to-morrow."

The gentleman and his lady congratulated us on this happy event. The next day we were married, and removed to the vicarage house, which tho' not a stately is a neat pleasant habitation. In the best of men I have the tenderest husband. Let animosity sleep to wake no more. A visit from their brother wou'd render yet happier the very happy couple,

MYRTILLO and AMANDA.



From AURELIA to CELINDA.

Dear CELINDA,

I Imagine you have laid aside the expectation of hearing from *Aurelia*.

I have oft reflected on your parting words, when you were going into the coach for *London*. "From the elevation of balls, plays, operas, I shall drop a pitying thought on *Aurelia*, immur'd with *Myron*,
and

and learning to sing psalms." Nor shall I forget my answer, "I hope to shake off my religious spark, keep on terms with my uncle, and till I turn prude at fifty-five hug in both my arms the charmer of the world, dear liberty." Thus we parted; my uncle saw my concern, and enquired the occasion. I told him it was partly for the loss of my friend. "O, he replied, that will soon be more than made up in *Myron's* friendship; but pray let us have the other part. I said, that I could not think of being confined to the country all the winter, and therefore if he would allow me to follow *Celinda*, and spend two or three months in town, I should be greatly obliged to him. I think I never saw him so much mov'd; he told me, if I chose to spend the winter with my thoughtless companions rather than with a person of *Myron's* merit, he should not proceed any farther in an affair which he had not without some difficulty pursued so far: since his observation on my conduct made him sometimes fear, that I should prove an unsuitable wife for a person of his worth, affection forbid him to lay aside the design, in hopes of a favourable turn in my disposition and behaviour; but

but as the event defeated his hopes, he must now be so just to *Myron*, as not to leave him any longer a stranger to my real character." Without appearing disconcerted at my uncle's speech, I said, I should be much obliged to him, if he would save me the trouble of dismissing *Myron*, who was as disagreeable to me as I could be to him, when he was more thoroughly acquainted with me. My uncle with much grief, and some indignation, replied, "Since, against all my remonstrances, you listen to folly, take her advice and her portion, ruin: for the future, be your desert the rule of my conduct: I relax a little; to the pleas of your *Nature* my purse shall always be open, shall always close to the pleas of your *Fancy*." These words, pronounced with an air of authority, almost vanquished my resolution: and I believe my uncle perceived it; for taking me by the hand, he tenderly said, "Will you bring down my grey hairs, with sorrow to the grave? But forgetting an uncle, can *Aurelia*—forget: *Aurelia*? Will she buy vanity at that extravagant price, her soul?" I was too much affected to reply: "Go, child, said he, think an hour in secret; consideration

sideration is the parent of virtue ; I give you an hour's time to reflect on what I have said." He left me ; I retired ; not to think was impossible, and thought was agony. This was my soliloquy : " My uncle has been my father ! has promis'd ! pleaded ! pray'd ! threaten'd ! yet *then* kind as ever ! what goodness ! how abus'd ! how to be repaid !" Laugh not, *Celinda*, I was *almost* on my knees, not quite, indeed not quite *Celinda* ! I recovered my footing, and continued my soliloquy. " Am I then just dispos'd to beg my uncle's pardon, and cry, Well, indeed now, uncle, I will make as grave a wife as need to be ? At family-prayer I will sigh so deeply, at church sit so demurely, not the parson's good spouse shall go beyond me. I cannot, I cannot." At the very thought I was crimson. So I humm'd a couple of tunes, and returned to the parlour ; told my uncle that pleasure was pleasure ; I could not be an hypocrite, and would not be a nun. The *men* talk of greatness : was not this great, *Celinda* ? The good old man lamented my choice, and prayed God to change it. But could she, who so *bravely* resisted a motion to pray for herself, be subdu'd by the prayer of

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another ? Yet surely, so it was ; such a concern in his look ! again I retired. Virtue had seized me, but I dispossess'd her ; and afraid of her return, dress'd and visited *Celia*. You may be certain, I was applauded for the steps I had taken, and encouraged to pursue what we call liberty. I staid there a week, and when I returned found my uncle so dangerously ill, that he took no notice of me, nor any one else, only I was informed that he once had said, " Poor *Aurelia* ! what will become of her ? I was also told, that the Evening after I left the house, *Myro* came, and had a long conference with my uncle ; that in the night my uncle was seized with a violent disorder, and that the physician, who had been there about an hour before my return, had given his opinion, that he would not live till the morning : his opinion was too well founded, for my uncle died in about three hours after. I was really afflicted, and reproached the servants for not sending me word of his illness ; but the house-keeper told me she had proposed it to my uncle the morning after he was taken, which with a deep sigh he refused, adding,

adding, I would now disengage my affections; but however send for Mr. T. the lawyer; for I would not have her exposed to want, though she deserves it; my love will not permit it. This alarmed me; I hastily enquired, did the lawyer come? She answered, yes, with all possible speed, but your uncle was quite delirious, and I fear he has cancelled his will. I fear so too, said I, and if he has, I am undone indeed; for my Coz G. is his sole heir. According to my fears it proved. I soon found myself deprived of all means of subsistence, excepting some plate and jewels of my own, with ten guineas which Mr. G. gave me; with these I was obliged to put in practice my fatal resolution of trying my fortune: I determined for some distant place. I travelled across the country, without knowing whither the way led. This solitary walk awakened my reflections on my past foolish conduct, and present melancholy circumstances. Toward the evening of the second day, I reached a gentleman's house, at which I desired the favour of a lodging; a lady came to the door, who observing my appearance to be very different from

from that of those persons, who generally ask such favours, gave me such questions, as unavoidably brought on a recital of my story, and my determination to try for a living, in a place where I was unknown. The lady was affected with the account I gave, received me into her house, and accommodated me in a very friendly manner. The next morning she offered me her waiting-maid's place, which happening to be vacant, I readily accepted. As I found her a person of great humanity and good sense, I opened my mind freely to her; the benefit of which I reaped in those exhortations and directions which her experience enabled her to give me. When I had lived about a month in the family, a gentleman paid a visit there, who seeing me after dinner, eagerly addressed me: "Madam, have you forgot *Myro*!" When I recovered from the surprize into which so unexpected an interview had thrown me, I replied; "Indeed, sir, I did not at first recollect you; but I thought that your generosity would not have allowed you to insult the unfortunate." "What mean you, madam, said he hastily? Insult you! Can you entertain so mean an opinion of
I me?

me? It is yet in your power to make me happy; for I esteem this change in your condition, which has produced such an alteration in your conduct, the greatest blessing heaven could bestow." I will not trouble you with farther particulars of our conversation, but only add, that I was shortly after married to *Myro*, and shall be glad to see you, my dear *Celinda*, at *R*—, that by your own observation you may be convinced how greatly we have both been deceived, and own that the noblest pleasure, the most solid felicity earth can yield, is the lot of the late unfortunate, but now happy

AMELIA.



From ASPASIA to ELVIRA.

THE perusal of my dear *Elvira's* letter, filled my heart with grief, and my eyes with tears: I had before heard from my brother, that you was likely to lose the greatest part of your fortune by your guardian's failure, and you may be certain, I heard it with great concern; but this was much

much increased, when I found that it had thrown you into such dejection and terror. Your affliction, I own, is great, nor can it be wondered, that so unexpected a change should deeply impress your mind; but I persuade myself, that when time shall have calmed the first emotions of passion, you will retract such hasty sentiments as these. "I am utterly undone, and must bid adieu to all comfort and pleasure for ever." Is this the language of *Elvira*? *Elvira*, who has renounced the world as her portion, and profess'd to seek after far superior enjoyments. Be assured, my dear, there is still a provision for your comfort here, as well as your happiness hereafter. That wisdom and goodness are unchangeable, to which you have resigned yourself; those promises are sure, in which you have formerly express'd your confidence: shew your firm belief in them, by composure and patience in this season of distress. I know it is much easier to give advice than to pursue it in such circumstances: You may think, perhaps, that as you have found it no hard task to talk of adversity like a philosopher and a christian, while attended with affluence and

peace, though you now shrink under the trial, I might possibly behave no better, were it my own case. All this I readily grant ; nay, I fear that my courage would sooner fail than yours : but however weak our nature, thanks to our redeemer, we have the promise of strengthening grace ! a promise, which we often feel, was not made in vain. An instance of which take as follows :

My brother and I, the other day, in our walk, which was longer than usual, reached a small cottage, into which were courteously invited by its inhabitants, a mother and her daughter, in whose manner of behaviour we soon discovered a superiority to their present circumstances. They were then at dinner on the coarsest provisions ; we saw in their countenances a wish to be hospitable, and a distress, because hospitality was not in their power ; distress, however, which entered but with us, content being evidently the fauce of the table. We fell into conversation, which soon engaged the old gentlewoman to give us the following story.

My husband was a merchant in *London*, where we lived in a genteel manner for many

many years ; nor had I the least suspicion, that our appearance was above our fortune, till about two years ago ; when my husband died, and I, with surprize, discovered, that instead of a handsome provision for myself and six children, there was not sufficient to answer every just demand, without making off part of my plate and jewels, which I willingly surrendered for that purpose ; and then turning the greatest part of my furniture, and the rest of my plate, into money, I placed out my two sons apprentices, and equally divided the remaining sum between myself and four daughters, which amounted to about five pounds each ; my other three girls are, I thank God, each well fixed in service, and *this*, who is with me *might have been*, had not her duty and affection inclined her to continue with me. We hired small lodgings in *London*, where she proposed maintaining herself by her needle ; but as this depended on acquaintance, and they, on this change of our circumstances, fell off as fast as the leaves in autumn, we found it of very little advantage ; nay, we were again in such streights, that we were obliged to sell some of our best cloaths, and go deep
I 3 into

into our small stock of money. You will easily imagine, that such a situation filled me with solicitude ; I began to persuade my child to follow the example of her sisters, and leave me to the care of providence ; but she absolutely refused it, adding, that she had determined, if she could not ease my grief, to share my lot. While we were in this discourse, a friend, who was well acquainted with my affairs, brought us a piece of news which proved very acceptable. She told me, that a gentleman of her acquaintance, to whom our case had been represented, had made an offer of a little cottage, near his seat at D——, where we might live rent-free, and had farther said, that he was persuaded my daughter would find constant employment from his family, and some others in the neighbourhood. I readily accepted the seasonable proposal : we now have lived here almost a twelvemonth ; my daughter has generally as much work as she can do, and thereby maintains herself and me, for my sight being almost gone, I can do very little myself. You may imagine, madam, her hands will not furnish us with any superfluities, but we have for the most part

ne-

necessaries; at this time indeed we are more streightened, because we have both been very ill, which has prevented our obtaining our usual supplies." My brother said, he was astonished to see them appear so easy and chearful, under a change from affluence to such *wretched* indigence. "Oh, sir, replied the old gentlewoman, I dare not call our condition *wretched*; for tho' we meet with many disagreeable things, yet when I consider the mercies we still enjoy, we have reason for praise; God had an unquestionable right to take from us the blessings he so long lent; those he continues are more than our desert; we ought to be thankful for the provision he has made for us; and especially that our minds are in a great degree reconciled to the lot which he has appointed. Since we have still a habitation, food, and raiment, tho' of the meaner sort, we ought surely to be not only contented, but thankful; and we oft solace ourselves with this thought, that these are only little inconveniencies allotted us in the journey of life, to quicken our speed in our christian course, incite our desires after an arrival at our native country, and our father's house, where all

our wants will be supplied, and our most enlarged desires satisfied."

My brother and I made her a small present, for which they testified their gratitude in the strongest terms; I told them, I would soon make them another visit, and returned home with my brother, affected and edified with my morning excursion. So plain an instance of the uncertainty of outward prosperity, and so convincing a proof of the power of real religion to support the mind under poverty and other afflictions, could not fail to produce serious, I hope, profitable reflections. And now, my dear *Elvira*, I shall leave you to apply the story, and only add my earnest prayers, that as the supreme disposer of events has appointed some such trials for you, you may be a like example of suffering virtue, which, as it will greatly redound to the glory of God, the credit of religion and your own true interest, will administer no small pleasure to yours inviolably,

AMIDA.

To



To Mr. P * * * a MS.

Dear Sir,

YOU have undoubtedly heard of a treaty of marriage, which has been on foot a pretty while between Lord M—— and Lady C——; and which is now so well advanced, that I publish the banns of matrimony. If you know of any lawful impediment, in the name of *Cupid*, speak away; if not, I desire your hand as a witness; for in this case, it is absolutely necessary, that the number of witnesses be very considerable. (a) * * * * *

(b) *I do you to wit*, that his lordship is, without exception, the *finest gentleman* in

(a) Every one, who is at all conversant with *ancient manuscripts*, knows the impossibility of making out every sentence; and generally, a note-writer had better give stars, than his own inventions. If we may judge of what is lost, by that which remains, perhaps, nobody will wish the transcript of this letter to have been more perfect.

(b) If any body sees reason to regret the want of a date to this letter, he may recollect that the expression, "*We do you to wit*," was used in the reign of that *James* to whom the translation of the Bible is dedicated.

England;

England ; and that my lady is, in no respect, his inferior ; so that it can be no very unequal match. Among other accomplishments, his lordship is remarkable for modesty. He might, indeed, very honestly say, after an old friend, *If any one has whereof he might boast, I more.* But his talent is taciturnity. No one, however, can pretend, that black is his eye ; a *mote* was never seen in it, except by a *beam*. It would be impossible to pick in his coat a pin-hole ; or to fasten a spot that would cleave to it a moment. * * * * *

I said before, that Lady C—— was, at least, his lordship's equal ; and she is literally, a *celestial*. She has, indeed, a couple of charming sisters ; one of whom never looked through a tear, and the other can behold *invisibles*. But still Lady C—— is the *sparkler*. What is said of some painting is true of this original ; she is the better for wear. *Time* improves, but *eternity* will most exquisitely finish her. The sisters must die, but the *sparkler* is sure of living for ever.(a) * * * * *

But into whatever hands my letter should fall, surely *malice* herself could not

not construe it a (*c*) libel. My fine gentleman, then, is Lord *Merit*, and my *sparkler* is Lady *Charity*. You will not be angry that I have given them *birth*. I? Heaven (*d*) *created* them. I could wish that some of our nobility would give it under their hands, that they approve the match. I think, however, that the (*e*) *late act* does not make this condition indispensable. Thus much I shall venture to affirm, that lords and ladies, who wish to obstruct the marriage, carry in their own bosoms, the severest satires upon themselves; and cannot be libelled by others.

You may possibly laugh at *Merit* in the masculine gender——but, hold! 'tis not right to laugh at him at all. You observe the necessity I was under. Had we pro-

(*c*) This will hardly enable me to date the letter. When was *not* a panegyric upon virtue, a satire upon vice? And when would *not* vice call a satire upon herself, a libel?

(*d*) The ceremony of making a nobleman is called *creation*; and a witty gentleman observed, there was some propriety in the term; since it frequently was *something* from *nothing*.

(*e*) With us, indeed, the act concerning marriage, made at the conclusion of the last parliament, goes by the name of the *late act*; but can a writer refer to what happens *after* the time of writing.

posed

posed to pair two females, what infant would not have forbidden the banns? Even your (f) *book-worm* would have done it.

We shall have none of your vulgar, nor indeed, any great matter of doings, at our wedding; I believe, not a single dance. And yet methinks, upon this occasion, invalid as I am, I could foot it as well as *Ready-to-halt* (g) before the head of the giant. A trifle of history, a few moral reflections, a tale, and a song, will be the principal things with us. Our song, however, shall not be *Alli* (h) *Croaker*; for our lover wants not a wife to make him *uneasy*. We may, perhaps, have two or three letters and hymns; for though we

(f) It is more than possible, that Mr. P—— in one of his letters, might have mentioned a child of his, and humorously called it a “devourer of books.”

(g) In *Bunyan's Pilgrim*, *Ready-to-halt* dances before the head of a giant. But *Bunyan* uses, *Ex corpore, & sanguine Christi*, when he did not understand Latin. And who, that has not read every earlier author, can affirm, that his name, and scene, are of *Bunyan's* inventing?

(h) Might not the letter-writer have seen the history of *Alli Croaker*, from whence the modern song was taken?

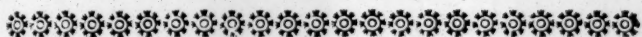
are

LETTERS.

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are no (*i*) *methodists*, there can be no shocking impropriety in holding a *love-feast* at a wedding. * * * * *

Yours (*k*) *cordially* * * * * * (the rest wanting)



Dear J—

YOUR letter of this day has given me more entertainment than, strictly speaking, ten subscriptions would pay for. To the wedding I have no objection, except the old one, Perhaps the parties may be thought too near a-kin.

You wish some of our nobility would give it under their hands, that they approve the match. I wish so too. But had you sent the letter with which you favour-

(*i*) We suppose, that some people lived by *method*, a thousand years ago; that love-feasts were held before then; and in short, that *Merit* and *Charity* were then old enough to marry.

(*k*) Whether the writer was a *physician*, or not, it is pretty clear, that he endeavours to engage his correspondent in favour of some other person, who was endeavouring to get above distress, whether publishing a book by subscription was the scheme, let the reader judge for himself.

ed

ed me, to my Lord —— his lordship
would have answered;

To *Merit*? *Merit*? Who can *Merit* be?
Some *German baron*, or some *French marquis*;
Some *cast-off valet*, from a foreign nation,
With *travelling* title of his *own* creation.
I wonder where the fellow spends his
nights!

(a) For I remember no such name at ——
Modest, and silent! — Blessed pair, by *Cupid*!
That is, they're awkward both, and mighty
stupid.

The woman's rich, I grant you; but the
peer

Was made to chuse him an *immortal* dear;
Unless he knew, *meer mortal* might deceive
her,

Call in her cash, pack up, and *fairly* leave
her.

As for *that* sister — Pshaw! I've lost her
name! —

Endu'd with *second-sight*, an *Highland* dame!
Whom no *choice spirit* ever cou'd endure;
A *dupe*, yet *coy*; and *frolick*, tho' *demure*.

(a) The critic who can prove that *White's* was meant
by the writer, shall have the liberty of saying "these
letters are no *ancient manuscript*."

Long will it be before her fortune's paid,
She'll wed a parson, or must die a maid.

The *tearless* sister I admire the most ;
Not *quite* an *angel* ; for not yet a *toast*.
Dear, dimpling lyar, be mine ! and mine for
life !

Wits, I'm a villain, if I meant a *wife*.
Hope is the *mistress* I cou'd ne'er forsake :
She bids me smile, when *saints* and *aspens*
shake,—

But, hark !—a knell ! I'll to my charmer
fly.

Be *Hope* my mistress, and let *systems* die.

The verses, I perceive, are more than
ready-to-halt ; but for more reasons than
one, I could not make such a character
speak good poetry.

You writ to me long ago, in favour of
your friend, and I should have answered
you sooner, but did—not. To punish
myself, I engage half a guinea, for a five
shilling book ; a punishment which alrea-
dy gives me an exquisite pleasure ; like
the penance which a *sober* priest once in-
joined a drunkard, bidding him get drunk
again.

My

My *book-worm* is become *sister* to a jolly boy. My (*b*) wife desires to be remembered to miss C—

Yours, &c.

J. P * * *

Dear P * * *

I thank you much for my friend, and much I admire your pattern for penance, who probably was a *sober* priest in the serious sense of the word, and knew, that vice would punish herself. For my part, I believe the monster might be persuaded to turn suicide: to Lord ——'s answer I would have replied thus.

Your *mistress*, peer? Thank heaven, tis no such thing;

Hope, never yet was *mistress* to a king.

She sneers at *saints*? In smiles indulge your grace?

'Twas sure *Presumption*, *Hope* has not the face;
She's *quite* an angel. Marriage you despise,
And yet, who says you'll never marry, lies;

(*b*) Would a *modern* correspondent have said, "My wife," upon this occasion? We have also found an answer to the above.

You'll

You'll wed—I question if you know the
fair ;

Presumption's daughter.—What's her name?
—*Despair*.

Her eyes are lightning, and I've heard you
cry,

“ The only lightning is a woman's eye.”

Her lungs are brass, and what you hate,
she'll preach

Of heav'n, till—strange to tell! you'll wish
to reach ;

For then your fool-deluding creed shall fail;

Then heav'n and hell's a fool-deluding tale.

Against your maxim, too, my lord, you'll
find,

That *Wife* and *Constancy* have *once* been
join'd ;

Eternal constancy ; no fraud, no force,

Shall e're procure your lordship a divorce.

Dear P—

I have, just now, been with the *second-*
sighted lady, in the *Highlands* ; and the
fearless Lowland dame tells me, this mo-
ment, that I shall shortly see the immortal
sparkler on a *mountain*, not only above the
K clouds,

clouds, but beyond the skies. There P—
shall meet his old friend

J. G—— (c)



Dear Coz,

ARE you really in good earnest, looking out for a wife? Live single till *seventy-three*, and think of marrying *now*? Are you quite mad, coz? Ask me to recommend some *blooming beauty*? Madder still! *Heaven and earth* commit matrimony! I am fond of *no* unequal matches; but to *this* have an *unconquerable* aversion.

Consider, my dear cousin, have you not sins enough to repent of, at this age, without increasing their number, by tempting a young woman to tell lies, at the altar?

(c) We can assure the reader, that these letters were written by two persons in the wonted course of their correspondence; and by a key in our possession, we have discovered, that their christian and surnames, are formed by the same number of letters; the names, however, being very different. The notes to the three letters are by

SCRIBLERUS.

But

But as every character is a mixed one, you have, I perceive, your *fits* of *thinking justly*; one of which was, certainly, upon you, when your pen dropt that indisputable proposition, "I have money enough." Sure, it could be nothing *more* than a fit! You have not, for good and all, renounced your *darling project* of dividing the globe into atoms, and coining those atoms into guineas!

If you have, let me suggest another in lieu of matrimony. Turn a few of the guineas you have into *broad wheels*: it may prolong your life to an hundred! Your *pad-nag*, I remember, is wonderfully prone to *stumble*!

In short, to have quitted avarice for love, *fifty* or even *forty* years ago, had been *laudable*; but *now* 'twill be only turning out one bad tenant to make way for another.

And yet, if I thought you serious in the matter, I have then a *lady* in my eye; and a *blooming beauty* she is: *such* a beauty, that her charms are peculiar to herself, and superior, incomparably superior to all others.

Your wife, you say, must come of a *good family*; now, in this point, the lady

I intend, will answer your utmost expectations; for she is *right honourably* descended. She is ally'd to a great number of *noble families*, but the relation seems to be wearing out apace. Many of our *young nobility* treat her but *indifferently*, and some are apt to be ashamed of her.

Her soul is all generosity; so that, perhaps, she may persuade you to keep open house; and make some alterations in your neighbourhood; for instance, by banishing *poverty*, and introducing *industry*; but, on my honour, she shall never countenance *prodigality*. And, indeed, if in *some* articles she proves a little *expensive*, in nothing you will find her *extravagant*. In dress, if she affects any thing, it is *simplicity*; and in *paint* will she never spend a *shilling*; for, as nothing can equal her *natural* colour, she has the wisdom to *know* it.

She may possibly persuade you to resign your business to your nephew; but in that case, she will be far from seducing you to idleness. I dare say, she will engage you to turn merchant, and make a considerable adventure by the *good ship Charity*, an *ancient vessel*, indeed, but a vessel, which no enemy was able to take, a vessel, *ensured* by
an

an office, which you are certain can never stop payment ; and a vessel, in which thousands have traded at the rate of more than *a thousand per cent.*

She is generally pleasant, sometimes humorous ; but never frolicksome. She has no sort of ill-nature : I don't say, that she never frown'd ; but I will enter into any bond you can desire, that she shall never be in a pet, or in a passion ; nay, that she shall never indulge a wish that is not *reasonable*. After this, it were impertinent to intimate, that *old* as you are, you can have no cause for *jealousy* ; and that she cannot turn wh—re. And yet, strange as it may appear ! even when *your wife*, she may retain all the lovers she can, without any imputation on her own character.

Her only portion is a *smiling daughter* ; the girl is, indeed, for *ever* in a smile ; a smile, however, which no body *can* think disagreeable. This damsel, if she *dwells* not in your house, will, at least, visit you every day. I am pretty confident, that you will rather chuse her as a resident than a visitor ; and that should you ever take it into your head to *divorce* your wife, it would be with a *view* to detain her daughter,

K 3

though,

though, believe me, you would, inevitably be *disappointed*. The *mother*; *sometimes*, has been seen without her *daughter*, but the *daughter* never, yet, appeared without the mother.

In the article of courtship, I am persuaded, there can be little difficulty; she values none of your *modern* modes; if you can but *love* her, hold me answerable for the sincerity and ardour of her affection. Be a *warm* suitor, and you succeed. Give her but your *heart*, and she requires no *other* settlement.

To conclude, the lady's name is *Virtue*; and her daughter is called *Felicity*. I am satisfied her ladyship will incline you to put into your last will and testament your very poor, but very

affectionate cozen,

* * *

To



To Mr. B - - - - -

Dear Sir,

UNEQUAL distribution of what? Money is, indeed, unequally distributed; but is money felicity? Is not a person happy in proportion to the attainment of his wishes? In this view, is not ten thousand a year that pines to be twenty, less than a single fifty, that never sighed to become fifty-one? *Much* and *Little*; which, in general, is the most fervent wisher? Of the rich, what multitudes are constantly wretched, by endeavouring to grow richer? Of the poor, it can never be pretended, that unequal numbers disturb their present cares about futurity. They are born to poverty; poverty obliges them to labour, and labour allows them no leisure to lament the necessity: Even in the last extremities, hope supports, strangely supports them; while the rich, as unaccountably, suffer through apprehension.

K 4

As

As the sphere in which you observe is not narrow, you must have made these reflections over and over. What think you of the following little narrative?

Last *Monday*, I visited Sir *John M*——. In the afternoon came one of his tenants, with only a part of his little rent; and hoped his landlord would wait a while for the rest. Sir *John* took what he brought, and dismissed him, with reason to expect a seizure, if the remainder did not arrive in a week. The knight then assured me, that the low interest of money obliged him to keep a tight hand upon his tenants; and that after all, he must lower his manner of living, or soon sink beneath the meanest of his tenants. He spoke this in all the horror of apprehension; yet all the world knows the knight to be worth two thousand a year.

The next morning, I called upon the tenant, whose circumstances I knew to be distressing, and his character to be unblameable. The honest creature said, he hoped he should be able to get up his rent; yet I could not discover that his hope had any reason to support it. I insisted on his landlord's impatience. "Why, then,

then, sir, said he, Sir *John* must take them, two or three chairs, and my bed." In short, *George Marson* was, at that instant, happier than Sir *John M——*. I came home, sent the man a trifle, which he can never trace from my hand; and in my *Elbow-Chair* had this dream.

Jupiter situated *Wealth* upon a mountain, and *Poverty* in a valley. They were his own daughters by *Minerva*, and born pregnant. *Wealth*, in due time, brought a daughter, who was struck with the palsy in her birth, and had a down look. She always trembled, and never could give her eyes an horizontal direction. *Poverty*, the same day, was delivered of a daughter, who never ceased to smile, and could look upward. The daughter of *Wealth* was called *Fear*, and that of *Poverty*, *Hope*. *Poverty*, by the soft hand of her daughter, was led up the side of the valley to a plain, on which she met *Wealth*, who had been forced thither, from the mountain, by her trembling daughter. *Poverty* saluted her sister, who scorned to return the salutation; but *Jupiter* descended, joined their hands, and commanded them to live together,
upon

upon that common. I waked by, pronouncing aloud, the words, which I dare say occasioned my dream : *Rich and poor meet together ; the Lord is the maker of them all.*

My heart deceives me, with a witness, if it thus endeavours to put off *Charity*. It only honestly seeks to solace itself with a rational persuasion that, bitter as it is, the cup of *Poverty* is not all bitterness ; that, after drinking often, the ill taste may in a manner wear off, and that some drops of sweetness are, invisibly, distilled into it, by the paternal hand of providence.

Nay, believe me, I am not, designedly, soliciting for any of your poor tenants. —Here comes one of mine, who, though I have not *one* thousand a year, shall not find a Sir *John M*—— in

Yours, &c.

* * *

To



To Mr. C * * *

I Was yesterday vehemently flustered about going to court, in the evening ; and after all, an unexpected incident detained me at home. You may imagine what a facetious companion I proved, after the disappointment. However, what I could not perform awake, I must, forthwith, attempt in my sleep.

Some *high and mighty potentate*, but not King GEORGE, sent me word, that I should be welcome at his court, if I came *properly dressed*. I dressed and set out, upon the *causey*, which the king had raised to his palace ; found road it was, the palace appeared near me ; and I made no doubt of being presently there. I had not made three steps before I was obstructed by a chain that crossed the road. So, thought I, here ends my expedition ! That instant, a woman with an honest face, and altogether the handsomest creature I ever beheld, came and offered to see me safe to the palace ; she then looked upon
the

the chain, and it fell afunder. After such a proof of her ability, and inclination to serve me, and with so much reason to apprehend that I should need further assistance, I accepted her offer, and we went on together; my friend always keeping at my right-hand, or just before me. Another chain came across the road, and it was looked afunder. Could I avoid the merry thought, was there ever *so sharp* an eye?

We were not far advanced, when up came a woman with a large globe under her arm, and attempted to step betwixt me and my protectress; and when that was impracticable, she chucked me under the chin, called me her dear child, shook her globe, which, by rattling something within, appeared to be hollow; and said, "There's for you, my dear!" "What's for me?" said I. "Ask this die," said she. By turning round the die, I observed on the first side, *Riches*; on the second, *Honour*; on the third, *Pleasure*; and on the fourth, *The World*. "Spin away, said she, and try your luck; as you turn up *Riches*, *Honour*, or *Pleasure*, demand from my globe; turn up *The World*, and the whole globe is your own."

own." I now re-examined the die; and over *Riches*, discovered *deceitful*; over *Honour*, *false*; under *Pleasure*, *of sin*; and under *The World*, *lost soul*. Upon this, I returned the die, telling her, that she had, indeed, the knack of saying things *roundly*; but her words were probably as hollow as her globe; that she was a pretty sort of a woman to look upon and away, but was painted up to the eyes, I could see that; and as to having any dealings with her, I desired to be excused; as I had no great itch for her globe, or any thing within it; nay, was persuaded by the polish of its outside, that, was it in my hand, I should not be able to hold it a moment. Finally, I assured her, that she was either mistaken, when she called me her child, or knowingly falsified: that, if she was, indeed, my parent, she ought to have provided for me; which yet she had never done, nor seemed capable of it, since her globe was more like a *stone* than *bread*; and in the king to whom I was going, I expected to find the friend that would not suffer me to think of seeking for a parent. The *gamester* withdrew, and my *companion* gave me a smile,

smile, to which, the departed globe, what a bauble !

After this, came a *woman, plump and rosy, but dirtier than a sister of cinders*. Who, like the first, endeavoured to separate the travellers; without success she pretended to be my very hearty friend; and to give the creature her due, she spoke in character; her terms were none of the *purest*. My companion gave me to understand, that if I suffered her to come near, I should get some of her dirt; and if I continued to talk with her, it was ten to one, whether I got clear off. So we kept her beyond arms length; and by severe looks, and language yet severer, soon sent her farther. My fellow-traveller, again, laid her eye full upon me, and began—But the things she said, and her manner of saying them, he only can conceive, who has seen and heard her. Happily, she was an everlasting talker; while yet, her look alone was all the powers of eloquence combined. We met with difficulties, which to a lonely traveller had been insurmountable, but in *such* company, they appeared as nothing; and while our feet scarce touched the ground, the way seemed to run backwards, like a lap-wing.

wing. And it was impossible to be very impatient of getting to court, since I was in the presence of one, who had the honest art of shewing me the company, and even ravishing me with the music of the palace before me; which I knew, had a band of music, no where to be equalled.

Now the road all along was clean as a summer's day; and as my concern was to appear quite decent at the palace, I could not forbear expressing my satisfaction, at having escaped the *dirty woman*, when my companion observed to me, that I was in danger of getting daubed by the paws of yon *lion*. Daubed, said I! I shall be devoured! "No, no, said she, leave me to answer for that." She then put herself into an attitude, which convinced me, that, had the beast ventured nearer, as he did not, she had seized him, like another *David*, and if not slain, at least, made him remember it. And by his looks, at sheering off, I imagined he must then have had to do with such a sort of an enemy.

In short, I had reason enough to believe that a truer friend was not to be met with on this side the palace. For my part, I was perfectly enamoured, and once in the
lan-

language of a rapturous lover, attempted, but was not suffered, to salute her ; refused chiefly, I suppose, because we were in the public road. She testified her resentment, however, in a manner which exalted my passion, which obliging me to despair of seeing it returned ; she told me, indeed, that love was not exactly the thing ; but on some degree of veneration she peremptorily insisted ; and that, if I valued myself, I ought to be entirely at her devotion ; for, in proportion as she was well or ill-treated, she should be capable of serving me ; that much of her service I might yet want ; that upon the whole, it was in my own breast to determine at what rate she should serve me ; and that her very being depended on my arbitration.

Would you think, that, after this, I should suffer myself to be injured by enemies, from whom my partner would have protected me ? Yet so it was. The *dirty woman* again presented ; and I must needs imagine, that, under her filth, I perceived beauty. I permitted her first to embrace my feet, and then my neck ; upon which I found myself polluted all over. Dirt was in my eyes, dirt in my feet ; that I

was

was half blind, and quite lame. At that juncture too, came the first woman, taking advantage of my dimness, and before I was aware, her globe was under my feet, and threw me to the ground ; where I lay feeble as water, and my assistant afar off, when most I wanted her assistance. I made shift, however, to get upon my knees, and immediately my champion was with me ; lifted me up to my feet ; beat off the two women, and saved me from the *lion* that was making at me with open mouth, and had undoubtedly made me but a morsel. He was so near, that my deliverer had hold of his beard, and he was as glad to escape as I was. With my tears I fetched the gravel from my eyes, and feet ; and the spots from other parts ; but it was not soon that I saw so clearly, and walked so firmly as before ; though after a while, I had better eyes and feet than ever.

Not that here ended all conflict : we had several pitched battles afterwards ; sometimes with the *gamester* ; sometimes with the *dirty creature* ; sometimes with the *lion* ; sometimes with all three together ; and never failed to come off with the better.

L

We

We at length came near enough to the palace, to call to the porter, who observing that my garments were unspotted, told me I was welcome. I asked his name ; it is not *Peter*, said he. We were mounting the steps, when the *gamester* attacked us, whom we quite *overcame*, sending her headlong down the steps after her trundling *globe*. The dirty thing appeared, whom, without judge or jury, we straightway *cru- cified*. Then one in a fine suit of cloaths met us, and would needs hand us into the *palace*; but the pretended hand, on stretching itself out, appeared to be the paw of the *lion*; my champion began the fight, and in five minutes we had him under our feet. He roared horribly, and I awoke, perceiving the roar still in my ears, which however, was no other than that of a mad ox.

This dream I conclude to have been put together by my *Genius*, who took the materials from *Ideas* of the day. I wish, methinks he had carried me into the *Palace*! Upon reflection, it had been to little purpose ; he could not have exceeded the image now before me, which, I hope is far enough from a *true* pattern. He may possibly

possibly have seen the inside, and to an *angel* could have painted the immortal scene for *eternity*; but what a task had it been to wrong the original, by *daubing* to my imagination? How it pleases me to think, that I am upon the *causey*! and shall shortly, under that inimitable *Heroine, Good Conscience*, overcome the *world*, crucify the *flesh*, and have the *devil* under my feet! I hope my *Genius* is a *good prophet*! —If after all, my hopes are a mere *dream*! Alarming thought! To remove it, let me relieve yon poor widow, who, I know, is coming to solicit charity!

Yours, abruptly,

* * *



Reverend Sir,

TWO sheep that were grazing in the wilderness, are tumbled into a *pit*; would you assist us in getting them up again? If to pluck up a fallen goat is by no means wrong, to rescue those of the

I. 2

fold

fold must needs be right : Nor are you to be informed, that the *good shepherd* left this pit *unrailed*, by design ; that when any of the flock fell, he might observe who would act the part of *under-shepherds*, and set them at liberty ; a part, not to be acted without his notice, and not to be noticed for nothing.

The sheep I have mentioned, beyond all dispute, *are* sheep. The voice of an *hireling*, you know is not readily mistaken for that of the *good shepherd* ; and from the voice of a goat, that of a sheep is generally pretty distinguishable. At the mouth of this pit, I have often heard the *noisy*, and almost *uninterrupted* bleats of a goat below ; but those which now ascend are, evidently, uttered by *sheep in distress* ; *now and then a bleat* ; rather *gentle* than *violent* ; and with an *innocence* which renders the plaint *peculiarly piercing*.

Whether Mr — can lend us a hand in this case or not, that he may successfully watch the sheep of his enclosure, and prevent their leaping the fence, which the *good shepherd*, at the expence of his life, has raised round a deeper pit than that of

Poverty,

L E T T E R S. 149

Poverty, is at least *sincerely* wished by his
very

Humble Servant,

* * *



To Miss A * * * *

IF *you are happy I am so* was a Roman way of beginning a letter; but alas! *I have not yet so much of the Roman in me!* I am but a *common* person; and the happiness of *common people* seems to depend too much, on the misery of others. If this be *ill-nature*, I retract it. It is at least, true, that people are prone to think others happier than themselves; and that such a thought often renders them less happy than they might be. Now, since you can be happier than I can, how should I be happy at all? To this purpose runs the fable.

It is said, that, from all eternity, *Jupiter* created world after world, and disposed of their inhabitants, according to the models proposed by *Minerva*; models, of which

the beauty always struck him as soon as they were presented, and as they opened in the execution, never failed to ravish the inferior deities. At a juncture, when three deities believed it impossible for *Jove* to proceed any farther, imagining infinite space to be thus full, *Minerva* presented another plan, upon which *Jupiter* instantly resumed the work of creation; and astonished the assembled divinities with a new world, which neither crowded others, nor was itself crowded.

This, it seems, was the world of mankind: and upon this occasion, in honour of *Jupiter* and *Minerva*, the other *celestials* performed the grandest piece that was ever composed; of which, indeed, *Harmony* herself is said to have been the composer. The moment the music struck up, the delighted *planets* began to figure, and their movements ever since, are supposed to be an illustrious dance to the uninterrupted repetition of the divine hymn.

By way of parenthesis, (as the learned suppose several heathen authors have borrowed from the traditions and writings of the Jews) may we not conclude, that the author of this fable, some way or other, heard
of

of that sublime sentence, *The morning stars sang together for joy?* The author's *Minerva* seems to be wisdom. With this note I was a little last, and will therefore be forward enough with the next. The triple distribution then, undoubtedly signified *low, middle, and high life.*

To pursue the fable. In conformity to *Minerva's* plan, mankind was distributed by *Jupiter* into three classes, of which the first was ordered to reside upon a *mountain*; the second on a *plain*, and the third in a *valley.* *Minerva* presented every one with a glass, which gave to all objects their true appearances; and they took their allotted stations.

Now *Jupiter* had a daughter, whose name was *Felicity*; she was the fairest of all the goddesses, had been present at the creation, and was the first object beheld by the new-created, through the *glasses* of *Minerva.* *Minerva*, who observed them all to be smitten with her charms, moved *Jupiter* to send his daughter among them with a cup of that liquor with which she had visited every other world. *Jupiter* loved *Minerva* too well to suffer her to *solicit* him, and commanded his daughter im-

mediately to be gone ; and at every door, through the *mountain*, the *plain*, and the *valley*, offer a draught from her *cup*.

Felicity first descended upon the *mountain*; the news of her arrival was instantly upon the *plain* ; soon at the farthest end of the *valley*, and not a threshold but expected her with the most fervent impatience. She visited every threshold in one day ; was again at every threshold on the morrow ; repeated her visit day by day ; was always recognized by name, through the *glasses* of *Minerva* ; *Mountain*, *Plain*, and *Valley*, reciprocally pledged each other as relations, and the shouts of gratitude came up before the throne of *Jupiter*. Yet after thousands had frequently drank, and drank deeply, the *cup* of *Felicity* was so far from being empty, that the liquor still mantled at the brim. This, though confessedly so ordained by *Jupiter*, was yet the wonder of the world.

The fable pretends not to determine precisely how long matters maintained this course ; but informs us, that, in process of time, people one after another, lost their *glasses* ; and from that hour, *Felicity* ceased to appear the daughter of *Jove*, and a *beauty*. Rejected and insulted by every threshold,

fold, she wandered a very vagabond ; still offering her *cup*, which, full as it was, every eye, because it was naked, declared to be empty. Is not this again borrowed from the *Mosaic* relation of the fall ? *Moses* has not acquainted us how long man stood ; and if this writer has not walled up his *Felicity* in a garden, learned men have imagined, that the *Paradise of Moses* was nothing less than a *paradisaical world*.

To the loudly lamenting valley, " Here ! here ! " said *Felicity*, stretching forth her laden hand. " Who are you ? " said the *Valley*. I am *Felicity* : drink, and forget your sorrows. " Go with your *copper cup* of emptiness ! the *cup of Felicity* is *solid silver*, and as full as it can sparkle ! You are as black as winter ; she is fairer than the spring ! A fine lady, who must never come hither, till she can set her foot upon a flint. She is the daughter and messenger of *Jupiter* ; and *Jupiter* has thrown *me* as far from his thoughts, as from his presence ! I am sunk beneath the rest of the creation ; and, by the law of my nature, forbidden to rise. I have no air to breathe, but what the *plain* thinks fit to send me. And the *plain* will not soon think fit to send me the *Goddeſs*.
Can

Can I look upwards? And, which is worse, on what can I look down; since nothing is lower than me? O that I were nothing!" Here the valley sighed deeply, and put by the *cup* which was the only cordial for sighs. She wiped away her tears, with hands, which that moment might have clapped for joy.

The plain would send off *Felicity*, as an *arrogant thing*, and fall into this soliloquy: "The *Valley* undoubtedly dreams, that *Felicity* is always with me, dancing *on a carpet of flowered velvet*. Alas for me! my softest velvet is a *furze*: my finest flower is a *daisy*: and *Felicity* is the stranger that I must never behold, till I climb yon *polite mountain*, which may drink, even to drunkenness, from the *goddess's golden cup set round with diamonds*. The fogs which are too heavy for the *mountain*, creep over my surface. What am I, but a creeper at the foot of a *mountain*, which waits for the lucky moment to descend upon me? But for the *mountain*, I might with tolerable propriety, call the *valley* a creeper: and what avails it to reflect, that I am not a *valley*, when I feel that I am but a *plain*?

The *mountain* called *Felicity* a poor *awkward creature*; or by some other name
of

of equal contempt, whenever she presented herself.

A wide circle, next to the *plain*, calling itself the *base*, deplored its condition in this manner : “ I must needs pretend to elevation ! scarce at all, raised from the *plains* ; and of such a loose contexture, that I expect soon to tumble down, and incorporate with it ; and why not ? *Felicity* will never descend hither from the *brow*.”

“ What am I better than the *Base* ? said the *Brow*. Am I not *Base* to the *Summit*, on which the foot of *Felicity* not only perches, but dwells for ever ? Since not a *summit*, as well be a *valley* ; for all or nothing, is the maxim with me.”

The *Summit* even swore *Felicity* was not there : and indeed, the *Summit* was the profaneſt wretch of them all. The *Summit* protested, *Jove* was the son of *Fancy* ; *Felicity* the daughter of *Chance* ; *Chance*, the creator of the *mountain*, the *plain*, and the *valley*. Nay, with impious pretension to wit, the *Summit* said, “ that probably, *Chance*, at first, produced the world in the form of a *plain*, but afterwards, in a pet, gave it a kick, and formed, at once, a

moun-

mountain, and a *valley*, without designing either.

The goddess charged them all with falsification : “ the *valley*, said she, abounds with moss, than which I would not wish a smoother path, or a softer pillow ; and enjoys a very good air. The *plain* is, indeed, a *carpet of flowered velvet* ; and it is, on every account, a spot that would have suited the daughter of *Jove*.”

It should, however, be remembered, that though the *valley* is thus personated, there was *one old man* in the valley, who retained his *glass*, called *Felicity* the daughter of *Jupiter*, and took a large draught of her *cup*, when he was dying. This *old man* is presumed to have been *Socrates*.

Jupiter, who had been an eye-witness of all, summoned a council, and proposed the recal of his daughter. *Justice* seconded the motion with a *vehement long* speech, waving her broad sword, in token of her inclination. *Mercy* laid hand upon the hilt, and with her sweet voice, and *manner*, said, “ Soft, and gently, good sister.” Then fixing her eye upon *Jupiter*, with a kind of a sigh, she said “ O my father !” *Minerva* knew her mind ;

mind; and shewing a new set of *glasses*, proposed that *Mercy* might carry them to the world. *Jupiter* gave that nod which signified a *particular satisfaction*; not a voice in the council dissented; *Justice*, at a hint from her father, which she well understood, put up her sword; *Mercy* received her commission; departed with her *glasses*, and the assembly dissolved.

The world, before *Mercy's* arrival, began to regret the loss of its glasses; and the *old man* we mentioned, wished mightily, to see the world favoured with new ones; observing that his own was half spoiled, and he should be glad to change it.

Mercy arrived; the shouting *valley* received her presents; the *plain* accepted of great numbers; the *mountain* of some; every receiver saw *Felicity* to be the daughter of *Jove*, and was again welcome to her *cup*. *Justice* was all for being among the rejecters; but, at *Minerva's* instance, *Jupiter* silenced her, by an awful pronounciation of the word *hereafter*.

Mercy still travels the world, disposing of her *glasses* to all who desire them; for, strange as it is, they are not desired by all; nor is it an uncommon thing to receive a
glass,

glass, and seldom to use it. *Felicity* is here, there, and every where, holding forth her mantling *cup*. They succeed best in the *valley*.

It is, however, concluded, that, when the denounced *hereafter* arrives, *Mercy* will be recalled, and that those who refused, or neglected her glasses, shall be sacrificed by *Justice*, who, it seems, stands whetting her sword, without a reprimand from *Jupiter*. Nor is it to be doubted; for *Mercy* has intimated as much, that they, who, through the glasses of *Minerva*, acknowledge *Felicity* to be the daughter of *Jove*, and as a present from him, partake of her *cup*, in the fields of *Elysium*, shall receive at her hands a more delicious nectar, even that which regales the gods themselves.

In the language of this fable, you dwell upon the *Mountain*; by your glass, discern the divinity of your *cup-bearer*; and are for ever a-toping. Dear miss, tope along, in the name of *Jupiter*! I am upon the *plain*, where I now and then, get a sip; but live chiefly by the scent of the liquor; which itself, is enough to make one faint for the nectar of *Elysium*. In those fields you may possibly meet

P. S. Does not the latter part of the fable suggest to the imagination scenes that rose in *Judea* about the time of *Augustus Cæsar*? Nay, have we not *Mercy* and *Felicity* upon their travels through *Great Britain*? After all, I am afraid, you will discover the fable to want the ancient spirit, and to be the production of some weak modern: frankly, I find it very difficult to be of a different opinion.



Two Letters written as a sequel to
Mrs. ROWE's Letters, from LAURA
to AURELIA.

AS every reader may not be acquainted with Mrs *Rowe's* Letters, it may be proper to give a short account of the story referred to in the following epistles, which she has so elegantly related.

Laura, a lady of great gaiety, retired with her brother, at his desire, though contrary to her own inclinations, into the country. In one of her evening rambles, she was allured by some musical sounds to
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an opening in a wood, where she found a youth about seventeen, playing upon a flagellet. He was the son of a gentleman of fortune. His appearance was highly agreeable, but attended with a gravity above his years. When he saw the *lady*, he invited her into the *alcove*, where he sat; they entered into conversation, to which *Philocles*, for that was his name, endeavoured to give a religious turn; in which he persisted, notwithstanding *Laura's* raillery. She made several visits to this beautiful retreat; where she generally met with the handsome Hermit, who used his endeavour to convert her from her infidelity, to the belief of the christian religion; and in which he met with some success. In the last interview, *Philocles* acknowledged, that whatever was his appearance, he had not been insensible to her charms; but, on the contrary, conceived a very high regard for her, though he had reason to believe that all his views in this world would speedily be ended in the grave; after which he gave her the following relation. He told her, it had been long a tradition in their family, that none died

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out of it without a previous warning, by some sudden music that passed through the house." He added, "that the preceding night had been saluted by the celestial melody; from which he was persuaded he should die in a few days." *Laura* heard the story as a romantic tale, though it made some impression on her; and at her desire he agreed, if it was consistent with the rules of the other world, that he would meet her after her decease, at an hour and place appointed: which he accordingly did, and by this appearance she was confirmed in the belief of a future state, and the truth of the gospel.

TO AURELIA.

WITH unspeakable satisfaction I received yours, dear *Aurelia*, in answer to my last: it will add greatly to my happiness, that our correspondence can be carried on in a different manner, while we have in view, instead of trifling amusements, objects the most sublime, the most useful, and entertaining.

Your account of the manner in which you were affected, on reading my narration of the visit of *Philocles*, answered all

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my wishes, and hopes on your behalf. Your thoughts have taken a new and happy turn ; your affections have received their proper bias : you have seen the worth of your immortal soul ; you have been convinced that you are accountable to the supreme Being ; that this life is the time of trial ; and that your state will be unalterable in the life to come. You have examined, you say, according to your ability, the authority of the gospel-revelation, and resolve through divine assistance to obey it. What remains?--That you pursue this course with unshaken resolution, expecting the glorious recompense in the kingdom of Heaven. You must look for many difficulties : snares will be laid for you ; temptations will often occur ; but through the aids of your blessed Redeemer, you shall disappoint your enemies, and oblige them to retire with confusion.

Since I wrote last, I have had a sharp conflict ; but 'tis past, and I again rejoice and triumph : my brother, you are sensible, is one of those unhappy men, who abuse the best natural parts ; and he is so well acquainted with the Scripture, designed to promote religion, that he can on all occasions
fetch

fetch weapons from thence to attack it. When I had given him an account, in the fulness of my heart, of what had past between me and the *dear departed youth*; he burst into a loud laugh: "Foolish creature, said he, hath this made thee a christian? I'll prove from your celebrated Author of Christianity, that it can be no other than a delusion, and the effect of a heated imagination; for he introduces *Abraham* refusing to grant the request of the rich man, when he desired a messenger might be sent from the dead, and said, *If they hear not Moses, nor the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.*

I left the room in tears, and retired into my closet: there I prostrated myself before my Maker, and besought him to help me in my present trouble: and when I had recollected myself a little, I resolved to apply to a learned divine, from whose labour I had received great advantages, since I became serious. I took the first opportunity to represent the objection to him, which my brother had thrown in my way: he received me with the utmost tenderness; and pausing a little he said; "You have no reason, Madam, to distress yourself; the

objection is *plausible* indeed, but not unanswerable. Had you been in a dream, continued he, and therein had seen the celestial messenger coming to guide your feet into the way of peace; you would have had great occasion of thankfulness for such a vision, to abate the natural levity of your mind, and to prepare you thereby for examining the evidences of revelation. But the real appearance of *Philocles* is not inconsistent with the passage you cited. It may indeed be inferred from hence, that when God is pleased to reveal his will, the evidence by which the revelation is supported, must be sufficient to gain the assent of an impartial enquirer: and therefore, whether you are mistaken, or not, in the first rise of your serious reflection, your belief of Christianity is grounded on the proper *Basis*; the excellency of its doctrines, and precepts, and evident miracles. It may also be inferred from *Abraham's* words, that, in common cases, men are not to expect a messenger from the dead; nay, that such a miracle would prove as ineffectual, as other means for reclaiming them: for the words are opposed to the rich man's assertion, that, if one rose from the dead, his
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brethren would repent. “ No, says *Christ* in the person of *Abraham*, thou art mistaken, if thou thinkest this will certainly reform them. Yet it follows not, that it can in no case answer a valuable end. It may engage a person to examine the truth of revelation, whose prejudices against it are, rather owing to an unhappy education, than to the rooted love of vice. And in such a case, God may condescend to vary from the common method of his Providence, to rescue a soul from everlasting destruction. “ And from hence, Madam, added the venerable man, you may take occasion to adore the goodness of God, who, in an extraordinary manner, paved the way for your conversion ; and also should you ever praise him, for those assistances, without which, the serious thoughts occasioned by the sight of *Philocles* would soon have vanished, and left you under the vassalage of corruption.”

I returned homewith an heart full of joy and thankfulness to the Father of lights, who had thus illuminated my mind, banished my fears, restored my sacred peace and pleasure, and confirmed my pious resolutions.

TO AURELIA.

I Return you many thanks for your agreeable epistle.

You rightly judge, that my present situation is very unsuitable to my present disposition. When I consider, that my dissolute brother is my own flesh and blood, and reflect on that series of impieties, by which he is now exposing himself to the future vengeance of the Almighty ; when I hear him, in the midst of his gaieties, despising that tremendous Being, and ridiculing the doctrines of a future judgment, and eternal rewards and punishments : O my *Aurelia* ! how I start, and tremble, and wax pale ! With what a mixture of indignation and pity, do I retire into some secret corner ! There I pour out my tears, and offer my fervent prayers for his amendment.

I am ready to wish in vain, that he had been in my place, when the charming *Philocles*, the celestial messenger, descended to visit me : I might have given credit to a testimony from him ; though he
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imputes mine to fancy, and a deluded imagination.

Thou God, whose sovereign grace is oft display'd
T' awaken, and reclaim the most profane,
Look down in pity on this sinful wretch.
O save him, tho' he stands on th' utmost brink
Of bottomless perdition! Set his sins
In all their hideous forms before his eyes,
And then speak peace, and pardon to his soul.

Dear *Aurelia*, let your intercession with
Heaven be frequent and importunate, that
the starving prodigal may feel his necessity,
and accept the provisions of an indulgent
father.

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Dear



Dear FIDELIA,

MEthinks I see you, on the opening this letter, red'ning with surprize, and resentment ; that after behaving in the manner I had to you, I should have the assurance to give you this trouble ; but so sensible am I of your candid disposition, that I dare intreat your patience, whilst you peruse this long epistle ; nay farther, I flatter myself, that the account of a returning prodigal, will afford a real pleasure to so virtuous and generous a mind.

I am now fully convinced, that it was true Christian charity, which induced you to follow me with kind instruction and gentle remonstrances, when I was cast into the same family with you ; but I will freely own, that I was an unhappy example of *Solomon's* observation ; *A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him ; neither will he go unto the wise.* Glad was I, when you left the house ; for I bore with greater impatience the reproofs of your exemplary behaviour,

haviour, than those secret hints of advice you were so frequently giving me.

When I left *London*, I was recommended to a house at * * * as a place where I might find agreeable accommodation on easy terms: this suited both my purse and inclinations, and I agreed to make the trial. The family consisted of a middle-aged lady and her two daughters, who were both handsome and sensible persons, but knew little of the *Beau Monde*, having been educated by their pious mother in a very strict manner. This you may think was a disappointment to me ; but as they were nearly of my own age, and carried it very complaisantly to me, I spent the first fortnight with them very pleasantly, in such diversions as the country and our circumstances would allow. At the end of this period, a young gentleman came hither from *London*, in a bad state of health, for the benefit of the air. I soon found, by his own discourse, that his disorder was occasioned by his midnight revels. His person and behaviour was very agreeable to me ; and as I heard he was rich, and heir to a great estate, it was with no small pleasure I perceived

ceived the peculiar regard he paid to me. Now the fields, which I began to be tired of, resumed a fresh beauty, whilst enlivened with the company of *Libertino*; and his gaiety rendered the sober, tho' cheerful conversation of the young ladies, very insipid: however, as I had no other female acquaintance, I used my endeavours to give them a relish for our conversation, in which *Libertino* readily concurred with me, and wherein we were in some degree too successful; so prone are young minds to form themselves according to the example of those with whom they associate. I should now have thought myself happy, had not love, which I never suspected, gained admission into my heart. This uneasy passion gave me great disquietude; for though I saw no reason to fear that either of the young ladies would become my rival, yet as I knew they were both my superiors in fortune, and the eldest in beauty, I was not without solicitude on that head; especially, as he never made those proposals of marriage, which from the manner of his address, I had long expected; but one evening he put me out of this cruel uncertainty,

tainty, by plunging me into despair. He took occasion, from somewhat that dropp'd in conversation one evening, to exclaim against matrimony, and with a thousand protestations of constant love, offered me what he called an honourable settlement. I should in vain attempt to describe the situation of my mind on this discovery: however, I had so much command of my passions, as to reply; "No settlement can be honourable without marriage:" and since he had so freely told me his mind, I with the same freedom assured him, I would never see his face more; and on this rose, and retired to my bed. I believe you will not expect I should add, to sleep: my mind was too much agitated with different passions to admit any repose. Had I not loved him, rage and resentment would have been more easily managed, as they soon would have raised in me a just contempt and aversion; and perhaps I had then made no further reflections. Now I began to search into my own conduct, and to consider what there was in my deportment, that could embolden him to make such a proposal; and on this enquiry, I
soon

soon was self-condemned; being very sensible I had given him such accounts of my company and behaviour, as might lead him to form such hopes. Now, my dear *Fidelia*, for the first time I thought of you with respect and esteem, and was feelingly convinced of the truth of what you so often told me, that to keep me from what I seemed only to account criminal, was not sufficient to preserve a lady's character; that the company I kept, and so gay a behaviour, would certainly expose me to assaults. Now I wished, but in vain, that I had listened to your friendly counsels. After so restless a night, I found my grief and surprize greatly increased in the morning, by a visit from the lady of the house, who, after some apologies for the freedom she was going to take with me, said; " 'Twas with great concern she had observed the alteration there was in her daughters since *Libertino* came into her family; that the remonstrances she had made them, and the cautions she had given them, were always answered with this, that she need be in no concern about them, for it was you he courted; but last night the eldest came to
me

me and told me, that her sister and she too, sensible of their folly, begged my pardon for their late conduct, and desired my consent to go to their aunts till *Libertino* was gone; for that he had made a proposal of marriage to her; and when she replied, she thought he was pre-engaged, he assured her he had never made you any proposals of marriage, nor ever designed it: on which she told him he had too plainly discovered his true character for her to listen to him. I readily granted their request, and they set out early the next morning. The sole end I have in this discovery, is, that you may be on your guard against so base a seducer." The lady perceived my confusion, and repeated her excuses for this freedom, assuring me of her regard for my welfare. As soon as I could recover myself enough to speak, I thanked her for her kindness, and, to convince her that I was sincere in my acknowledgments, begg'd her advice. Here I related the case in as full a manner as I could, with the various conflicts of my own mind, adding; "Pray, madam, what shall I do?" "As my daughters have done, replied she: be speedy and secret in your
re-

remove." I yielded to her advice, resolved to set out for *London* on the morrow, and, as I was much indisposed, to keep my chamber that day, that I might not see *Libertino*: the lady assured me she would spend great part of her time with me. When she was gone down, I found my mind greatly agitated with different passions; however, I was greatly satisfied in the determination of removing. When the lady returned, she looked pleasantly on me, and said; "I have just heard news that pleases me much, and I believe will not be unacceptable to you: *Libertino* is sent for to see a dying sister, and is setting out for *London*." She had scarce done speaking, when the servant came and told me, *Libertino* begged the favour of a few words with me before he went: I returned an answer, that I was very ill, and therefore must be excused. I told the lady, that, if she approved it, I would continue in her family, and endeavour to convince her of my sincerity, by guiding my future conduct agreeably to her instructions, and the example of her daughters. The lady tenderly embracing me, replied; "My dear child, for

as such I shall now look upon you, 'twill be with the greatest pleasure I shall do what in me lies, to encourage and confirm your virtuous and pious resolutions ; and lend what assistance I am capable of to form your mind ; and I hope my girls will, by their behaviour, convince you, that a course of strict virtue and sincere religion is both practicable and pleasant." I made my thankful acknowledgments to her for this kind treatment. In a few days, the young ladies returned, who were most agreeably surprized to hear from their mother, of the alteration in my temper. We soon contracted a warm, and, I dare say, lasting friendship ; and by the good lady's carriage towards us, or our behaviour to her, 'twould be difficult for a stranger to distinguish which of us are her own children. Now, my dear *Fidelia*, I enjoy that *true* satisfaction, that *noble* delight, to which before I was an utter stranger.

I have no desire at present to change my station, and am fearful as yet to trust myself among the diversions of the town ; I am willing still to enjoy the benefit of those maternal instructions I am favoured with,
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in order to my being more firmly established in the paths of virtue; but the favour of a letter would be esteemed a great addition to the happiness of

Yours.



Dear Sir,

YES! you may storm! But I am determined to write by every post for a twelve-month; for to interrupt is to befriend you. Burn your books! A man was born to live; and, what is more, to die. A person that has more gold at his finger's ends than he can use, after the *philosopher's stone*! Think of the dog swimming over the river. You may pun; but though, in the fable, there is some *shadow*, in the moral there is nothing but *substance*. Your horse never thought of quitting the meadow for the parlour. Now, if a Being upon four legs is wiser than one upon two, why should not the former turn tutor to the latter? I have heard of a creature, no matter for its name, that left the crib full of

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provender, and thrusting his head into the kitchen, when the servants were at dinner, demanded "Room for a brother among you." To humour the thing, *Tom* pulled a chair, which he could not sit in; and *Nan* offered him a knife and fork, which he could not handle. "Pray, sir, help yourself," said Mr. *Footman*; and, "dear sir, don't want intreating," cry'd Mrs. *Chambermaid*. At last, "Hang it, said the coachman, don't let us lose our dinner, with laughing at him;" and snatching a bowl of liquor from the boiler, sent it full in the face of the visiter, and scalded out his eyes; ever after which, the poor thing had much ado to find out the crib. Little better would you fare at the table of the Gods, for which you pine, while course after course departs untouched from your own.

In the same strain runs the fable of a pair of generous *Eagles*, which *Jupiter* placed in a *grove*, that covered the loftiest *mountain* of the globe; directing their eyes to the sun, and encouraging them to expect a removal thither, if they would never appear beyond a certain *cloud*, which he ordained, to determine the length of their
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flights towards that luminary; and rise thither as often as their wings would permit. Their creator's hand left them on a clustre of cedars, at the summit of the *mountain*, from whence to the throne of *Jupiter*, it was scarce a step for a God. Nay, his breath could reach it; and when the branches began to move, the eagles knew that their maker was descending. Often, indeed, he came down, to converse with the favourite pair, and with unaffected solemnity, the sacred grove worshipped the divinity it knew to be present. Our eagles, never asunder, frequently soared to the *cloud*, and descended; and had soon perched from tree to tree, all over the mountain. They observed, that their second ascent, carried them farther than the first, the cloud having moved upwards; and that, as it always rose while they were descending, every flight brought them nearer to the sun than the preceding. They always mounted, and returned with unwearied wing; but as constantly remarked, from their sensations, that a journey ever so little longer, had fatigued them; and these remarks ascertained, at once, the
good-

goodness and the veracity of *Jupiter*; his wisdom, in setting them proper bounds; his goodness, which renewed their strength as the cloud removed, and his veracity, since their successive journeys appeared to be that series of events, by which he designed to accomplish his promise.

Such was the course of the sun, or of the earth; that the mountain dwelt in perpetual sun-shine; while the eagles were there every other bird sung to enchant them; and when upon the ascent, numbers of the sweet songsters were always on the wing after them. Indeed, at their utmost elevation, the eye was the chief inlet of pleasure, and the sun the principal object; yet the *grove* was always within view, and the *lark* might always be heard. It is true, *Jupiter* oftener visited them at the *cloud* than in the *grove*; and wherever the God presented the God was all; if in the *grove*, his presence was the sun-shine, and his voice the music; if at the *cloud*, the *lark* was dull; the *grove* a dark, and the sun scarce a bright *cloud*; rather, *Jove* was the *lark*, the *grove*, and the *sun*.

By their airy circles about the *grove*, and their celestial journeys, they exercised themselves just enough to need the refreshment of sleep; and sleep never failed to visit them the moment a visit was welcome. After a return from the cloud, their discourse was about the sun; as when they might hope to reach it; and what might be their happiness, when there: It was probably, a dialogue of this kind, that suggested to the female eagle, a dream, which she related to her partner, in this manner. "O my dear, I have been in the sun, and what have I seen, or rather, what have I *not* seen? The sun is full of eagles, whose feathers are of the brightest gold, and whose eyes are of the most illustrious diamonds. Hence, that orb has to us the appearance of a blaze. Hence all our sun-shine. There I saw *Jupiter*, who praised us for daring to soar beyond the *cloud*. There I saw my partner, yet dearer than *Jupiter*—Hold! said her partner, *we* are wrong. What am I to *Jupiter*. Less than the down which the gentlest gale steals from my feathers. Let us away to the *cloud*, remembering the words of *Jove* "in due time you shall reach the

the sun." They soared, talked over the dream, on the way; and at the cloud hovered, doubtful whether to proceed or return. Alas ! to doubt was to proceed. The cloud was already beneath them. *Jupiter*, said he, is not here, as usual, to congratulate, but we shall, too soon, meet his thunder. "Fear it not, said she, remembring her dream. *Jupiter* waits in the sun to congratulate our arrival." They urged upwards. *Jupiter* beheld, and suffered it, knowing his own councils. They were soon farther above the *cloud*, than that from the *grove* : but still to appearance, as far from the sun as ever, and vainly wishing for a cedar, on which to repose their wearied wings. The voice of the lark had not ascended the beat of a wing beyond the *cloud*; the *grove* was now invisible ; and their hopes of gaining the luminary, lessened as they mounted. They became, at length, too faint to rise or sustain their weight ; and, at the same instant, the sun struck them blind, and set them on fire. Flaming they fell through the sky, and the *grove* trembled as they approached, concluding itself about to perish, by two thunderbolts from *Jupiter*. But e'er they

touched the ground, it knew them to be the eagles, and began its lamentation. Long they lay as dead ; but to worse than death revived. Not a feather on their bodies ; their eye-balls were turned cinder ; and every bird being silent, they never believed themselves to be in the *grove*, from which they soared. Too soon, however, a sound in the trees assured them where they were, and who was at hand, just as they had recovered sight enough to see their condition : and if to meet their own orbs thus dim was insufferable, how were they to suffer the eye of *Jupiter* ? Nor were they less ashamed to meet his eye, than in dread of his hand : to avoid both, the fall had stupified with a witness ; they crept under a briar. The God approached. Dark as they were they beheld him. Yes, they beheld him and *lived*. Strictly speaking, they perished, more than perished, under the weight of gratitude ; a load that increased every moment ; for *Jupiter* cloathed them with new feathers, without upbraiding for wanting them. But he sent them into the valley, more than a thousand leagues below the base of the *mountain* ; a *valley*, over which

which the mountain constantly projected its dreadful shadow; assuring them, that if they observed the cloud, which he again appointed for their bound, they should some time reach the sun; and from thence be taken into his chariot, and carry his creator all over the universe.

A Being may so nearly ruin itself, as to see nothing more desirable than the very condition, which the few moments before, it would have deprecated as consummate misery. Almost any thing, short of utter perdition, from the hand at which it has been highly deserved, shall appear its reverse. Before their last flight, how could the *eagles* have borne being turned into the *valley*, in which they now thought themselves happy? A *valley*, nevertheless, that was not destitute of harmony, though it warbled not like the lost *mountain*. Besides a variety of songsters, of which, generally enough sang together, to form a kind of concert, the *valley* had a *lark*, whose notes ascended to the *cloud*, and no farther.

Having tried their wings for some time about the *valley*, they made for the *cloud*, which, though, far enough beneath the base

of the *mountain*, they gained with difficulty ; but from which, however, they got a glimpse of the *sun*. Flight after flight carried them farther and farther, but still, and still the *sun* at an inconceivable distance ; nor could they imagine, that these wings would ever mount them thither, or that these eyes could suffer its radiance ; which they did not now conceive to be kindled by golden feathers and eyes of diamonds.

Yet, were they not happy enough to obey, invariably, the discovered will of *Jupiter*. Sensible as they were, that their wings grew strong by rising, and their eyes by looking at the *sun*, often, when they might have urged after the *cloud*, they were hopping from shrub to shrub, in the *valley*. And the punishment which they felt every moment, did not prevent a repetition of the crime that had provoked it. Not to soar at all, and to soar too far were equally detrimental to their wings, and their eyes. But soaring too far was soon out of the question ; and they would not soar at all, on the pretence, that it was best never to see, what could never be reached.

ed. Impious pretence ! for was not their arrival at the *sun*, the promise of an omnipotent ? Yet, if they did not soar, they were still sometimes on the wing, though never after the *cloud*, but as wide of it as possible, pretending to see a *cloud*, where there was none ; and where the cloud was, to see nothing. The truth was they were grown almost blind.

Jupiter, who could not bear to see them fluttering about the *valley*, to no purpose, illuminated the *cloud*, by touching it with his *sceptre*, upon which it again became visible ; and the *eagles*, for a while, pursued their illustrious director ; but at last, falling into the notion, that by taking them into the *sun*, *Jupiter* intended nothing more than to brighten the luminous *cloud*, till the *valley* collected rays enough to become a sun, they settled upon the ground, and called upon *Jupiter* to fulfil his promise by this event. Here they sat till their wings, for want of exercise, were lost in their bodies, and their eyes, wanting proper objects to engage them, were sealed. Eagles no more, they crawled with the worm ; nay, they stiffened into images.

Jupiter,

Jupiter, touched with pity, descended to the *cloud*, from whence letting down the skirt of his robe, its hem touched the statues, and made them alive ; their wings were loosened ; their eyes flew open ; the God appeared in the *cloud*, which after his ascension, was bright enough to set them a soaring, and as before, the warblers were after them.

This *cloud* carried them, by degrees, as high as the *mountain* ; their eyes, since opened by the hem of the robe, seemed to be stronger than ever ; and they now made no doubt of arriving at the sun. Else, why had *Jupiter* shewn them all this favour ? This was to reason right ; and they found it so. They fell asleep in the valley, praising *Jupiter* ; and they awoke in the beloved luminary awoke—renewed. The term is poor. As noon to midnight, as power to weakness, such were the *eagles*, the moment they entered the *sun*, to the *eagles*, which when last at the *cloud* having surveyed all the glories of that world, were coupled to the chariot of *Jupiter*.

The *eagles* on the *mountain* will oblige you to think of *Eden's* pair ; and you will see that pair turned into the *wildernefs*, in the

the *eagles* of the *valley*. This world, like *Paradise*, has its innocent *pleasures*, but they not beyond the *cloud*. Think of *lost Eden*, and will you not *feel* its shadows? Who always observes the *cloud*? To think of out-soaring it, to any good purpose, is to *dream*. Was not the male right, in refusing to be loved more than *Jupiter*? And was it not delicately tender to say, "We are wrong?" The fallen *eagles* knew not that they were on the *mountain*. To fallen man, *Paradise* was no longer *Paradise*. By gilding the *cloud*, could the writer mean enlightening the world by *Jewish Prophets*? Is not a greater than a Prophet shadowed, by *Jupiter* at the *cloud* letting down his *robe*?

O my C——! where are you, this moment? For my part, I am hopping from shrub to shrub. Indeed, I can never touch the *cloud*, but with weary wing; and the sun never looks in at my eyes, but he fetches out the tears. Methinks, I could gladly go to sleep, if sure to wake in — you know I don't mean yon circling blaze; but a sun, of which, perhaps, that is the shadow; and shall you and I — what a thought! shall we — not be yoked to the chariot

chariot of *Jupiter*, but be admitted to honours—of which I have no idea? “You shall,” says the sweetest girl that ever spoke; a girl this moment in your arms, as well as mine. Would she were omnipresent! I cannot conclude better. Farewel.

* * *



To Mrs. A * * * * *

Dear Madam,

I Sent your favour to the man that broke his leg, and before now, the broken bones are rejoicing. I forgot whether I told you how the fact happened; it was thus: He had been to visit a distant friend, and upon his return fell down, I think, with his leg under him, or perhaps, his leg slipped into the cart-rut, for it being grown dark, and the snow pretty deep, he thought it safest to walk in the horse-track. Perceiving a violent pain in his toes, he supposed, that the only hurt he had received

was

was there ; but in attempting to rise, found his leg was broken. What should he do, was naturally the first reflection ; and that here he was to pass the night, was as natural a conclusion, because it was evening, and the road only a passage from one town to another. So (to use his own expression) turning his arms, thrown back, into a pair of legs, he made shift to walk up to the hedge, under which he laid himself in the best posture he could, wrapping up his leg in the skirt of his great coat ; and from such a situation, in such circumstances, holding it very improbable that he should recover, he commended himself to God, praying however, very fervently, that in the mount of difficulty, God would appear. “ His mind, he said, was then quite composed, his leg in little or no pain, and though a severe night, the cold scarce at all affected him, and he had some sleep.” Could you hear the narrative from his own mouth, it would most delightfully affect you. You would be confident, that his serenity was the consequence of a rational persuasion, that all would be well with him in the other world, whatever might be

be the consequence. I question if *Cato* so strongly felt what *Addison* has made him say.

Let guilt or fear

Disturb man's rest ; *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice, to live, or dye.

About nine in the morning he was found by two men, to whom he told his name and condition, and who, from the town where he lived, which was near three miles off, fetched a cart to convey him home. With the last came numbers of the town-people to attend him, to whom, it being *Sunday* morning, he preached all the way. His sermon was undoubtedly proper to the occasion; the text, you know, was before him, he must necessarily feel what to say; and being a minister, to preach was not to quit his province. In short the bone was safely set, and without much pain; no fever was perceived then, or afterwards; the cure was speedily perfected; and the good man is able to hobble about my garden; but to have heard him tell the story, had been worth all the money.

I am at a loss which to style the receiver. In this case, *you* have undoubtedly received twice the weight of your guineas, in a metal, as much superior to gold, as gold exceeds the dust of *B—d-street*. How much pleasure more than doubled the weight of your guineas to him, he best knows. Perhaps we may form some conjecture from the manner in which he expressed his thankfulness. “ I thank Mrs *A*— for her favour, and hope my gratitude will last me my life.”

What indigence feels, when relieved in the moment of extremity, one cannot exactly determine ; but what must it have suffered in previous apprehensions ? So that I think we may venture, to affirm, that the rich are, or may be, happier than the poor. Surely, one might say, that the most exquisite happiness to be tasted below is in the power of the rich ; for they can make others happy. And what virtue rewards itself like generosity ?

It is better to give than to receive asserts, that wealth is preferable to poverty ; a sentiment, which no body would refuse to subscribe ; for you might travel the world,
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without finding a rich man willing to become poor, or a poor one averse to growing rich. Now wealth is preferable, because it will make a man happier than poverty; so that, in the sacred passage, for *better*, one might safely substitute *happier*, and prove the assertion by this argument. Indeed to give, is to receive in a sense not to be understood by any one, but the giver.

And yet, one time or other, what fine things have been said in favour of *Poverty*? and said by one, whom we may properly call a she-speaker, for she has the knack of talking away: I mean *Speculation*! She has, indeed, for many years, been *Poverty's* advocate; which is kind however; for who else would have undertaken her cause? And can the pleader hope to make more than his *farthing* of his client? Nay, to give *Speculation* her due, she may have been provoked by *Fancy*, a creature infamous for false oratory; and for employing it to disgrace poverty, and exalt wealth. But then she should have been contented with restoring her client, and not have lifted her into a queen or a gooddeess. Upon
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the whole, I believe virtue has cause to thank this declaimer. She always talks well, when *Reason* is by to restrain her; but in her absence, is apt to ramble. She was originally a scholar, and is still an upper servant to *Reason*; and I am after this rambler. I am copying *Homer*. Shall soon be beyond him. I begin to hear myself snore. You'll hear me *B—d-street* presently."——

Well! I have had my nap, and must e'en take another. No, I'll tell you my dream.

By the straightest path I was ever in, I walked up to a plain handsome building, at which I was told, it was the seat of a *Painter*, whose name was *Reason*; and that, if I desired it, I might see the pictures. Mightily pleased I was; in I went, and a young lady obliged me with a sight of all the fine pieces; and fine they were. I suppressed the praises my honest heart suggested, because I supposed the pictures to be shewn me by their painter, though I imagined the dress, and manner, to be somewhat gayer than became her. "Here, said she, pointing, these two pieces I finished but this morning." I then firmly concluded

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her to be *Reason*, and cast my eye from piece to piece, till fixing on the first, I observed it to be a man in a rich robe, standing by a large open chest, and appearing in the utmost agony, at the sight of a *fury* who stood near him. The other piece was a woman meanly dressed, with an empty purse in her hand, smiling at, and smiled upon by an angel. I asked the meaning of the pieces, and was told, that the first was *Wealth* attended by *Misery*, in spite of his chest; and that the second was *Poverty*, attended by *Felicity*, though her purse was empty. Just then entered a grave gentlewoman, whose face at once assured you that all was calm within, and bid me welcome; then turning to the young lady, said serenely; "What have you been at, child?" "Retouching some of the pictures madam," said she. "O child!" said the grave gentlewoman, looking at *Wealth* and *Poverty*; and turning to me, "Sir, I am sorry I happened to be above stairs, when you came in, but I am about a piece that must be touched by no hand but my own. My girl there is a good hand, when I am at her elbow, but otherwise—In these two pieces

pieces you have a specimen of her tricks when I am above: she has made *Felicity* and *Misery* shift place with each other; I must restore them.—There! the pieces are now as I left, and as I painted them, at the direction of the *lady* now entering the room, who is *Truth*; at whose direction I was proceeding above; and *speculation*, who has given me this trouble, was incited by *Error* yonder.” *Error* that moment whipt, from a dark corner, out at the door.

The pieces thus recommenced originals, I contemplated with great satisfaction; but begged I might be shewn the unfinished picture above stairs. *Reason* and *Truth* consented; but *Speculation* would needs go up with us; which presumption, and her spoiling the pictures, so incensed me, that I resolved to lock her up below: in the scuffle I awoke, and I question if my disappointment has left me temper enough to finish my letter.—I shall never love *Speculation* more. If I was a painter, I would take my revenge upon canvas.—I cannot proceed.—I’ll go to sleep again, on purpose to lock up *Speculation*, and get up stairs.—

I have had t'other nap. But never let the man pretend to dream as he pleases, who cannot command himself awake. I gained half my point, however, for I locked up *Speculation*. "Now, said I to *Reason*, for this divine piece!" "No, said *Truth*, *Religion* must not be seen till finished; for then only can she be seen as I design her." To atone for this mortification, I was conducted into a room, where, among other curious paintings, I saw a *miser* digging out the solid contents of the world, till it became the shell of a globe, into which he drove thousands and thousands of spikes, made out of guineas; he then entered the whirling shell, and like the maker in the bull of *Pholans*, perished at his own spikes. Over against this hung the picture of a lady fast asleep at the side of several bags of gold, which *Charity* opened, and taking out the money, made it into a *golden ladder*. With the top of which she ascended, and hung it upon a star. On this *Ladder*, angels, *Charity* appearing the fairest of the train, crouded down, whispered the sleeping fair one, and then returned.—Here *Speculation* rushed in at the door; which

so provoked me that I could dream no longer. And you'll observe I have seen in my sleep what is impossible, painted motion. But when was a dream consistent? Perhaps all might come to pass in a kind of vision; while my eyes are open; for Mrs G— says they have never been closed since I begun my letter.

Who the miser was, I neither know nor care; let him whirl on. The sleeping lady, I am pretty confident, was Mrs. A—— passing away the dream of life; a dream sanctified and rendered entertaining by the whispering angels; angels, that when got home again, more than whispered how the dream went on. No doubt but they often descend, in hope to find you awake, and carry you with them. Thus much is certain, the *Ladder of Charity*, sure as the Patriarch's, unites earth and heaven. May the angels ascend and descend, the oftner the better! but let them have patience! You must not wake yet. Dear madam, dream on for these fifty years. Long e'er then my dream will be over; and methinks I should be happy to descend among the celestials, and assist you up the ladder.

Would not you, upon that occasion, give me your hand as freely as you gave it to Mr. A—? Be this, however, as it may, while we both *dream*, yours, in every thing friendly, is

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O my Sister!

AFTER all my solicitude, the dear creature expired at two o'clock this morning. My distress, tho' it has been strangely mitigated, is yet almost unsupportable. The moment its eyes were closed, I fell into the chair in which I had watched for three nights, and took all the relief that tears could give me. When I could reflect, I began, "Since to be snatched from me so soon, why given at all? Where is he? In Heaven? For what can a life of two years have prepared him?" My soliloquy was interrupted by a slumber, in which I saw a colony of infants, and every infant had its angel; one of whom acquainted me, that in this colony, infants were prepared for Heaven, by the angels, who

would

would have proved their guardians had they passed a state of probation upon earth, a state, however, which Providence, foreseeing its peculiar circumstances of danger, would not permit them to enter. "Look yonder," said he, and lo! it was my son, introduced by his angel! I flew to snatch him into my arms, but was hindered by his attendant, who told me, "*be* was now the parent, or rather, said he, this is the parent of them all." That moment entered the most venerable, and lovely personage that eye ever beheld. Every angel did him instant homage, and the children immediately clustered around him. He caught up mine from the circle, clasped it to his breast, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." It is he! It is he! said I; and awoke with the words on my tongue. —I know this to be no more than a dream, but sure some angel whispered it! Be that as it will, to think of my having seen my sweet babe in the arms of one, who said, when upon earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will often relieve

Your disconsolate sister,

* * *



TO EMILIA.

WITH a pleasure that *friendship* only can impart, and of which *her* votaries alone can form a true idea, I take pen in hand to fulfil my promise to my dear *Emilia*.

I bless God we had a safe and pleasant voyage, excepting at first a slight touch, as *they* call'd it, of sea-sickness, tho' both little *Silvia* and I thought it a severe one. I have found the place and accommodations very agreeable, but in one instance, am disappointed. There are hardly any of my own sex, who merit any further regard from me than common civility; yet I have not pass'd one tedious or lonely day. The scenes around me are new, and the company of *Silvanus* gives me constant pleasure. We frequently spend the greatest part of our evenings in the fields; and last night, in our walk, met with an incident, the relation of which may amuse you. As we were closely engaged in conversation on the works of nature and providence, we went further

further than usual, till we came to a large wood, in which we saw a young person sitting with an infant in her arms. As she appeared to be an *English* woman, our curiosity led us towards her. When we were come near enough to take a full view, we beheld a lively picture of distress, and were alarmed by the most piercing complaints. We retired unseen behind a tree, and heard her exclaim,—“O cruel man!—Barbarous wretch!—What must; what can I do?” At length she went on thus:—“Shall I, by bathing my hands in the blood of this dear infant, plunge my own soul into everlasting perdition? No, my sweet babe, rather let thy tyrant father plant the dagger in my innocent breast! but what did I say, innocent! no,—though I should be free from the guilt of murder committed, I have consented, nay sworn, by Heaven, to perform the dreadful task! though with what reluctance I did it, Heaven is my witness! If I do not comply,—what then? Then my enraged master kills my child before my face, and next performs his vow of selling me into the cruellest slavery he can find. And what if I do comply?
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Then he promises to be kinder than ever to me: but, alas! can I expect one easy moment after such an action? Will not my own conscience give me greater pain than any other torture? Shall I destroy myself? Perhaps my breathless corps may excite compassion towards the innocent remains of an unhappy mother. It shall be so!" She then arose, and kissing the child with a flood of tears, said, "'Tis for thee, my iweet Babe, I now sacrifice my own Life. If it be a faulty love or fear, heaven forgive me, and make thee its care!" Then laying the infant down on the bank of grass, she took up a knife, when *Silvanus* ran to her, and seizing her hand, said, "What are you about?" She was too much surprized to reply. "We have been witnesses, continued he, both to your complaints, and your resolution: and you ought to be thankful, that Providence has thus prevented your taking away a life, which *he* alone, who gave it, has a right to continue or demand, as he pleases. I know your story so well as to promise you my interest in the affair." "Alas! sir, said she, 'tis not in your power to hinder my ruin; I expect my barbarous master immediately,

diately, and such witnesses of his guilt, will, I know, enrage him to a degree of madness, which may, I fear, prove fatal to you both."

Silvanus replied, "You shall go with *Silvia* to my house; my meeting with him shall appear accidental; and I doubt not but that I shall manage so as to prevent any suspicion." I told him, that I had no objection to the proposal, except an anxiety for his safety. "What! my *Silvia*, said he, with a firm, yet tender voice, can you distrust the care of providence, when engaged in so just, so charitable a cause? O my *Silvia*, where is your faith? I was silenced; and leaving him with my best wishes, the young woman and I went home as fast as we could.

I could not, however, avoid solicitude, till the return of *Silvanus*, which was in less than an hour; and this was his account. "You had not left me long before I saw a man advancing towards me, who addressed me in a most complaisant manner, congratulated me on my safe arrival, and made me an offer of any service, he, or his slaves could do me. After mutual enquiries concerning each others families, I asked him of what
number

number his consisted. He said, " he had a wife, three children, and fourteen slaves." I asked him, " If they were all negroes ?" He replied, " All but one." " Of what country is that one ?" said I. " An *English* girl, answered he, whom I bought when she was eight years old ; she is now about seventeen ; but though I number her among my slaves, as she is my purchase, I have brought her up more like a child, than a slave ; for all her business is to work with, and wait upon my wife and children." " Well ! said I, smiling, I shall be glad to see my young country-woman ; perhaps I may find out her family ; and if you have, as you say, treated her like an honest man, and a Christian, you may find your account in it ; therefore, pray come to-morrow, and bring her with you." He seemed at this much disconcerted, and said, " By her own account, she had no relations living." " If so, replied I, it is my place to act the parent toward her, and enquire into her treatment ; for, my friend, I should think at these years, you need not be told, that he who deals in any commodity, ought to acquaint himself with the laws

relating

relating to that commodity; and, if you have rightly informed yourself in the laws relating to slaves, you must know, that the purchase you have made of this young Christian, is *unlawful*, and exposes you to punishment; but as by your open way of telling it, I impute it to your ignorance, and as it is a fact committed long before I came, I shall, if I find what you say to be true, be inclined to begin my government with an act of clemency towards you, and insist on no other terms than her freedom. He thanked me for my goodness, assured me of his own innocence, and promising to bring *Camilla* on the morrow, we parted; and I hastened home to put my *Silvia* out of her panick." I was much pleased with this account, and turning to *Camilla*, said smiling, "Where will your master seek for you to bring you hither?" "In the wood, Madam, no doubt, said she, he thought to find me; and as he expected that I had executed his orders, he made no question but he should, after that, have an absolute command over me to make me say whatever he should dictate in his own vindication." We amused ourselves some time with talking on the *planter's* surprize, when
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he should not be able to find *Camilla*; but the pleasantry was lost on a mind so depressed as hers. When *Silvanus* was withdrawn, I told her she had great reason for thankfulness, that heaven had sent her so kind and powerful a protector. "I own it, dear Madam, answered she; and am confounded at the thought, that I am not able to appear grateful to God or Man, as I ought to do. Alas! my guilt presses upon my spirits, and makes me afraid and ashamed to look up to either."—Her tears prevented her proceeding. I said, that I looked on her crime in a more favourable light; for as she had been educated in so ignorant a place, and by so vile a master, I hoped great part of it would be ranked among the sins of ignorance. She replied, "How good are you, dear madam, to put so kind a construction on such vile actions! Indeed, this is true, with regard to the first part of my sin and shame; for though I had some notion it was wrong, yet my master soon brought me to believe, that as I was his slave, he had an absolute right in me, and by his alluring promises, gained my consent. But what can be said to this last act, my consenting to embroil my hands

hands in the blood of my innocent babe? This, I knew to be a sin of a very heinous nature; I told him, I remembered I had in *England* learned, that one of the commandments is, *Thou shalt do no murder*. Thus I pleaded with him a great while, and said: If man did not punish me, God would call me to an account for taking away the life of my child. 'Twas the severity of his threats which brought me to comply with a known sin." I replied, "I owned her guilt herein was very great, as also in the attempt upon her own life, which is reckoned the worst degree of murder; but I apprehended she was drawn to consent to the one, and attempt the other, through the extremity of fear. "But, madam, said she, can this lessen my guilt, that I was more afraid of the anger of man than of God my maker? Is not that in itself a great evil?" I grant in general, said I, that your argument is right; yet there *may* be particular cases, wherein the passion of fear, raised by the view of some great and imminent danger, may so discompose the mind, as to render it incapable of such just reflections, and hurry a person on to the

the only apprehended path for escape; and this appears to be your case. I further observed to her, that God, who is perfectly acquainted with the weakness of his creatures, and the strength of those temptations that beset them, is ever ready to make the most gracious allowances; and on their sincere repentance, through a Redeemer, to pardon all their sins, and receive them to favour; for he is rich in mercy to all that call upon him. The bell rang for supper, which put a period to our discourse, and here time and paper call on me to bid my *Emilia* adieu.



TO EMILIA.

IN compliance with my *Emilia's* request, I have taken the first opportunity to send you the sequel of *Camilla's* story. We left her in the evening very dejected, but the next morning she came down much more composed, which she said was, under God, owing to my encouraging discourse,
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which had raised in her breast some hope, that God, who is rich in mercy, would hear her prayers, and forgive her sins, tho' of so heinous a nature. I added something further by way of encouragement, and direction, and assured her of my readiness to assist her as far as I was able, in this grand concern, the securing her everlasting welfare. At breakfast, *Silvanus* enquired into her family, and how she came to leave *England*. "My father was, said she, as I have heard, a goldsmith in *London*; but dying when I was an infant, my mother went with my brother and I to *B—*, where she was born, and we lived with my grandmother. One evening, coming over a field from school later than usual, I was crying; when a gentleman came up to me, and said, "My dear, what's the matter?" I told him I was afraid, because 'twas almost dark. "Come, don't cry, said he; tell me your name, and where you live; and I will see you safe home." When I had told him, he clasped me in his arms, and said, "My dear *Camilla*, I am your uncle." What, said I, uncle *D—*, that lives at *London*? "Yes, my dear, answered he; and I have brought

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you a great many fine things." When he had me into a house, I said, 'twas not my mamma's, and fell a crying ; but he showed me some fine play-things, and clothes, which he told me he would give me, if I would stay all night, and he would go home with me in the morning. This satisfied me, and I was very brisk. At supper, he gave me more wine than I was used to ; but, whether it was the quantity or quality of the liquor that affected me so, I know not, I fell asleep in his lap as he was playing with me, and knew nothing farther till the next morning. When I was up, my uncle, as he called himself, told me he had got my mamma's consent for me to go with him into another country ; because he wanted a little girl, and he would keep me a great deal finer than she could, and give me a great deal of money. This satisfied me, and I was so pleased with his fondness, that I loved him like a father. When we landed, he had me into a room, where was my present master. He told me, *that* gentleman would take care of me for a few days, and then he would come and fetch me : at this I cried ; but he kissed me, and gave

me

me some money, which soon dried up my tears. My master and mistress being kind to me, I continued brisk, till one day my master was in a passion with me for some childish trick ; at which I wept heartily, and said, I wish my uncle would come and fetch me away, as he promised me. " You have no uncle to fetch you, replied he : he whom you call so, sold you to me, and you will never see him again ; so that 'tis your best way to be a good girl, and then your mistress and I will be kind to you ; but, if you behave ill, I will put you among the negroes, and you shall work and eat with them." At hearing this, I went by myself, and cry'd bitterly ; for though I knew little what it was to be a slave, I had formed a dreadful notion of it, from what I had seen of the poor negroes work, diet, and usage ; but as I found no difference in my treatment, I soon grew easy again, and thus went on fearless of any danger, till the unhappy time which introduced these mournful scenes, of which you are not now to be informed." *Silvanus*, soon after this account, went out of the room, and quickly returning with a young gentleman, told

Camilla there was one of her country-men from *B——*. At this her colour rose, and she asked hastily ; “ Pray sir, do you know any of Mrs. *D——*’s family ? ” “ Yes, Madam, replied he, I am a branch of it ; my mother was a *D——*, my name is *L——*.” She immediately enquired again ; “ Is my mamma alive ? ” and fainted away. Filled with surprize, he ran to her ; “ What ! my dear sister *Camilla* ! Alas ! said he, when she recovered, your loss, in so surprizing a way, was the occasion of the death of my mother soon after ; and my grandmother quickly followed her ; so that the remains of our family is now met under this hospitable roof.” *Silvanus* had acquainted him with her story, and the next topick we went upon was, how to deal with the *planter*, which, for *his* family’s sake, and out of regard to the reputation of theirs, both *Camilla*, and *Cleander* her brother, consented should be accommodated as privately as possible ; only resolved to frighten him, with the expectation of punishment.

In the afternoon, the *planter* came, and desired to speak with the governor. *Camilla* and I retired into the next room, where

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we might hear the conversation unseen, and he was ordered in. He was greatly confounded, and begged to speak a word with him in private. *Silvanus* replied; "They were as private as was needful in the case; for that young gentleman was interested in the affair, having lost a sister about that time, and therefore requires a sight of her. At this he chang'd countenance, and said, he could not find her, though his negroes had been upon the search all night, and till he came away.

"Does this agree with the kind treatment you boasted so much of? replied *Silvanus*.

What! have you, by ill usage, forced her to run away?" "My fears, said *Cleander*, pre-

sage much worse, and if *they* should prove true, and I find 'tis my sister, I shall insist on the most rigorous satisfaction the law will give for the dishonour brought on our family." He protested his innocence

in the strongest terms, and assured them he had ever used her with the tenderness and care of a father, which, if he could be so happy as to find her, he questioned not she would readily confirm. "I should have been better pleased, said *Silvanus*, to have

heard you make an ingenuous and open confession, than to have you deal so deceitfully with me ; for, lay your hand upon your heart, added he, and ask it whether you can really wish to see her here." " Yes, it is what I most sincerely desire," said he. " Well then, answered *Silvanus*, I have two witnesses to produce, that will, I am persuaded, discover your falsehood." On this, he gave a rap at the door, and I went in, *Camilla*, with her infant in her arms, following me. " I have accomplished your wish, said *Silvanus* ; here is your slave, with the living witness of your guilt, and her shame. 'Tis through a kind providence they are here ; for had not *Silvia* and I went into the wood last night, she had been dead by her own hand, to elude your threatnings, if she did not kill the child ; and that, I suppose, your rage would soon have sent after the unhappy mother. So that, on your head would have fallen the guilt of both their blood." He was for some time speechless ; at length, falling on his knees, he, in the most humble and earnest manner, pleaded for mercy. That tho' he must own he had nothing to say
in

in his own behalf, he hoped his dear wife, and three innocent babes, would be regarded by a person of generosity, and compassion, "Had this dear wife and babes been the objects of a suitable affection, replied *Silvanus*, you had not now been forced on the pitiful shift of pleading a feigned love." "Alas! sir, said he, heaven is my witness, that I love them sincerely; and when, by yielding to a criminal passion, I had acted contrary to such a profession, it was a real regard to the peace and happiness of my family, that led me on the last fatal step, to hide my infidelity; and for the truth of this, I think, I may venture to appeal even to the injured *Camilla*." *Camilla* said, that indeed she must own they seemed to live very happy; that he always told her he would hide the affair from his wife, for he feared it would break her heart; but when I asked him how? he would only answer, he had found the way; and what she thinks of my absence for six weeks, I know not." "I had an expedient, that has kept her easy, said he; but O! how will she bear the shock of my punishment for a crime of which she has never as yet suspected

me to be guilty!" *Camilla* said, " her regard for her dear mistress, and the children she had so long attended, induced her to plead with the *governor* for mercy, tho' her own case called so loud for justice. But, replied *Silvanus*, " I must act to your brother's satisfaction as well as yours; what say you, *Cleander*?" *Cleander* replied, that as he found his excellency inclined to begin his government with such an act of lenity to the offender, joined with compassion to the unfortunate, he would only insist on an annual provision for *Camilla* and her *child*, to be paid into the governor's hand. This, the *planter*, as in a transport, said, " I will comply with to the utmost of my ability." The *governor* told him, he would desire only a yearly sum for the *child*, which he would lay up as a portion for her, not insisting on any thing for the maintenance of either, whilst they were with him, as *Silvia* desired *Camilla* for a companion. *Camilla* said, he might tell her mistress, that her brother had found, and claimed her. The *planter* went away, filled with joy and gratitude, for the kind treatment he had met with; and we were all well pleased that

that we had made so good an end of this unhappy affair.

We concluded the day with a pleasant walk, in which these scenes were the topic of conversation. *Silvanus* made many just and useful remarks on the wisdom of resisting the first temptation to sin; the unthought of lengths to which yielding may *almost insensibly* draw a person; the dreadful shifts to which they often run, to hide one sin, by another of a deeper dye, &c. I also could not forbear reflecting on the contrary means, by which providence sometimes brings about its kind designs of love and grace; as from that depth of distress and utmost brink of ruin, poor *Camilla* is raised to the most pleasing prospects for this world, and a better. But having exceeded all due bounds, I must bid you adieu.

To



TO INFIDO.

I Dare say, you expected me to exclaim bitterly, when, t'other day, you express'd yourself so much like an atheist. Had I loved you less, you had not been disappointed. But my zeal, if blind, as you term it, had patience. Shocked indeed I was, but declined a dispute in which *Truth* must have suffered through *my* weakness. Not that arms were wanting, but a skilful hand to manage them. And among your new associates, the defeat of an illiterate woman had undoubtedly passed for the triumph of *Infidelity* over *Enthusiasm*. I have since found, among my papers, a fragment extracted by a friend of mine, from *Plato's* account of the death of *Socrates*, which I send for your perusal; and hope, when you have read the arguments there brought, for the immortality of the soul, it will raise an ingenuous shame in your

your mind, to see a heathen so industrious in searching out rational proofs of a truth, which you so strenuously seek for pretences to overthrow.

You, who were born in a Christian land; you, who have, from your early childhood, been trained up in the knowledge of that divine revelation we are favoured with; will you forego all the pleasing, the transporting views of that *life and immortality that is brought to light by the gospel*? Nay, will you, who by your natural and acquired endowments, might rise to the dignity of an angel, put yourself on a level with the brutes that perish?

But I leave you to your own reflections on the inclosed; and persuade myself, you will, at least, say with the *poet*,

‘If there’s a Heaven, ’tis worthy to be fought;

‘And if there’s *none*, yet Heaven’s a *pleasing thought*.

That before it becomes yet more your interest to wish the soul mortal, you may, by improving your advantages, attain such

a satisfactory perswasion of its immortality, as shall engage you to insure its everlasting felicity, is the sincere and fervent wish of

Yours,

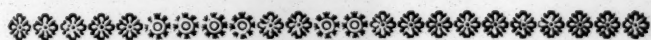
ELIZA.



T H E



THE
D E A T H
O F
S O C R A T E S.



SCENE the PRISON.

Socrates, Phedon, Simmius, Crito, Cebes, and others.

Welcome the smiling day that ends my
toils,
And sets the pris'ner free! Welcome my friends,
With whom I wish'd to spend my latest hours!
Friends who sustain the character! and cleave
To the *forsaken*! Visit the *condemn'd*!
Scorning to side with a deluded world,

You

*You own me still ! to me no painful thought !
I live to see I have not liv'd in vain.*

Crito. O *Socrates* ! the prospect once was fair.
With what a pleasureable pain we trod
The rugged path untry'd, in search of truth,
And heav'nly wisdom, while our leading star
Was *Socrates* ! that star, for ever quench'd,
How must we wander, thro' the maze of life !
So, when before the moon a sudden cloud
Projects, the desert-trav'ler stops aghast.

[Keeper comes, takes off his chains, and goes out.]

Soc. My freedom thus begins *(a)* ! and if to feel
These bonds remov'd, delights me, O the joy
That takes me captive, when my *soul* escapes
That *forer* chain the body ! Nature links
Pleasure to *Pain* ; *Pain* marches in before,
And *Pleasure* close pursues ! a proper theme
For *Æsop's* vein.

[Rubbing his leg that had been gall'd with the chain.]

Cebes. You versify his fables,
And to *Apollo*, sacred hymns compose.
Friends, and *Evenus* chiefly, will enquire
Why, since in prison, *Socrates* essay'd
In verse, a stranger to the muse before ?

(a) The eleven magistrates went to tell *Socrates*, that he
must dye that day, and after sentence thus pronounced on
him, the law would not suffer him to remain chained.

Soc.

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Soc. Tell him and all, the naked fact alone;
In verse I wrote, but not with idle hope
To rival him : dreams, doubtless from above,
Had often thus commanded ; “ *Socrates*,
Apply to music.” *Wisdom* I suppos’d,
The music meant, yet lest it *might* intend
The *muse* ; when life’s last moment was at hand,
I thought it safe to sanctify my soul
By close obedience. Homage, thus, I paid
Apollo, while his rites delay’d my fate^(b).
And tell *Evenus*, with what warmth, I wish
His happiness ; and tell him, if he’s wife,
He’ll follow *Socrates*.

Sim. I know *Evenus* ;
And if I rightly know him, he’s a man
Too fond of life, to follow *Socrates*.

Soc. Is not *Evenus* a philosopher ?

Sim. A true one.

Soc. Then he follows me ; not falls
By his own hand. Philosophers allow
No suicide.

Cebes. And why ?

Soc. Tho’ death to life

(b) For the extraordinary preservation of some young children, the *Athenians* had vowed to send a ship, annually, with presents and victims to *Apollo* at *Delos*. This ship failed the day before *Socrates* was condemned ; and till its return, they cannot put a person to death.

The wretched must prefer, yet man should wait,
Till he delivers who best knows the time ;
And who best knows it, *Cebes* ?

Cebes. *For*e the wife.

Soc. And is not man the property of Heaven ?
Without your order, when a slave presumes
On suicide, you rage, and wish to punish.
So, if express from God, no summons sent,
Like this for me, man has no legal right
To force an exit.

Cebes. If we grant mankind
The property of Heaven, and Heav'n's high care,
Why must philosophers, your darling tenet,
Desire to die, and quit their guardian Gods ?
If fools alone the gen'rous master fly,
What are philosophers who long to die ?

Soc. Philosophers *indeed*. Some honest men
Reside on earth; alas ! but few ! On high,
All men are good ; the Gods, the gen'rous Gods,
Who govern here, there govern : in *one* point,
I *may* mistake ; my judgment of my heart
May prove too candid ; else, no doubt remains :
If *pure* enough for Heav'n, to Heav'n I soar,
Where virtue smiles, she only ; she for ever.

Sim. On this important point, his arguments
Will *Socrates* advance ?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Restrain his talk,

The

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The draught must else be doubled(c) and the pain
Of dying will be dreadful.

Soc. Honest man,
Two draughts prepare, or more. [*Exit Keeper.*

Crito. How cou'd our ears
Drink thy discourse, wou'd time stand still to listen!
But friendship can't be cruel.

Soc. To repress
My strong ideas to my friends were cruel.
No fear of pain in dying shall divert
My steady purpose; he whose happy mind
Philosophy has pierc'd with beams of truth,
Shou'd breathe his last in hope, the firmest hope,
That all beyond him is unceasing bliss;
And hope like this shou'd turn him courage all;
For, at this point life labours, labours hard,
Thro' all her course; she knows no other end.
Learning to die is all. Your end acquire,
And then renounce it? Search the mind, and quit
The pearl discover'd? Folly cou'd no more.

Sim. Athens will worship *Socrates* for this;
She holds "Philosophers should learn to die."

Soc. One truth she holds, nor knows it: Mark
me, *Simmius*!

(c) Poison was dear at Athens: the executioner supplied it; and if more than the common dose was required, the criminal was obliged to be at the expence of more. This was the case with *Phocian*, who said, *Cannot a man dye on free-cost at Athens?*

Q

Athen

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Athens may jest with truth, but truth with her
Will more than jest hereafter(*d*). Say, my friends,
What are your sentiments of death? Is death
Something, or nothing?

Sim. Something, much! too much!

Soc. One being if the soul, and one the body,
What more is death than soul and body sever'd?

Sim. I know not.

Soc. *Pleasure*, mistress to mankind,
Is she to the philosopher a mistress?

Sim. He spurns her, list'ning but to *nature's* call.

Soc. From body then, abstracting all his care,
On soul he centers it, as soul were all?

Sim. Confest.

Soc. As conscious body is his foe,
He fights it, conquers, lays it in a chain;
Just lets it live, but tells it to expect
Death ev'ry hour; and is it not his foe?
His flatt'ring foe? By senses it pretends
To aid him; *fine* assistance! for if eyes
Can aid, the man's befriended. If on truth

(*d*) This thought is introduced from the defence which *Socrates* made at his tryal. He then prophesied, that immediately after his death, the vengeance of God would fall upon the *Athenians*; and that in their hopes to rid themselves of a troublesome examiner of their morals, they would be terribly disappointed. The plague began to rage at *Athens* presently after his death, and the *Athenians* bitterly remembered his prediction.

We

We ever verge, 'tis when we reason best,
And best we reason sense, when most aloof ;
And then, how we despise the vile seducer !
To prove it, think of Heav'n, and seal your eyes.
Am I sophistical ?

Sim. Strong reason all.

Soc. Say, what is justice ?

Sim. Something *good* and *fine*.

Soc. And can your *eye* discern it ? Or is mind
The sole investigator ? After truth we toil,
And toil to little purpose : why ?
To a wrong path the body, treach'rous guide,
Has drawn our feet ; or in the path direct,
She piles up mountains, or collects a mist,
Or points us backward, to the right, the left,
But never forward ; prating in our ears,
A thousand childish follies, all to backen ;
Or grant we quit her, and salute ourselves
As born to freedom ; on a theme divine
Begin the meditation : soon the foe
Steals in upon the golden hour. The hill
Of truth invites the body we persuade
To tarry at its foot, and up the steep
So pleas'd we climb, till fast'ning on our skirts
We body, and descend we must,
Or rue the moment, for a single day,
Will she be silent ? sick, starv'd, cold, or hot,

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Clam'ring she comes with "phyfic! food! fire!
shade!"

Teizer eternal, and will body lead
To Wisdom? What an error? Still and still,
Wisdom is *yonder*; only Death can join us
By separating matter, Death shall purge
The Soul for ever, shall I fear thee, Death?
Steady through Life, and turn apostate now?
When thwarted by the mistress, shall the fool
Rush on his poignard in the vain conceit
Of better usage in a World unknown?
And shall I start at Death, whose friendly hand
To all I love translates me? On the World
Shall I impose that lye, "Old *Socrates*
Had no regard for Wisdom?" He alone
Regards her not, but body, fame, or wealth
Prefers, who shrinks at thoughts of Death.

Sim. Truth all.

Soc. Who but philosophers, by temperance,
Controul the body? Who, but they, sustain
By fortitude? If others Death despise,
Their value is but fear. The temp'rate view.
Pleasure for pleasure they discard, what praise?
Thro' mere intemp'rance, temp'rate.

Sim. 'Tis no more.

Soc. Exchange of passion is but passion still.
Wisdom alone buys virtue, precious pearl!

Sell

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Sell all, and purchase Wisdom ; such alone
Are true philosophers ; and *Socrates*
That rank has reach'd, or soon must feel his error.

Ceb. Still, *Socrates*, of immortality
No solid proof arrives ; life is our day,
And Death our night eternal ! Awful thought !
At Death the *Man* expires ! And mind is then
A vapour scatter'd !

Soc. On a theme so grand,
Cou'd Comedy (*e*) pretend we trifle ? Hear, my
friends.

Things from their *contraries* proceed ; and all
Is *progress*, which no interruption knows.
Life begets death, death life, or all would end.
So winter kills, and spring revives the year.
What changes is *compounded* ; *simples* hold
Eternally the same, as *beauty*, goodness ;
So, body, a material compound, oft
May change, and must ; the soul is its reverse.
The *visible* will alter ; such the body.
Mind is unseen, and thus resembling strong
Immutability. In *matter* lodg'd,
And using *eyes* and *ears*, on mutables
She strays, she staggers like a drunken man.
When matter she can drop, and such an hour

(*e*) *Aristophanes*, in his comedy of *The Clouds*, charged
Socrates with trifling.

She rarely knows, to natures like her own
Uniting, firm she stands, in liberty,
Her state of nature.

Ceb. Not to be deny'd.

Soc. Was not the body born to serve? The soul
For empire born? All speaks the soul immortal.
Who has not seen a corps, at three days end,
Fair as when living? Learned *Egypt* knows
To render *flesh* immortal; *nature's* hand
So form'd the bones; and shall the mind,
With all its wond'rous faculties, dissolve,
Death's easier victim? Is it not a dream
Whisper'd by *Fancy*, when the soul slept sound,
Lull'd by that nurse the body? Body lulls,
Hoping to play her idle pranks unseen.
Rather, my friend, believe as Reason bids,
And with no *whispering* voice, that if the soul,
Pure of the filth its body wou'd impart,
By true philosophy, prepares for death,
(And true philosophy for death prepares)
At death it goes to God, a mind all pure,
Wise, good, immortal, and of error free,
Of every tyrant-evil, wise, and good,
Shall pass a blest eternity with God.
But souls that by lov'd commerce with the flesh
Contract impurity, impure shall pass—
Ah! whither? If *Pythagoras* was right,

To

To animals, of nature like their own,
 There to be punish'd; some in asses bray,
 Some shake in hares, and some in vultures soar.
 If that be doubtful, *this* for truth receive,
 Only the purg'd philosopher ascends
 To God; 'tis, therefore, he disclaims the world,
 Himself renounces, and by purity,
 With purity prepares to dwell; from scenes
 That earth calls happy, *he* can pleas'd retire,
 For earth he calls a boaster, in that cell,
 The body, sits his soul, and mourns her lot;
 Mourns it the more; since conscious she was
 form'd

For all she wishes. Lo! *philosophy*
 Visits this cell, and in the character
 She loves; a gentle comforter she comes,
 Not merely to condole; her utmost power,
 And strong she is, her utmost power she tries,
 And rears the pris'ner; forth he walks; the path
 Of virtue treads supported; but a chain
 Still wears, and wear it must, till death arrives,
 Plucks out the rivet, and sets free for ever.
 Such freedom in a moment will be mine.
 Not that I hold my principles too clear
 To be disputed, and dispute may clear.
 Come, still, if doubtful, still your doubts propose.

Sim. Yes, doubts we have, but in this dreadful
 hour—

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Soc. smiling.] And shall the wind at last snatch
up my soul,

And like a thief be gone? Shall I persuade
The world, that *Socrates* could smile at Death,
When not his friends believe it? You allow
The *swan* her dying melody! She sings(*f*),
No doubt in hope, the cheering hope, that soon,
She enters her *Apollo's* blissful presence!
And with less zeal have I the God ador'd?
Is she a mistress of divining arts?
And I a very novice? *Socrates*
Must weep, it seems:—You see my tears are stub-
born.

Sim. Strangely compos'd.

Soc. For what shou'd discompose?

Sim. That still for truth, tho' hard to reach,
we fail

Thro' every storm, and venture in the ship
We best can trust, till happily we find
The (*g*) vessel firm, too firm for surge to wreck,
Too sure to miss the port; in this, in more,
I hold with *Socrates*, but cannot see
Man's immortality.

Soc. Object with freedom;

(*f*) *Socrates* laughs at the *Pythagoreans*.

(*g*) This vessel is now arrived, it is *Christianity*: O that the
world would board it! Would not *Socrates*, were he living?
Yes, and dye a thousand deaths, if that would carry the
world aboard.

Am

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Am I infallible? Confute my reasons.

Sim. What is the body but a well-tun'd *harp*,
Whose music is the soul? The *harp* distune
Or break, and where's the music? 'Tis no more.

Soc. Were the soul music, by the body play'd,
That music flat, or fine, were ever found,
As in, or out of tune, the *harp* that plays.
Yet see the body rack'd, the soul at ease.

The *harp* commands the music; but, in man
The soul is monarch. In a fever strong,
"A sea! A sea!" cries body; "Not a drop,"
Says *Mind*, and not a drop the craver gains.

Ceb. Yet mortal is the soul; from body she
To body flies; and still, as each expires,
Weakens; at length, in her last body, dies.
Suit after suit, the artist makes, and wears,
In a last suit, he perishes for ever.
So dying man shou'd tremble; for the soul
May then have reach'd its last abode.

Soc. Attend.

Its life the body from the soul receives,
Why then when body dies, must soul expire?

Ceb. Sweet satisfaction! Hail, immortal man!

Sim. I am all prospect! Immortality
Throws wide her folding doors! and scarce a
cloud
Before me!

Soc. To this principle divine,

Let

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Let us be just ; yet, O, be just who can ?
 If man's immortal, what a pearl the soul !
 And what a wretch its loser ! What a fool,
 That pearl who stakes against the trivial joys
 Of life's uncertain moment ! Life's no more !
 And happy he, who well prepares, below,
 For Immortality ! Happy the man
 The risk who runs ! If risk at all ! for here,
 The danger tempts us, and the hope rewards.
 Warm is my hope, if hope, at last, deceives,
 I cannot lose by virtue, she has paid
 Me well for all my service ; purg'd my lot
 Of every ill, with ev'ry good befriended.
 Of all my friends now here, each, in his turn,
 Must after me, 'tis mine to lead the way.
 The tragic muse would sing " The pilot stern
 Demands to fail." You wash a corps ; I'll bathe
 To save the trouble. Then the deadly draught.

Crito. O *Socrates* !—Our services command,
 For all you value ! Some small comfort this !

Soc. Whatever was my counsel, I repeat,
 Be careful of yourselves ; you thus oblige
 Your friend, his family. O still pursue
 The model (*b*) I propos'd.

Crito. With steady step.
 And how shall we inter thee ?

(*k*) Which was God.

Soc.

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So. At your pleasure,
[*smiling.*

If you can catch me. *Crito* thinks the man
Who now discourses is the *Socrates*
That soon must die ! my body, when entomb'd
Or burning, *Crito* shall exclaim, " Poor man !"
As if I suffer'd ! But the sigh suppress.
Shall a mere clod of earth, a corps, pretend
To vaunt—" I'm *Socrates* ?" No ; *Socrates*
Is in a moment, where ? Dye, and you'll know.

[*Crito attended Socrates to the bath, where he took leave of his three children, and the rest of his family, and returned with Crito.*]

Simmias to Cebes, &c.

Dying father ! and what orphans we !

Enter Keeper.

Keep. You know my errand, *Socrates* ! still calm !
[*weeps.*

Soc. Thou art an honest man ; and honesty
Shou'd never weep. Prepare the Poison, friend.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Crito. Why in such haste to dye ? Behold the sun
Yet gilds the mountains : numbers, with their
friends,

Beyond their order, long indulge.

Soc. And let 'em.

They have their reasons, doubtless, and with them
'Tis

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'Tis gaining time. For different measures, I
 Cou'd name my reasons. Thro' a long, long life,
 Hard have I struggled with the *fear of Death*,
 Till she expir'd my victim ! And with toil,
 Shall I restore my foe ? In my last scene,
 Shall I reproach my principles ? On shore,
 Stand shudd'ring, when a sea so calm, a sea
 Without one wave, invites me ? And the port,
 Ev'n *such* a port in prospect ? Give the sign,
 And vex my soul no longer.

[*Crito signs to the Keeper.*

Crit. Hard command !

Soc. Shall a philosopher, with hair turn'd grey,
 Distort his features, and with fault'ring voice,
 Cry to the pois'ning hand, " Hold ! hold ! a mo-
 ment ?"

Are moments better here than yonder ? Chains
 Than freedom ? Can deception boast the charms
 Of honest *Truth* ?

Enter Keeper.

Crito. These eyes have wak'd too long.
Socrates to Keeper. 'Tis well, my friend.

[*Takes the Cup.*

My voyage thus begins ;

[*His friends weep.*

The gracious Gods succeed it ! [*Drinks.*

Crito. To go with him !

Soc.

The Death of SOCRATES. 237

Soc. Shame on those female tears! Where is
your virtue? [walks.

I feel the cold, the clay-cold hand of Death
Upon my limbs; my heart not long escapes.
Let me lie down.

[Lies down on a bed.

Crito. How steady to the last!

Sim. He cannot tremble ev'n where virtue might.

Soc. Let me not boast, 'tis not an hour to feign;
Yet to seem shock'd were feigning. I shall wake
To scenes where conflicts, hourly wag'd below,
With wayward appetites, shall find a crown;
Where Truth, to recompence my search of pain,
Shall, by degrees, as I the sight can bear,
Put off her vail, and ravish her firm friend,
With all the glories of her awful face.
For who shou'd hinder? Who can stab the
soul?

We owe a * cock to *Æsculapius*; pay

* Long, and pray for that state and world, where there is
all health without sickness; eternal health, without the least
disorder, or shadow of death.

When we consider that sickness and death are the way to
this health and life, it softens the idea of sickness, and abates
the terrors of death. Sickness and death are themselves the
surest physic, and most infallible cure. Under this notion
they have been considered by wise and great men. *Socrates*
seemed to have this thought, when he bid his friends, after
he had drank the fatal cup, to sacrifice a Cock to *Æsculapius*;
this being the usual thank-offering to that God, from those
who had recovered from sickness, and were very well. It

was

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That debt, my *Crito*. Friends, farewell ! farewell ! [Dies.

Crito. What of *our* loss ? The *World* is now an orphan.

was as much as to say, *Now I am in a fair way to perfect recovery ; I am just going to be quite well ; do my honours to Æsculapius for the health I am entering upon.*

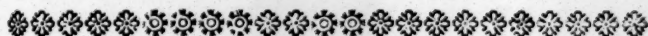
Dr. GROSVENOR.



POEMS.



P O E M S.



Fatal Fondness; or the Partial Parent.

FULL in *St. James's* courtly air,
There liv'd a young and noble pair ;
Liv'd *childish*, and not quite content :
Two at a birth, at length were sent ;
Both girls, the sex my lady chose,
“ For boys a mother can't dispose ! ”
My lord, who fear'd his name wou'd fail,
Wish'd one, at least, had prov'd a male.

Forward apace, the children came,
In feature, size, and sense the same :
The *small-pox* takes them both, and one
Has a kind sort, and next to none ;
T'other, sweet babe, alas ! it lies
At point of death ! The doctor tries

His

His utmost ! My good lady sigh'd !
 " And doctor ! shou'd it live, (she cry'd)
 Is beauty safe ? " The formal prig
 Shrugg'd, and shook his important wig,
 And answer'd " No, my lady ! No !
 As every charm will doubtless go ! "
 Now first, her sparklers dropt a tear ;
 " Ah ! doctor ! This was all my fear !
 No longer then attempt to save !

This were more cruel than the grave !"

How next the doctor us'd his skill,
 We wave ;—against a parent's will
 The child recovers ; but no more
 The twins resemble as before !
 " From Venus this, or one as fair ;
 " That from some monster, all will swear :
 " This in charms rising like the day ;
 " That a misshapen lump of clay ;
 " A thing so hideous, that when seen
 " Abroad, 'twill give the world the spleen ;
 " No more like me, than shade to light ;
 " I scarce myself can bear the sight :
 " While t'other, most delightful creature,
 " Reflects mamma in every feature."
 So thought her ladyship, so said,
 And quite unlike the girls were bred ;
 Sophy the beauty's call'd ; the plain,
 Maria ; hark my lady's strain.

While

While both stand prattling at her knee !
" Her mammy's darling *Soph* shall be !
" *Soph* is the charming name ! *Sophia* !
" How sweet the sound to dull *Maria* !
" And sister's person too, my dove !
" Has nothing to engage my love !
" No rosy cheek ! No sparkling eye !
" No lip, ting'd with the cherry's dye !
" No ! *Sophy* echo'd with a sneer,
" My sister's name and person's queer !"
Maria heard with conscious smart ;
Sob went her little tortur'd heart !
Nature gush'd out in tears ! Her tongue
Thus lisp'd, and wise for one so young !
" To please mamma, if that will do,
" I will be nam'd and made anew !
" I will be *Soph*, if mam' will let her,
" And get as good a face, and better !"
Here many a parent's heart had broke !
Thus our unfeeling parent spoke !
" Nor love, nor kisses, shall pass from me
" To such an ugly beast as thee !
" But, *Soph* ! I'll kiss and love thee too !"
And round her *Soph* her arms she threw,
Gave twenty kisses in a breath,
And almost hugg'd her dear to death.
For afternoons her *Soph* is dress'd,
She loves to see the child carefs'd !

R

Lisping

Lisping around the room it plays !
 How charming all its little ways !
She sweetens every *lady's cup*,
 With *this*, with *that*, indulg'd to *sup* !
 And where's *Maria* ?—With her maid
 In *dirty frock*, not *Soph's brocade* !
Soph dines at *mammy's own right hand*,
 And just behind, her maid must stand !
 Where dines *Maria* ? You shall know !
 She dines among the *slaves below* !
 Yet *Prince*, a *dog* she deigns to love,
 Dines with *her ladyship above*,
 At the *same table* ! And as *great* !
 From the *same dishes*, *serv'd on plate*.*

Their *dancing*, and their *music trace* !
One has, and *one wants* every grace.
 And mark the *different names* bestow'd !
 An *angel one*, and *one—a toad*.

Thus *childhood* past :—in *youth* behold
One's wishes *crown'd*, and *one's controll'd* !
Park, *opera*, *concert*, *play*, and *ball*,
Soph likes, and *Soph* enjoys them *all*.
Maria, now and then, attends,
 A foil her *sister's charms* befriends.
Maria, from a parent's fault,
 Receiv'd a turn for *sober thought* ;

* This instance the author knows to be literally true.

Since not her fortune to be *fair* !
 Resolv'd to make the *mind* her care.

Behold 'em in a *Sunday's* pew !
Sophy at least will catch your view !
 You'll find the girl has learnt by heart,
 The *needful*, the *essential* part !
 Knows how to *level* from her *fan*,
 And send their *fiery darts* on *man* !
Maria's not engag'd so well,
Her airs *my lady* faints to tell ;

" It sounds so *frightful*, and so odd !

" *Her* whole employ is—*serving God*.

" *Her Sunday's evening* too she spends

" So *queer* !—as day *begins* it *ends* !

" While *we're* at cards, she mounts the stairs,

" To say (as we suppose) her prayers."

One Sunday-night, when jokes like these
 Had past, *herself* and *guests* to *please*,
 My lady dreams ! to mental fight
 Appears a *form* divinely bright !
 It seem'd to throw her curtains wide,
 And thus with solemn accent cry'd !

" I came commission'd to impart

" These truths, *that* fav'rite of your heart,

" *Sophy*, spight of her charms must dwell

" With *you*—and all the *damn'd*—in hell—

" *There* dwell !—or *soon* your folly sigh !

" For *tempted* wrath prepares to fly !—

" But *know*, the maid *you* scorn, shall shine
 " Among the blest ! the charge is mine
 " To guard till death, and then convey
 " Her spirit to the realms of day !
 " *Her prayers* are heard ! *those prayers alone*
 " Gain'd you this *message* from the *throne* !
 " Improve it."—Here the *form* withdrew !
 She wakes !—reflects !—bids vice adieu.
 Begs hard of *Sophy* to be *wise* !
 Begs on her *knees* with gushing eyes !
 But *her* fix'd heart *no* plea can win,
 She wears, and *bugs* the chain of sin !
 Once she was taught in *different* strain ;
 Her *first* instructions she'll *retain* !
 From all such *cant* the *pow'rs* defend her,
Protests no *dreaming saint* shall mend her !
 My lady turns *severely* kind,
 But ev'n her *threatning's* like the *wind* !
 For *kind reproof* she meets with *scorn* !
 She wish'd her *child* herself unborn.
 No bosom but her own can know
 Her piercing *agony* of woe !—
 Tears were in *vain* ! yet tears wou'd *fall* !
 She *saw'd herself* !—and *that* was *all*.

M O R A L.

Children, the *blemish'd* or the *fair*,
 Demand a *parent's equal* care !

The

*The body's beauty can't supply ?
 Its absence can't dissolve the tie !
 And parents, by whose fondness spoil'd,
 Oft suffer from the pamper'd child.*

* * *

Tho' the writer of this fable has no superstitious veneration for dreams, yet to the abovementioned he can add another of his own knowledge. A gentleman of his acquaintance used to think hardly of a worthy divine, deceased, on account of some differing sentiments ; till one night he dreamed he was himself in heaven, and there saw the man he had censured, which gave his thoughts a more candid turn.



A MORNING HYMN.

ARISE my soul, the song prepare,
 The blush of morn has ting'd the air :
 With rapture join the good and wise,
 Thyself the morning sacrifice.
 Exalt the power that form'd the earth,
 The power that gave all Being birth ;
 That gave the stars to rule the night,
 That fix'd yon peerless orb of light ;
 That bid the moon, in silver-robe,
 Still circle round the circling globe ;
 The sun officious to supply,
 While distant realms his beams enjoy:

R 3

Thy

Thy works immense, with one accord,
Proclaim thee one Almighty Lord,
And through the whole with zeal combine,
To sing their author all divine.

Shall Worlds unnumber'd sing thy praise ?
The Hymn shall all creation raise ?
Shall ev'ry rising star proclaim ?
Shall ev'ry sun repeat thy name ?
And shall my heart ungrateful prove ?
Nor join the song to boundless love ?
Nor thankful view the new-born ray ?
Nor bless the giver of the day ?

To God, my sovereign Lord, and king,
My heart I lift, thy goodness sing.
Thou bad'st me into being rise,
Thou gav'st me power to view the skies ;
To know my God, myself to know,
And what I to my neighbour owe.
And when bright reason's ray was lost,
The soul by *vicious passions* tost ;
When sin thy rule had overthrown,
The heart to ev'ry folly prone ;
When passions vile had torn the mind,
To happiness and duty blind :
From vice's films, to clear the eyes,
And raise to all that's good and wise ;
Thou gav'st us, by thy Son, thy word,
Whose laws, with nature's laws, accord ;

His

His life a pattern, high, refin'd,
Of all that's holy, just, and kind;
He dy'd; such blood was never spilt;
Dy'd to atone our crying guilt;
Vast was the task, yet he alone
Perform'd it, and regain'd his throne;
His spirit sent, our sighs to aid,
And loose the bands our sins have made;
To cure our souls, to purge from vice,
And fit sunk man for Paradise.
That I the heav'nly choirs cou'd join!
That their immortal songs were mine!
That I cou'd feel the joys they know!
That I with half their zeal cou'd glow!
With more I *shou'd*; and shall, on high,
Where I no more shall sin, or die;
Pardon shall there exalt my praise
Beyond the songs that angels raise.
As morning beams with purer light,
The darker the preceding night;
So wash'd from every guilty stain,
May I the Christian virtues gain!
Excel in ev'ry god-like grace,
Till fit to view my makers face!

X.

R 4

An



An EVENING HYMN.

THE day withdraws! Man's labour's done;
Silence and Night succeed the sun;
Inviting wearied Powers to rest,
The sure recruit of man and beast;
Yet goodness has not left the night
Quite void of eye-refreshing light.
The silver moon gives softer day,
And sheds the mild reflected ray;
The concave Heav'n with fainter beams,
From distant orbs serenely *streams*;
Still rising from the vast profound;
Still whirling in a steady round.
All speak the one Almighty Hand,
That gave the shine, the num'rous band,
Which, far and near, aloud proclaim,
The wonders of his glorious name,
And by their course, to all declare,
His sun again shall soon appear;
With lustre new shall warmth restore,
And health, and food, around shall pour.
But e'er I lay my limbs to rest,
So let me search through all my breast,
To meditate my actions past,
As sure this night would be my last;

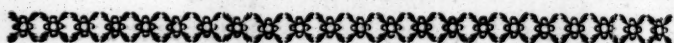
Im-

Impartial think, how I have spent,
 The day that's gone, and was but lent :
 If well employed, my soul shall say,
 " This day to me, an happy day ;"
 And for its faults, with fervent cries,
 Implore the mercy of the skies ;
 Resolve to walk with better care,
 With firmer faith, and warmer prayer,
 Then cheerfully, to rest resign,
 Encircled safe, in arms divine.

O thou ! whose Glories shine compleat,
 When mild, thou fill'st thy mercy seat ;
 That seat erected in the Blood
 Of CHRIST, thy son (a cleansing flood)
 Through him, O Lord ! Thy suppliant hear !
 Attend his contrite sighs, and prayer !
 Forgive the errors of my life !
 Guard me this night, from men of strife ;
 With quiet sleep, my strength renew,
 That I my task may fresh pursue ;
 When thy bright sun again shall shine,
 Dispel the mists, the air refine.
 O may I from my pillow rise,
 With pious heart, and purest eyes ;
 Meek, humble, peaceful, just, and kind,
 With tender breast, and friendly mind,
 And fill'd with awe, love, trust, and fear,
 My GOD obey, his name revere.

X.

The



The P E N I T E N T.

WITH trembling heart, and flowing eyes,
Before thy throne I bend;
LORD hear my penitential cries,
And to my pray'r attend!

Thy pow'r I own supremely great,
The whole creation's **LORD**;
Thy law's my rule to guide my steps,
Which help and peace afford.

Yet more, acknowledg'd thou hast been,
To me a constant friend;
Thy tender mercies I have seen,
Life hitherto, attend.

I said, I'll keep thy righteous law,
My feet shall never stray,
Thy love shall to obedience draw,
And keep me in thy way.

My heart was true, my soul sincere,
But, O how weak my frame!
My thoughts flow'd fast, no longer close,
But ruffled like a dream.

Folly

Folly with wiles besieg'd my sense,
Led on by wild desire ;
Ev'n *Reason* overleap'd her fence,
Religion seem'd t'expire.

Temptation, now grown strong and bold,
Prest hard on every side ;
Neglecting God I lost my hold,
And left my only guide.

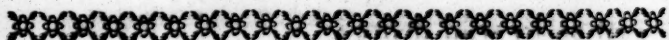
With grief, unfeign'd, I mourn my fault,
And plead for pard'ning grace ;
O purge from sin, my inmost thoughts,
Through CHRIST my guilt efface.

And may I henceforth aided be,
By thy Almighty power,
The worth of future time to see,
And fill up every hour !

So shall my soul, with true delight,
Shun each forbidden way ;
Pursue the gospels' glorious light,
Which leads to endless day.

Y.

DEATH



D E A T H invited.

Come Death, and take the tott'ring fabric down;
 My saviour smiles, I cannot dread thy frown.
 Oft have I wish'd to meet thy cold embrace,
 When thro' the pow'rful influence of his grace,
 My heart was dead to things beneath the sky,
 Alive alone to Immortality.
 Yet I again have lost the pleasing Scene,
 My solemn vows like SAMPSON's cords have been;
 Terrestrial good hath drawn my soul astray,
 To its false charms I've been an easy prey.
 But now divine impressions are renew'd;
 I feel a pow'r too great to be withstood:
 Lo! vig'rous burns within the sacred Fire,
 And I'm all love, all transport, and desire;
 Come Death, and take the tott'ring fabric down;
 My Saviour smiles, I cannot dread thy frown.

B.

JUSTICE

J U S T I C E and M A N.

S A I D *Justice*, “*Man*, I’d fain know what you
weigh ;

If *weight*, I *spare* you, if too *light*, I *slay*.”

Man leap’d the scale; it mounted; “On my word,
Said *Justice*, *less than nothing*? Where’s my sword?”

Virtue was there, and her *small weight* would try,
The scale sunk *something*! but was *still* too *high*.

Mercy, the *whiteest dove* that ever flew,

From *Calv’ry*, fetch’d a *twig of crimson hue* :

Aloft it sent the scale on t’*other side* ;

Man smil’d, and *Justice* own’d, “I’m *satisfy’d*.”

* * *

An E A S T E R N T A L E.

A T gate of Heav’n (the Eastern tale I’ve read)
Justice staid waiting for the *virtuous dead*.

Two came for entrance ; *one a man of store*,

And *one*, a *wretch* that oft had *plagu’d his door*.

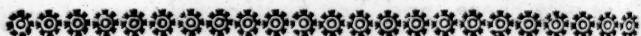
“What is your plea, said *Justice*, for admission?”

“I, said the *rich man*, prov’d a *kind physician* ;

For

For, when a *trav'ler* in his *blood* I found,
 I sent him *oyl* to sooth the *raging wound*."
 " I, said the *poor man*, saw him *welt' ring lye* ;
Pour'd in the *oyl*, and left him with a *figh*."
 The *wealthy boaster* into *darkness* went,
 Because, with *oil*, no *batling hand* he sent.
 The *poor Man* enter'd for his *generous* part,
 He with a *figh*, gave all he had, *his heart*.

* * *



TRUTH's Answer to MAN's Enquiry.

ENQUIRE for *happinefs* of *me* ?
 The point I own, is nice ;
 No *Lawyer* I, so keep your fee,
 Yet take my best advice.

At *Mammon*, why those glances thrown,
 Is *happinefs* with him ?
 Hark !—let that pity-piercing groan,
 Confute so vain a whim.

Ask *Honour* ; you perceive her hold
 A *crown* ; the tempter scorn ;
 That crown, though all of solid gold,
Within it has a *thorn*.

Try

Try *pleasure* ; lo ! *stark staring mad*,
 She runs, she's *out of breath* ;
 She *laughs*, yet is at heart so *sad*,
 She's in the *gasp of Death*.

To *Cupid* shall we next apply ?
 Lo ! *blood* has stain'd his *darts* !
 Trust one that is not prone to lie ;
 His trade is *wounding hearts*.

See *Virtue* ! Friend, you look too *far* !
 She's near enough to *kiss* ;
 Her hand from heaven plucks down a *star*,
 And 'tis the *star of bliss*.

* * *

TIME and MAN ; A DIALOGUE.

MAN.

O WE thee much, friend ? Say'st thou so ?
Time, thou tell'st me what I know,
 And I fear, against my Will,
 I shall be thy Debtor still,
 Though thou dun'st me, day by day,
 " Prythee, prythee, prythee, pay ;"

Ev'ry

Try

Ev'ry hour, cries "Clear the score ;"
Ev'ry hour I run up more.

TIME.

Have I not deliver'd down
More in worth than *Britain's* crown ?
For my due from year to year
Wait I not ? Come, once be clear :
Why abuse a gen'rous friend ?
Still, and still and still to lend ;
Nothing in return from you ;
'Twill not, shall not always do.

MAN.

Time, the talents thou hast lent,
Rich and numberless are spent.
Wish, I might, but all in vain,
What I've wasted to regain !
Pay thee, when so deep thy debtor ?
Time, thou know'st such matters better.
Wou'dst thou have, for that's my curse,
Would'st thou have my empty purse ?

TIME.

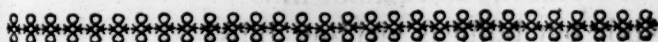
Thy past reck'ning I forgive,
Nothing farther as I live.
Pay me now, as I supply,
Death, my Bailiff shall stand by ;
Pay with *Virtue*,—don't repine ;
'Tis the only Sterling coin ;
Else your gaoler soon will be
My old fire *Eternity*.

MAN.

MAN.

Time, at what thou say'st I bleed.
 O thou art a friend indeed !
 Blot the past ? and still impart ?
 How I love thee at my heart !
 Yet that dreadful Oath retract ;
 Utmost Farthings don't exact ;
 If thou do'st my case how dire,
 When I meet thy awful fire !

* * *



A M O R N I N G O D E.

WELCOME, welcome, rising Day !

Mira, like the morning Ray,
 Smiles, and like the glowing skies,
 Will to full perfection rise.
 Answer'd was our evening pray'r ;
 Through kind Heav'n's unfailing care,
 Safe and sound was our repose :
 Heav'n what burns within us knows :
 Praise but felt is praise express'd ;
Truth's the language of the breast.
 Nor can tongue delude the sky,
Phabus has a piercing eye ;
 But an eye surveys mankind
 To which that of *Phabus* blind ;

S

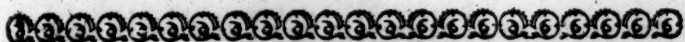
Yet

Yet have we no cause to fear,
If in word and thought sincere.

Now, with ardor to pursue
All our hands can find to do,
Mira, do but lift your eyes!
What a pace that *Phæbus* flies!
Rising ev'ry moment! Soon
Ev'ning's here! ev'n now tis noon!
Let us imitate the day!
Let us wing and shine away!
Bliss we mean, and cannot miss
While our business yielding bliss!
With a crown this cot we'll bless!
Yon wrong'd widow now redress!
Send sick *Nell* a cask of ale!
Fetch her honest man from gaol!
'Tis perform'd! nor shall the sun
Set, e'er all *our* race be run!
"O that all the world were blest!"
Phæbus we have run the rest!
Now you'll set, set where you please,
On two honest hearts at ease!
Hearts as calm as you can leave,
In the west, a *Summer's* eve;
Hearts too, guilt with many a ray,
From the virtues of the day;
Hearts that shall *still* as night remain,
Till morn to *action* prompt again.

* * *

VIRTUE



V I R T U E and V I C E.

VIRTUE, as hard up hill she bent,
 Grew faint, her very soul was spent ;
 So, down she sat, awhile to rest,
 And lower'd her shield beneath her breast ;
 She slept, and as she slept she smil'd ;
 A dream had all her cares beguil'd.
Vice watch'd for this, and sent a dart
 That reach'd, " say not it reach'd her heart."
 It must have pierc'd it through and through,
 But with his shield an angel flew,
 Ev'n through that shield the weapon found
 It's way, and lodg'd a dang'rous wound ;
 A wound that *Virtue* bath'd with tears,
 For days, for weeks, for months, for years ;
 'Twas heal'd at last ; but *Virtue* still
 Bleeds at the thought of *drowsy-bill*.
 When *Virtue* sleeps nor dreams of pain,
 She'll soon be wounded, may be slain.

* * *

S 2

To



To a R A K E,

Who swore he would be happy this Winter.

H O P E for happiness from *Vice* ?
 Thrice a fool ! Yea, thrice and thrice !
 Folly's utmost ! for at best,
 'Tis to tempt the hornet's nest.
 Pleasure try, no hornet she ;
 Pleasure's not an humble-bee ;
 Pleasure then, if bliss your view,
 Trust, and you'll the moment rue !
 Honey if her comb supplies
 First she stings, and then she flies.
 Virtue is the bee that roves
 Through the gardens, through the groves ;
 Gathering bliss, and treasuring where ?
 Heaven's her hive : go winter there.



An H Y M N.

C H I L D R E N have souls to lose or save,
 Let parents mark it well !
 Souls, that exist beyond the grave,
 Exist in heav'n or hell.

Children,

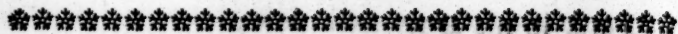
Children, the Saviour, in his day,
Took in his arms and blest;
Let parents pant, and strive, and pray,
And leave to heav'n the rest.

Think, if you train 'em for the sky,
How well repay'd your care!
Heav'n may succeed the means you try,
You then shall meet 'em there.

But shou'd your ev'ry effort fail,
To hell *their* souls be thrown,
Something your efforts shall avail,
Avail to save your own.

We're infants all, and prop and guide
Must find, or err and fall,
Be heav'n's paternal arm supply'd,
Or, ah! we perish all.

* * *



V I R T U E and M A D - Z E A L.

O F purest gold, O *Virtue*, is thy mine,
 And *Cæsar*'s face stands fair on all thy coin ;
Mad-Zeal, too, has her mine of metal base ;
 Her coins are counters, bearing *Cæsar*'s face :
 If these from those we find it hard to know,
 A world there is where no false coin will go.

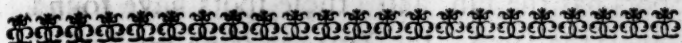
* * *



The W O R L D a S L E E P E R.

P R ophets have thunder'd till their tongues are
 bare,
 To wake the world, but of their point despair.
 Dread Heaven ! the Sleeper must be rous'd at last
 With thy own voice, the trumpet's awful blast.

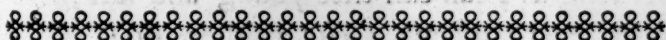
* * *



A TALE for CHILDREN.

HOW sacred churches, in that awful day,
 When scraps of Bibles purchas'd stacks of hay!
 When *Virtue* scorn'd by her own parent light,
 Borrow'd a cloak of the kind *Negro, Night*,
 And stole to worship in a wood or vale!
 Old men to children tell the moving tale :
 Who spurns the moral, spurns it at his cost,
 What mercy strikes us till the mercy's lost ?

* * *



A R I D D L E.

COME, guess my name, and miss it if you can:
 The purest blessing heav'n bestows on man,
 To cheer him in his dwelling I transmit.
 I now and then have told a piece of wit,
 Oft'ner, alas ! (blush rakes, for blush you may)
 Nonsense and vile ideas I convey.

I teach the sun for lux'ry to prepare
 What else our northern climes could never bear ;
 I, with his rays a thousand tricks can show ;
 That *Newton* taught me, the best arts I know :

S 4

Tho'

Tho' for its beauty, through the world renown'd,
 Spots has the sun, and I those spots have found.
Jove is the same ; for *Jove* the same must be,
 But *Jove* seems greatest when he's shewn by me ;
 And *Jove* himself, with all his glittering sky,
 As I command him, will approach or fly.

Tax'd as I am, not *malice* can pretend
 That I'm *her* mimic ; I'm a common friend.
 Wise men and fools have wonder'd at my pow'r.
 To stand the fury of the wind and show'r.
 I dread the hail-storm, but so strange my make,
 Lightning shall spare me, and an infant break ;
 I'm frail as *beauteous*.—To conclude my tale ;
 Ev'n *Celia's* beauty is but just as frail :
 For this she'll break me, yet, O *Celia* ! spare,
 As long as I can call thee young and fair !
 Nay, ever trust me, *Celia*, prithee, do ;
 I'll ne'er cry “ Old and ugly,”—till 'tis true.

* * *



MAN and the YEAR. Dec. 31st.

MAN.

WHY so fast, thou hurrying Year ?
 No more haste than speed, my dear ;
 You're already out of breath,
 Soon you'll post yourself to death.

YEAR.

YEAR.

Once † you bid me post away;
 Now absurdly, court my stay :
 Still as then your suit's in vain;
 Steady pace shall I maintain.

MAN.

Not a step to serve a friend ?
 Not a single step suspend ?
 Not, if I the boon wou'd buy,
 With a tear from either eye ?

YEAR.

Tears are pearls which I despise,
 Not a sea the favour buys.
 Have you saunter'd, mend your pace;
 I'll not saunter in my race.

MAN.

You for *Joshua* tarry'd.—Y. True;
 Reach his worth, I'll stay for you.
 But this day's my last—how ill!
 Yet you first may perish still:

[Dies.

MAN alone.

What a groan was there ! He's dead :
 Rising in the boaster's stead,
 Lo ! the § prince ! Live, live, O king !
 Fly, but take me on your wing.

* * *

† In January. § New Year.

ATHEIST

A T H E I S T and Y E A R.

ON a mossy bank, in *May*,
 At his length an Atheist lay;
Annus, from a spreading Oak,
 Whisp'ring in the breezes spoke.
 " Though you sneer at leaves divine,
 " Prithee lend an ear to mine.
 " High in health, in spirit high,
 " Friend you seem; and so am I;
 " Yet, believe me, for 'tis true,
 " I must die, and so must you:
 " Die howe'er against the grain;
 " Yes, and die to live again.
 " This had I, in Autumn said,
 " You had thought me sick in bed;
 Call'd it a delirious ease,
 Or, at best, a fit of grace:
 This when I aver in spring,
 You can hint at no such thing:
 And, if I your soul cou'd see,
 That no infidel can be;
 It may vainly wish and try,
 And, no doubt, can tell for why;
 But the known ill course refrain,
 You'll not wish, nor strive in vain;

Rise

Rise and circle through your sphere,
You'll be happy as the year.

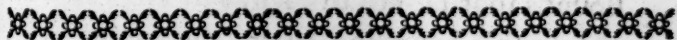
* * *



E A R T H and M A N.

MAN calls on *Earth*, she answers kind,
And crowns with plenteous crops the year;
Earth bids him lift to heaven his mind;
He hears, but will not seem to hear.
E'er long, to *Earth* again he'll cry,
When *Earth* will hear, but mock his call;
To save him from a flaming sky,
Nor vale shall yawn, nor mountain fall.

* * *



T I M E and D E A T H.

ALL things to *Death Time's* hurrying hand
conveys;
Not man he spares, who most his mercy prays.
O Time! for this you'll suffer;—Nay, tis true,
Death in his quiver has a dart for you.
Tho' 'tis his last but one; his last of all,
Is that on which a suicide he'll fall.

* * *



WINTER - THOUGHTS,

In a SICK ROOM.

A T Morn the frozen ground invites
The foot of health to roam,
Deny'd, alas! these *cold* delights,
The sick must freeze at home :

At home I freeze, tho' close to fire,
Or deep in downy bed ;
Poor *Hope* just ready to expire,
And sweet *Enjoyment* dead !

At home I freeze, while o'er the plain
Bounds foot of health so gay !
And from his bounding heart, the swain
Half thinks *December, May*.

He stops, and gazes doubtful round—
But, ah ! not doubtful long ;
His heel, fast freezing to the ground,
Cries, " Simple swain ! you're wrong."

Phæbus th'imprison'd vapours frees
In fogs himself to blind ;
A picture this of what one sees,
Too oft, among mankind.

The merry milk-maid, as she trips,
Pins up her cleanly tail;
Ah! to what end? Squealing she slips,
And where's her laden pail?

At noon, the scatt'ring vapours fly,
And *Earth* receives the rays;
Their lustre to man's roving eye,
Earth's nakedness displays.

Yet, let me in her favour plead,
She's no immodest fair;
Rude *Winter* strips her, 'tis agreed,
But cannot strip her *bare*.

If *Oak* you deem the fair one's *heart*,
And oaken boughs her breast:
With her old kerchief she'll not part;
Till with a better drest.

That here's a moral hint for you,
Ye breathing fair, be told,
Nor cry, "Pert poet, this is true,
"But then our mother's *old*."

Fie daughters! *Earth* still breeds apace,
And therefore scorns your sneers;
She suckles too her angel-race,
Ev'n such as you, my dears!

She's

She's in her *fallen state*, and she,
That such her state well knows ;
Instead of Fig-leaves, round her, see !
Her ever-greens she throws.

This rule, at least, her daughters mind,
Another she supplies,
“ Reserved what shou'd not be resign'd.”
Ev'n *Winter* she defies.

Rude Winter, yet not half so rude,
As what a *Blood* we call ;
Ruder than hell (hell can't be lewd)
He blasts for ever, all.

Nor say, all use, all beauty's torn
From ev'ry leafless bough ;
Yon bush those scarlet haws adorn,
And much those field-fares now.

That gunner ! field-fares, take alarm !
Shou'd *Sunday* thus be spent ;
He shoots, no field-fares come to harm,
But off his thumb is rent !

It snows, and travellers deplore
The road they dare not tread ;
The honest peasant sweeps his door,
And fears no lack of bread.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd he exclaims, "Yon wheaten field

"Has a warm birth to-night!"

Warm, rest it long! the more 'twill yield!

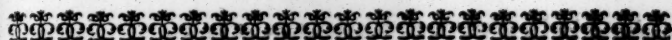
The less the frost can bite!

To shorten evening, friends convene,

At rousing fire nose-high.

Wou'd all cou'd share that jovial scene!

For share it *once* could I!



The B E E.

A Bee, that through the plain and vale,
Had empty'd ev'ry flow'r,

Was told, and by no treacherous gale,
Of one in yonder bow'r.

A sweet one too. Through balmy air

The bee made all her speed;

Soon at the place arriv'd, and there,

Found a *sweet flow'r indeed*.

There fast a-sleep *sweet Silvia* lay,

Beneath the noon-day shade;

Sol rag'd the more, because that day,

He had not seen the maid.

The

The bee was settling on her lip,
 When up young *Damon* sped,
 The lucky moment blest, and whip
 Lay'd his wing'd rival dead.

Cries waking *Sylvia*, "Where's the Bee?
 "For sure, 'twas humming here!"
 "You dreamt, says *Damon*, dream't of me,
 "A dream, indeed, my dear!"

Sylvia believ'd, yet blushing, cry'd,
 "Sure, sure, 'twas no such thing!"
 May *Sylvia*, whether maid or bride,
 Ne'er find her Bee can sting!

* * *

XX
 NELL's ELEGY on her GOOD MAN.

'T WAS on the twentieth of *September*,
 I lost my dear *Good Man*!
 Three days before, I well remember,
 Three times he dropt his fan!

That day, off dropt my *wedding-ring*!
 That day I broke a *Pan*!
 Yet still, I dreamt no earthly thing
 Of losing my *Good Man*!

"Beware

“ Beware of *wheels* !” a gypsy said ;
I now shall hate their clan !
And that day se’night, o’er his head
The cruel *cart-wheel* ran !

Ev’n in the moment when he fell,
Poor wife was all his plan !
The Lord, he cry’d, take care of *Nel* !
And then he dy’d, *Good Man*.

How wou’d he feed my pigs with peas !
My cows with scalded bran !
His cattle not t’abuse, but please,
Delighted my *Good Man*,

How rare and healthful was his look !
He took no care of *Tan*,
But that a better care he took,
’Tis well for my *Good Man*.

His age it was but thirty-five :
He lived but half his span :
Last *Sunday*, laughing and alive,
Just there stood my *Good Man*.

He was—oh ! what no tongue can say !
To say the least one can ;
He, every moment night and day,
Was quite an honest *Man*.

T

But

But *Roger's* gone, and grief apace,
 Will turn these cheeks so wan ;
 And fit to fill his honest place,
 The sun sees not the *Man*.

For you may search the world around,
 From *Beersheba* to *Dan*,
 And many a good man might be found,
 But not like my *Good Man*.

There's *Gaffer Gosling* doth prefer
 To all the world, his *Nan* ;
 But *Gaffer Gosling* loves not *her*,
 As lov'd me my *Good Man*.

Give me but grace, to act as well,
 And foes my deeds shall scan ;
 But I know where there's room for *Nell*,
 Along with her *Good Man*.

* * *



The CRUEL SQUIRE; or HOME
 is HOME however HOMELY.

IN cot of mud, instead of brick,
 Liv'd an old couple, *Nell* and *Dick* :
 Hard had they labour'd while they cou'd,
 To rest in age, when rest *all shou'd*.

Their

Their honest handy-work was sped,
 And *Dick* their only child was dead.
 So, frugally, and not the best
 They eat and drank, and took their rest,
 Not doubting but their stock would hold
 Till the last sheet around them roll'd.
 No chimney-side but learnt to tell
 Strange tales of *happy Dick and Nell*.
 To know the truth, one day the *Squire*
 Call'd in and warm'd him at their fire;
 Eat toasted cheese, and drank some ale,
 Not like his own, 'twas small and stale.
 But how it *touch'd* his soul to *find*,
 In *such* a pair, *such* peace of mind!
 Not touch'd him, as it *ought*, to raise,
 At once, his wonder, and his praise;
 Wonder that bliss should dwell so low,
 And praise, that Heav'n ordain'd it so.
 The Marrow-piercing thought was this,
 "Wealth pines! and Poverty has bliss!"
 "My friends, quoth he, with artful guile,
 "Thus age and honesty *shou'd* smile.
 "You lead your lives as sweetly here,
 "As I, with all I boast a year.
 "Yet, if you'll come, and with me spend
 "A month or so, my chaize I'll send;
 "You shall be welcome, I protest,
 "I would not wish a worthier guest."

They knew not what to think, or say,
But thank'd him, in their home-bred way.
“ May-hap, said *Nell*, the *Squire's* in joke.”
He vow'd he most sincerely spoke ;
And they should find it. Home he went ;
And *chaize*, indeed, next morning sent.
Said *Nell*, “ The favour's vast and high !
“ We dare no other than comply.”
Dick said, “ We'll risque it, *Nell*, d'ye see .
“ Nay, what's the *Squire* to you, and me ?”
A second thought the first confutes,
So quick they don'd their *Sunday-suits*,
And bowl'd away ; drest at his door,
The *Squire* received them. When, before,
To guests like these, was mansion wide ?
The rooms had don'd their utmost pride ;
The servants waited gay and thick,
To *Nell*, said *Madam*, *Sir*, to *Dick*.
They din'd and supp'd, on twenty dishes,
And lay——O far beyond their wishes !
Thus wore a week, the *Squire* so kind !
Alas ! they knew not half his mind !
Dick was fatigu'd, and so was *Nell*.
Quoth *Dick*, “ I'll fain myself not well ;
“ Nor will the thing be feigning quite,
“ I'm sick at heart, and you're not right.”
Here wisely, *Dick*, forbore to name
What *Nell* advis'd the day they came.

Mark

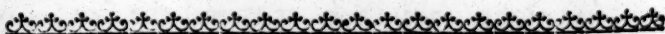
Mark this, upbraiding husbands all;
 A wife's past failings ne'er recal.
 Their sickness to the *Squire* they told,
 Said, "They might die, for they were old,
 "And 'twas their wish, an't pleas'd the sky,
 "Where they had liv'd, in peace to die."
 The *Squire* agreed, but with a sneer,
 Cry'd, "O you're discontented *here*!"
 He sped them going, but how pain'd,
 That his vile end was yet ungain'd!
 End ne'er was viler, for 'twas this,
 To change *his* anguish for *their* bliss.
 This end he fancy'd must ensue,
 If instant open'd on their view,
 Scenes of gay Affluence quite unknown,
 Which pride wou'd prompt to wish their own.
 But pride was far from them; *their end*
 Was just to live, and not depend.

That night, said *Dick*, as round the fire
 They sat, "Heaven's blessing crown the *Squire*!
 "But not his greatness to partake,
 "Wou'd I this little cot forsake.
 "Our ale beats all his sparkling wine,
 "For that's the *Squire's*, and this is *mine*.
 "There, when behind their master's back,
 "Cou'd I command or *Tom*, or *Jack*?
 "No; this would laugh, and that would *snigger*,
 "And cry, *Good lack!* that awkward figure!

“ *Here*, when I please, to *Nell* I say,
 “ Do this, or that, and she’ll obey,
 “ Obey with such concern to please,
 “ As easy, but when *I’m* at ease.
 “ And what I value more than life,
 “ *Nell’s* all mine own ! my all ! my wife !”
 Quoth *Nell*, and round his neck, she flung,
 Her arms, “ I lov’d thee less when *young* !
 “ You’re all to me ! no more we’ll roam !
 “ *However homely, home is home.*”

In this let men of fortune rest,
 That Heav’n *impow’rs* them to be blest
 For cots of Mud, wish’d well or ill,
 Whene’er they can be happy *will*.
 Still, still may *vice*, to Heaven’s high praise,
 But crush herself, and *virtue* raise !

* * *



M A N.

BEING there’s none, save one of woman born,
 Who scorning all things, is of all the scorn.
 The *brutes* are *stupid*, *angels* things of whim,
 Yet both are arch enough to laugh at him.

Is man the fairest of God’s works below ?
 ’Tis own’d he vaunts it ; but who told him so ?

Go

Go ask the florist which he values most,
Lillies, or *nymphs*? A tulip, or a *toast*?
A *rose*, he'll cry, in spight of human pride,
Has thrice the beauties of a *blushing bride*.

Boast as he will, *Man* is a *worm*, no more;
Weak as the weakest; crush'd the *moth* before;
Not sooner merely; let the boaster blush;
Man is that worm, whom ev'n *that moth* can crush.

Potence he has, but not *all* *potence quite*;
This he confutes when he *creates a mite*.

I burn! I shine! you'll hear vain man exclaim;
And don't a *farthing candle* do the same?
But mark that candle waste; and when it dies,
Observe the vapour from the snuff that flies;
This shadows *man*, whom *life* a moment fires;
Man's more a vapour, and less pure expires.

Waving *wit*, *charms*, *pow'r*, *glory*, *length of days*,
Shall *wisdom*, *peerless wisdom*, be his praise?
Wisdom that enters not an *angel's* brain?
That tongue of *first arch-angel* can't explain?
And must not *angels*, ev'n arch-angels stare,
To see him struggle, study, sweat, and swear,
At works that what can equal? I could tell;
Thy web, *Arachne*, and, O bee, thy cell.
Of each effect can *man* the cause descry?
Yon *streaming north* shall tell him that's a lie:
Who but may venture to pronounce him dark,
Who knows not why an *ague* yields to *bark*?

Is he not *prescient*, when he *builds* and *buys*,
And *weds*, and *wagers* just before he *dies*?

Kind to his *countrymen*! of him, in doubt,
Enquire the way, tho' *in*, he'll turn you *out*!
To *foreigners*, indeed, *amazing civil*!
For *these* he'll take in poison! fear *no evil*!
Lord of the brutes, and sure! of *gentle sway*!
Since, without murmuring, all he rules obey!
And, lo! how few he dooms his maw to feed!
And with how little agony they bleed!
In sport, he sees a *cat* by *adders* stung;
Cuts out a *sheep's* eye, plucks a horse's tongue;
Sees all that *live* less happy than the *slain*;
And *can* the brutes? Poor things! they can't com-
plain!

Vast as his courage, were it ten times more,
His flesh would tremble at the *lion's* roar:
He trembles oft, ev'n in his city-house,
At *ghost* of midnight! or at midnight *mouse*!
At fancy's goblin faints; at less than *that*!
Faints, or pretends it, at a *painted cat*!
Yer neither faints, nor trembles, strange to tell!
On the grave's brink, and on the mouth of hell.

Rapt at an *horse-race* for the *royal plate*,
Swears at the jockey that comes in too late;
Yet cool at heart, and with no eager eyes,
Surveys the racers for the *christian prize*:
Though *Heav'n's* the *plate*, giv'n by the *king of kings*,
Springs not himself, and laughs at him that springs.

Such

Such is this *God on earth* ; God that must *die* ;
 Yet might be *truly* deify'd on high.
 He shall, for so provides the Saviour's plan,
 If, while mere mortal, he sustains the *man*.

* * *



The M A N and M O L E.

ON flow'ry bank, the *north* behind,
 A shrew'd *half-reas'ner* lay ;
 A sullen gloom enrapt his mind,
 And yet, the month was *May*.

The sun's warm beams came round his head,
 And balmy was the gale ;
 No down was softer than his bed ;
 Poor wretch ! what cou'd he ail ?

This was his plaint : " Curse on thee, *fate* !

" For curse of thine's on me !

" I *am* ; am every *thing* I hate ;

" And yet am *bound* to be.

" Up to yon blue expanse, these eyes,

" How instantly they dart !

" Then, O for wing ! my *nature* sighs ;

" A sigh that wounds my heart.

" For

“ For wings, I want, while *eagles* fly !

“ Blest bird ! for blifs is thine :

“ The sun *improves* thy *stronger* eye ;

“ His beams but *darken* mine.

“ Blest is the *sun* ! for through all space,

“ He darts : *all* worlds he views :

“ I merely drag from place to place ;

“ Nor *that* if legs refuse.

“ Plac’d where he cannot fail to ken

“ What cannot be possess’d,

“ Is there of all the sons of men,

“ The fool that *dreams it best* ?

“ Of beings in superior spheres,

“ With blifs divine full-fraught,

“ No whisper should have reach’d our ears

“ To force the *afflicting* thought.

“ *Man*, scorning much the *worm* he treads,

“ Is *more a worm*, the while :

“ He worse than dies, in all he *dreads* :

“ *That*, even in *death* can *smile*.

“ The *wishing* worm is sure the worst,

“ If loss be worse than *gain* ;

“ With loss of all I wish, I’m curs’d,

“ While I *but* wish in *vain*.

“ But

" But *faith*, a thing that cannot *fear*,
 " For ever prone to *trust*,
 " Cries" "*Heav'n* to man, tho' strange his sphere,
 " Is *most profoundly* just.

" What *Heav'n* ordains, or but *permits*,
 " Should thankfully be priz'd,
 " Be silent, ye *blasphemous Wits*!
 " Praise *Heav'n*, ye *tantaliz'd*!"

Nay, *Heav'n's* severe, severest ways,
 Still *Faith*, takes mighty well!
 And fancies *Heav'n* deserves *high praise*,
 Ev'n from the *depths of Hell*.

" *Truth's* champion! *stung*, and *sterling* sense!
 " Thy party shall exclaim;
 " The *fools* that plead for *providence*,
 " Shall hence be cloath'd with *shame*."

The party lies; with *shameless* brow,
 One favour I must crave;
 If *Heav'n's* *unkind*, why darest thou
 That *harmless* thing, a grave?

Why wish in *vain*? For wish you *might*,
 And all your wish *secure*;
 Once *act*, once wish to *act aright*,
 Your heart shall *feel* it *sure*.

With

With *cause of dread*, all dread shall *end*,
 And *Hope* her Heav'n bestow ;
 And *Hope*, shou'd mortal ne'er *ascend*,
 Forms *Paradise below*. *

Fool ! not to recollect, yon fun
 The course *ordain'd* him goes ;
That course knows, *cheerfully*, to run,
 While that *alone* he knows.

More Folly urg'd in thought, and stile,
 Ridiculously odd ;
 Some think *all argument a smile*,
 And some dare jest with God.

Now *Nature*, spight of erring *will*,
 One *just* reflection made ;
 " If I am *obstinately* ill,
 " *Good Heav'n !*" Now *first* he *pray'd*.

The turf, that moment, at his feet,
 Heav'd ; and out crept a *mole* :
 The burning noon he cou'd not meet,
 Nor cou'd he find his hole.

" What, cry'd the *man*, what do'st thou here,
 " With those *scarce opening eyes* ?
 " Pray, is not *under-ground* your *sphere* ?
 " And can't your *sphere* suffice ?

" There,

"There, fool!" He smote the groper dead,
And stiff'ning as it lay,
Rouz'd *Conscience*, to the smiter said,
"Hear what that *mole* can say."

It spake, though dead: "High *noon* was found
"For a *Mole's* eye too strong;
"I sigh'd *beneath*, you *on* the ground;
"Both *Man* and *Mole* were *wrong*."

"Yet, friend, *your* error *kindly* bore
"The *power* that loves to *spare*;
"Let goodness melt, you shall see more,
"When more your eyes can *bear*."

"I shall; nor is my sphere so low,
"But I might rise *too soon*.
"My morning this; Heav'n shall bestow
"Me better eyes at *noon*."

Man! thou art right, there, there abide;
All *urging doubts* defy;
Faith, *Patience*, through life's *morning* try'd,
Ensure that noon the *sky*.

* * *

To



TO W I N T E R.

WINTER, be gone! for, who but hates thee
here?

Boys, only boys, thy hoary head revere :
She comes, whom *all the world* shall wish to stay,
Spring, at whose presence, thou shalt melt away.

* * *



B L U S H I N G D A Y.

DAY rises blushing, and well blush she may,
For when she rises, what a task her *Day*!
Copy for Man, but when will man be wise?
He to his task without a blush can rise.
If *Day* still blushes, that has acted right,
What cause has man for blushing ev'ry night!

* * *

E A R T H



EARTH and ATHEIST.

On the EARTHQUAKE.

EARTH, said an *Atheist*, with a wanton mind,
To *slay* her *children* proves a *parent kind*!

"My son, said *Earth*, and she was ne'er more
"grave,

"If e'er I *slay*, 'tis with a view to *save*,

"Save from a blow that would destroy *indeed*;

"An awful blow, by which the *soul* wou'd bleed;

"The *many* save, and sure no *cruel* view!

"By sudden, temporary death to *few*.

"And, truth, truth only, all the truth to say,

"Which seems my *darling* work to *spare* or *slay*?

"Have I not, feeling all the parent strong,

"Spar'd thousands? spar'd, at least, *one* son too

"long?

"Fain I wou'd *save*, but you elude me still;

"You'll one day *wish* me to be *kind* and *kill*."

* * *

USE



U S E of the S T A R S.

CODRUS, because their use he can't explain,
 Will have it that the stars were form'd in vain:
 For all the light they yield, he's bold to say,
 As many *farthing-candles* might convey ;
 And yet, of *marvels* who so fond as he ?
 The *bottle-conjurer* he burn'd to see.
 Once more, then *Codrus*, upward cast an eye,
 Nor wonder why those orbs were hung on high.
 Sure for no *trivial* purpose scatter'd there,
 If but for this, pert fool, to make *you stare*.

* * *



Another.

FOR something sure the stars adorn the skies ;
 Vain world ! if *upwards* they can tempt your
 eyes.

* * *

On

On the FIFTH of NOVEMBER.

I.

HOW shall we pay the praise we owe
To our delivering God ?
Ere *Rome* cou'd deal the fatal blow
She dropt her iron rod.

II.

To veil the plot no deeper shade
Cou'd Hell herself supply :
But night is noon, and Hell display'd
To an omniscient eye.

III.

She lives in spight of *Rome* or Hell,
Our *Britain* lives to-day :
Sires, to your sons the wonder tell :
Britain, your GOD obey.

IV.

Obey, and still an arm divine
Thy freedom shall secure;
Still shall thy sun the gospel shine,
Not noon so bright, so sure.

V.

May all the climes on earth be free,
Through all the gospel fly !
May every eye that sees it, see
The God of all on high !

U

* * *

On



On seeing AUTUMN BLOSSOMS.

Merely to blossom is not half the thing;
 Oft fails the tree that blossoms ev'n in spring:
 But fruit an autumn blossom ne'er design'd;
 'Tis thus with half, with more than half man-
 kind.

* * *



PLEASURE's TRIUMPH.

“ **C**ome hither, Man, said *Pleasure*, prithee do,
 “ And laugh thro' life.” Believing fool! he
 flew.

Pleasure so tickled him, he lost his breath,
 And Hell too laugh'd, when he had laugh'd to
 death.

For me suffice it, while a pilgrim here,
 By turns to wear a smile, and drop a tear;
 Content, that in my Father's house on high,
 Raptur'd I *live*, and not with rapture dye.

* * *



A MISER and his GOD.

TIT for TAT.

THE *Miser* keeps his *God* in hold ;
 The *Miser's God*, you know, is *gold*.
 That *God* will in a deeper cell,
 Confine the *Miser*. Where ? In —

* * *



A MISER and his ANGELS.

THE *miser* cry'd in death, "My *angels*, where?"
 "Transform'd to d—ls," answer'd grim *De-*
spair.

* * *



WEAN, CHILD, WEAN.

WHAT still a child? Still tugging at the breast
 Of mother *Earth*? Her milk's but four at best?
Wean, *wean*, disdain the rattle, and the rod,
 Shoot into man ; you're then a *child of God*.

* * *



The SWALLOW and FLIES.

Address'd to my COUNTRY.

BORN from the sun's meridian ray,
 The flies their airy gambols play,
 Enraptur'd. Of gigantick size,
 A *Swallow* came, no friend to *Flies*.
 Thousands he gorg'd ; survivors saw,
 And scatter'd wide to 'scape his maw :
 But soon their error they deplore,
 For, scatter'd, they decrease the more.
 What can be—done ? They re—collect,
 And these propose, and those reject.
 At length, unanimous, they yield,
 In *one vast swarm* to take the field.
 The fly that led them, was a fly
 For whom the rest e'en long'd to die.

Now round and round, the swallow flew,
 View'd the huge host, and durst *but* view ;
 Till urg'd by hunger, or by shame,
 Or both, with open bill he came.
 Dauntless they *stood*, (let critics smile,
 And swear they *hung*) all rank and file.
 Onset he made, and curs'd their blood,
 And bid the fly escape that cou'd.

“ Wedg'd

“ Wedg’d as you are, I’ll force you thinner !

“ Lo ! this whole column is my dinner !”

He wou’d have utter’d “ and be —

But, e’er with half that column cramm’d,

Choak’d he fell flutt’ring on the plain.

Hum went the host “ He’s slain ! he’s slain !”

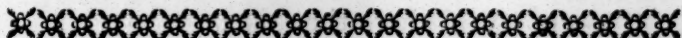
Round him in triumph, they alight,

And blow till they devour him quite.

Britain the moral sees, if wise,

“ In union all your safety lies.”

* * *



A F A B L E.

A Pair of *pidgeons*, of the wood,
Who lov’d as well as pidgeons cou’d,

Long liv’d each others joy and pride,

But *Tom* at length grew sick and dy’d.

The mournful mate turn’d all her love,

On their sole child, a daughter dove,

That pair’d not, if she wish’d to pair,

But made a mother all her care.

Their dwelling was a shatter’d nest,

Where both were well, or both distress’d.

There yet they dwell, how long they may,

So sad their lot, ’tis hard to say.

A tender parent’s being to prolong,

The daugh ter *cooes*, or say, she *sings a song*.

* * *

An H Y M N.

THE gospel first, like morning rose,
 'Tis now a noon-day sun ;
 O to improve the beams it throws,
 Before its race be run !

It shews the road where sinners stray ;
 They're lost if there they die :
 It shews us Virtue's better way,
 O thither let us fly !

There, now and then a thorn may tear,
 Yet there choice flow'rs abound ;
 Pardon, that sweetest flow'r is there,
 On this side heavenly ground.

Sweet path ! and not like folly's meads,
 That can't be safely trod :
 Here God's own hand the trav'ler leads,
 Till trav'lers reach their God.

* * *

An

An EPIGRAM.

MAN! thou'rt the flesh that guilt delights to blow
 For *Satan*, that insatiate carrion-crow.
 O for a *salt*! and O the *salt* is near,
 That will preserve thee! weep'it, 'tis a *tear*.

* *

An EPIGRAM on STOW.

ONE went to *Stowe*, and, in the garden, swore
 And damn'd his soul that he ne'er came before.
 "Sir, said a stranger, hearing him exclaim,
 (I'd thank that stranger, if I knew his name)
 "Yonder's a garden (*pointing upwards*) if you
 reach it never,
 "You'll damn your soul indeed, and damn for
 ever.

Another.

HAD I known this before! cry'd one, my dear,
 "I had been more impatient to come here!"
 His lady smiling, answer'd, "So had I!
 "May we repeat this dialogue on high!"



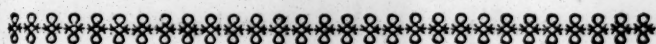
A BIRTH-DAY REFLECTION.

SWIFT fly the circling years ; a few of these
 Compleat this mortal life. O, with what speed
 I hasten to the house where silence reigns,
 And darkness never pierc'd by glimm'ring ray!
 Already hath my sun his zenith past,
 And downwards rolls: ev'n now, methinks, I see
 The ev'ning shadows rise, prepar'd to spread
 Their sable curtains round my lonely tomb.
 Sad scene were this, if here my thoughts must stay,
 Or travel on to realms of endless woe!
 But a fair prospect opens. What a scene!
 E'er my survivors decently bestow
 My lifeless body in its bed of rest,
 Th'unfetter'd soul shall mount, and strongly soar
 Ev'n to the perfect spirits of the just,
 To num'rous hosts of saints and angels join
 In all their songs sublime, and share their joys,
 Till from the dust my sleeping body call'd,
 Shall spring to life immortal: lo! the theme
 Excites the sacred flame within my breast,
 Enlivens all my pow'rs, transports my soul!
 'Tis heav'n to view these coming scenes of bliss
 Great God, my thankful heart adores thy love,
 Which hath prepar'd and promis'd to bestow
 Such glories on a *worm! a guilty worm!*

And

And now, with awful fear, with ardent love,
 With patience, hope, and joy, I'll travel on
 To my eternal rest. Almighty God,
 Support in sorrows, or from sorrows save!

B.



To ELIZA, on her BIRTH-DAY.

YES; you, *Eliza*, have sustained the shock
 Of those infirmities which have so oft
 In each revolving year essay'd to pull
 The feeble building down: the trembling lamp
 Of life is still preserv'd, though weak it burns;
 O may it vigour gain, the coming year!
 May health and downy peace, and sacred joy
 Be daily entertain'd, thy constant guests!
 Thy cares, and burdens all, by faith and pray'r,
 Cast on Almighty care; care that shall prove
 Thy refuge sure, in hours of deep distress.
 Each day ascend on Contemplation's wings
 Beyond the world of sense, and leave behind
 Its sorrows and its joys: direct thy thoughts
 To him who sits enthron'd, in realms of light,
 Array'd with peerless glory; there receives
 Perpetual homage from the num'rous hosts,
 That stand around him; view him looking down,
 With all the pity of a father's eyes:

See

See his indulgent hand, prepar'd to shed,
 Whate'er is best, whate'er his boundless love
 Can prompt him to bestow ; the charming view !
 How will it fortify thy feeble mind,
 And raise thy drooping courage ! How assist,
 In ev'ry conflict, till all conflict ends !
 And conquest puts on her eternal crown !

B.



M A N, an Odd One.

MAN, thou'rt an odd one, or I dream,
 The same scarce one day through ;
 Yet still, in *this* or *that* extreme,
 For man's extremes but two.

Perch'd on the pinnacle of *Joy*,
 Or *deep* in *sorrow's vale*,
 He fancies *nothing* can annoy,
 Or *nothing* can regale.

From pole to pole, as *light'nings* fly,
 Their travel you survey ;
 But *Man*, from point to point, *no* eye
 E'er met, *upon the way*.

Yet

Yet spot there is where *bliss abides*,
 Midway those points between;
 That spot (whatever always hides)
 By *modern* eye unseen;

A spot that clearly, heretofore,
 Was seen; by whom? *St. Paul*:
 That spot if *modern* eyes explore,
 Ah, first their *scales* must fall!

The spot's *content*; and why so *blind*,
 This *all-discovering age*?
 No *Ananias* can it find?
 The *Bible* shews the *sage*.

* * *



A DIALOGUE at the FIRE-SIDE.

A *Log*, that in the chimney, thus,
 Kept a strange pother *sus—sus—sus*,
 Was censured by a *beau*, who sat
 Before the fire; a thing *all chat*:

“Peace, there, *complainer*! for my part!

“Thou art all *sap*, and hast no *heart*.”

“Yes, heart I have, but ’tis on *fire*;

“And so is *thine*, it seems, with *ire*.”

“So

- " So now to *snapping* ! *snap—snap—snap* !
 " Thou'rt *wind*, I find, as well as *sap*."
 " And what's *thy prattle with the fair* ?
 " Mere *wind and sap*, friend, I declare."
 " *Poh* ! what a *smoke* is there ! and *smother* !"
 " In which *thou'rt* much my *elder brother*."
 " And, now, thou turn'st a *burning coal*."
 " *Repent*, or such e'er long, *thy soul*."
 " Thou'rt *ashes*." " Now the quarrel's o'er ;
 " In *Death*, *thou'rt* neither *less* nor *more*."

Suggest a moral hence I cou'd ;
Beaux, often, are but *Logs of wood*.

* * *



An EPIGRAM.

WHO sends, to court, a saucy message back,
 Because the *king* invites him by a *black* ?
 Then why, when sent for by the *King of kings*,
 Murmur, that *Æthiop's death*, the message brings ?

* * *

An H Y M N.

J EHOVAH reigns ! let *Earth* rejoice !
 And to his name her honours raise !
 Let *Nature* with one heart, one voice,
 The *parent* of *all being* praise !

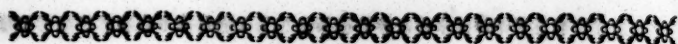
Nor *length* nor *breadth* exclude his sway ;
 Let *worlds* adore him, *far* and *near* !
 Nor *height*, nor *depth* his arm can stay ;
 Let *height* and *depth* the God revere !

Events are *all* beneath *his* eye,
 Whose councils first *ordain'd* 'em all ;
Kings, at *his* pleasure, live or die,
 Who deigns to mark a *sparrow's* fall.

'Tis far beyond *all human* skill,
 The *wonders* of his ways to scan :
 Let each *presumptive* thought be still !
Presumption was the *fall* of *man*.

Yet in this *doubting* *state* below,
 There's ground where *humble hope* may rest :
Man should *believe* what *angels* know,
 That all is *wise*, that all is *best*.

* * *



FORCE of PRAYER.

Strange force of *pray'r*! when a *Moth's* wish
ascends,
Omnipotence the thunder-bolt suspends.

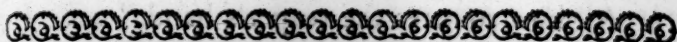
* * *



Riding over a DOWN.

LO! all the down with sheep o'erspread!
Here grazing some, some *sleeping* there;
This cart has *dung*, and that has *bread*,
Here *sports* a colt, there *squeaks* a mare.
Through all the deep'ning country round,
Cots, seats, and villages, and towns;
Between, gay meads, rich fields abound;
And all the scene yon *river* crowns.
From *hearths* what curling clouds arise!
Let *sparks* of gratitude ascend!
Ascend, and tell surrounding *skies*,
That *man* remembers *Heaven* his *friend*!
And while on earth a dwelling *mine*,
'Tho' but the humblest cot of *clay*,
'Thence daily to the *throne* divine
Some *grateful spark* shall find the way.

* * *

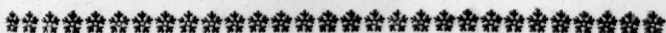


PLEASURE a GOLD-FINCH.

PLEASURE's a *Gold-Finch*, and thro' life's
short day,

For man she warbles many a charming lay ;
But, having wasted all her tuneful breath,
Turns *owl*, and hoots him thro' the night of death.

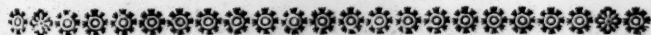
* * *



A L A D Y to her B R O T H E R,
who supports her.

A S his soft sister *Phæbus* gives to shine,
Brother, if I'm not dark, the beam is *thine*.

* * *



The F A R M E R and W H E A T - E A R.

A Farmer view'd, 'twas in *July*,
His fields, with this soliloquy,
" My corn's full ripe, and shall go down,
" To-morrow ;" here he scratch'd his crown.

" Lo !

“ Lo ! scarce an ear can upright stand !

“ All bow to meet the reaper’s hand.”

One *wheat-ear*, taller than the rest,
Heard, and the farmer thus address’d ;

But, first, it stood as near *upright*

As possible ; it cou’d not *quite*.

“ I meet the reaper’s hand ? Not I,

“ Like *man*’s my fore-head meets the *sky*,

“ So, good now ! send no reaper here !

“ But let me stand *quite round the year*.”

You shall, the farmer cry’d, and there,

He sets his mark ; the reapers spare.

It stood ; it saw its brethren fall,

Before the sickle, one and all ;

It stood, but not as preconceiv’d,

With *joy* of *all its friends* bereav’d,

It stood *alone* ; and *lonely* state,

Must needs a thousand fears create ;

And more than fears ; it felt, *some days*,

The *sun*’s intolerable blaze ;

From stalk and grain the moisture fled,

And, languishing, it hung the head :

Unprop’d by others of its kind,

Some days it suffered by the *wind*.

Beside it suffer’d twenty ways,

And suffer’d more than twenty days.

One day, as by the farmer went,

Thus, warmly begg’d the *penitent* ;

“ At

" At my request (I own 'twas wrong)
 " You spar'd me, but I've stood too long !
 " I've borne till I can bear no more ;
 " Convey me to your *threshing floor*."
 The farmer view'd, pick'd out a corn,
 And thus reply'd with taunting scorn ;
 " To *threshing-floor* convey thee—no !
 " Thou'rt neither fit to *sell* nor *sow* ;
 " The *year's* not out, by *many* a day :"
 With that he whistling went his way.

That night the *wheat-ear* fell to ground
 A hungry crow next morning found,
 At his *lean breakfast* much repin'd ;
 The *chaff* was *scatter'd* by the *wind*.

Such *this ear's* fate, cou'd worse betide ?
 From *their's* the *sickle reap'd*, how wide !
 Of these anew to cross the fields,
 One *sixty* grains, one *seventy* yields,
 And every grain the *following* year,
 Produc'd as much as *parent-ear*.

The *wheat-ear* was a type of *man* ;
 He longs to stretch his *scanty* span ;
Disease arrives when death is *best*,
 " O let me live !" is his request.
 He *lives*, for what ? *Too soon*, he'll know,
 He *lives* to *sink* from *bliss* to *woe* :
Lives, till ev'n *life* becomes a *pain*,
 He can't get rid of ; can't sustain.

He *lives* an heavier curse than all,
 To *worthlessness*, from *worth* to fall :
 He drops the *fell destroyer's* prey,
 Who *might* have liv'd another day ;
 Liv'd, and a *gayer season* found,
 Replanted on *celestial ground*.
 Me, *with*, or even without my leave,
 When *ripe* for heaven, let heav'n *receive*.

* * *



M A N and D I A L.

Man. **F**riend, what's a clock ? I beg you'd let
 me know.

Dial. Past six : I beg you'd to your business go.

Man. What now's the time ? *Dial.* Past nine :
 the day you see

Moves on apace ; a lesson this for thee.

Man. Come, what's the hour ? *D.* High noon ;
 has half the day

Been well employ'd, or idly thrown away ?

M. What time o'day ? *D.* Just three. *M.* So late ?
 you lye.

D. 'Tis false ; you might have been as fast as I.

M. Once more, what hour ? *D.* Six, like yon set-
 ting sun,

Can you look back, and say, *my race is run* ?

* * *

On G A M I N G.

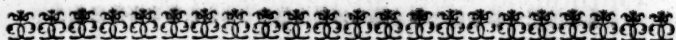
PRAY, why on Gaming cry eternal shame?
 All game, and shou'd; for all were born to game.
 The world's the table; some throw ill, some well;
 And ev'ry die or turns up heaven or hell.

* * *

LIFE, DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN,
 and HELL.

IN three short moments, *Death* shall teach us more
 Than *Life* in three long years, or in threescore:
 What *Death* conceals in judgment shall be known,
 Where *Truth* shall triumph, and there *Truth* alone.
 What then remains untold, to *Heaven* and *Hell*,
 That teacher great indeed, *Eternity*, shall tell.

* * *



The HARE and the FOX.

A F A B L E.

AS proul'd the *Fox*, one morning gay,
 An *Hare* in gambols, crost his way :
 The wanton stopt, and prick'd her ear,
 Something she heard, or seem'd to hear :
 Pat went her little heart with dread,
 And o'er her shoulder turn'd her head—
 A foe so strong ! a foe so nigh !
 Nor time had she, nor feet to fly.
 “ Neighbour (quoth *Reynard*) well I know,
 “ You take me for a mortal foe ;
 “ And hold yourself as good as slain ;
 “ But, pufs, you feel a needless pain ;
 “ For if my word, or oath can bind,
 “ You dream of what I ne'er design'd.
 “ No, you're as safe (come dare to smile)
 “ As, were no *Fox* within a mile :
 “ Think me your friend, five minutes spare,
 “ And talk we, as from *Hare* to *Hare*.
 “ Is not thy life with *fear* distress'd,
 “ A life without a moment's rest ?
 “ Why such a foolish timorous thing ?
 “ Guilt *may*, nay, guilt *must* wear a sting ;

“ But

- " But thou, from every crime art free,
 " Or thou, at least, art thought to be :
 " Thought by the *World* ; and fain would I
 " Think, with the same broad charity.
 " But, pufs ! I love to be sincere ;
 " To me I own the matter's clear,
 " There's something mainly wrong within,
 " Some darling, but some heinous sin :
 " In short, for I am all downright,
 " An *Hare* with me's an *hypocrite*.
 " Else, why those shudd'ings of the mind,
 " When a leaf rustles by the wind ?
 " However weak (and weak thou art)
 " Fear cannot touch an *honest heart*.
 " I am, myself, a proof of this,
 " Who ne'er knew any thing but blifs.
 " And why ? because *without pretence*,
 " I lead a life of *innocence*."

Thus *Reynard*, in presumptive stile,
 Harrangu'd ; and ended with a smile.
 Said *Pufs*, " I wish I cou'd with you,
 " (And only speak the thing that's true)
 " My *perfect innocence* aver !
 " But often, O ! I often err !
 " Yet from Hypocrisy I'm clear ;
 " I own my fault ; and own my fear ;
 " Nor am I e'en with all my woes
 " The perfect *wretch* that you suppose.

" Whate'er my faults, I can protest,
 " The *wilful* never stain'd my breast :
 " And then my heart delights in none ;
 " None but I wish and strive to shun :
 " Hence with less force, my fears annoy ;
 " Hence sometimes peace and sometimes joy ;
 " Nay, known I *have* the happy hour,
 " That laugh'd at fortune's fickle power :
 " And if my virtue I retain,
 " I hope to know such hours again."

" All cant, mere cant ! (the *Fox* reply'd)

" I see your virtue, and deride ;
 " 'Tis that (I know not how defin'd)
 " Which makes a saint among mankind.
 " *Virtue* with *me* is no such thing,
 " And *mine* is joy's eternal spring.
 " *Nature* is *Jove* in all, and *Jove*
 " Can never, never, teach to *rove*.
 " So ; that to which we all are prone,
 " Is good for all, and that alone."

Said *Puss*, " That *Reynard*'s prone to *spar*,
 " My mother's bones shall rise and *swear*.
 " 'Twixt you and me (I see, you smile)
 " Wou'd fate would throw an hundred mile !"
 " (Quoth *Reynard*) " Reason let me die !
 " Trembler, ignoble trembler fly !
 " And that we meet no more (adieu)
 " Fly you from me, and I from you !"—

They

They part—each sped a different way,
Puss sought her *food*, the *Fox* his *prey*;
 He sought, and found, and seiz'd, and slew
 A *lamb*, and o'er his shoulder threw:
 Then from its roost, a *Pullet* tore,
 And home the *double theft* he bore.

Puss fed, and *farm'd*, and chanc'd to spy
 That night the laden *Fox* go by:
 Unseen, behind her foe she stole,
 And ey'd him till he reach'd his hole;
 She saw him in, then ventur'd near,
 And to the hole apply'd her ear.
 Her ear was stunn'd with hideous yell,
 As bursting from the pit of hell.
 At length, the sounds began to rise
 Distinct, like bitter heart-felt sighs;
 Then, in a voice with weeping faint,
 Issued this horrible complaint:

- “ Wretch as I am! and must be so!
 “ But guilt gives nothing *sure* but woe.
 “ And *mine*, how bleeds my tortur'd mind!
 “ Is guilt of aggravated kind.
 “ These crimes there's nothing can atone;
 “ *To boast of virtues not one's own,*
 “ *And full against conviction strong,*
 “ *Instead of right to praise the wrong;*
 “ *And, worst of all, on censure bent,*
 “ *With crimes to charge the innocent.*

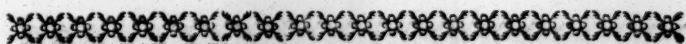
" All which I've done, and done to-day,
 " When with the hare I *seem'd* so gay ;
 " And *onely* seem'd, I felt within
 " What *she* from *fear*, though not from *sin*.
 " What wou'd — What wou'd I not resign—
 " To have that creature's conscience mine ?
 " The wound of mine, O ! who can tell ?
 " *Abroad* — but most at *home* 'tis hell ;—
 " Home, that should prove the dweller's rest,
 " To me's an adder in the breast !
 " The side, the ceiling, and the floor,
 " *This* strew'd with bones ! *those* stain'd with gore !
 " I feel a *thousand* times the pain,
 " Of every *lamb* and *chick* I've slain !
 " Their spectres stalk before my sight,
 " And call me villain every night.—"

The *Hare* withdrew, confirm'd still more,
 In what she thought the truth before,—

— That, spight of *Reynard's* boasting glee,
 He was no less a wretch than *she*.

My tale's too long, but censure not the plan ;
 The *Hare's* a good, the *Fox* a wicked man.
 The *first* is blest beyond what thousands see ;
 The *last* a wretch, whate'er he *seems* to be.

* * *

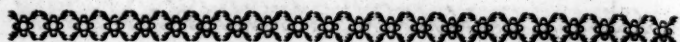


The PASSING-BELL improved.

THIS solemn sound awakes my serious thought:
Thus 'tis proclaim'd, one more of human race
Has shot the gulph, and chang'd the circling years
Of fleeting time for an e'er during state.
The body lies a pale unactive coarſe,
Fit for no uſe, but doom'd to rot away
In the dark priſon of the king of Terrors.
The ſoul now ſoars aloft on angel's wings
To a fair ſeat in realms of endleſs day;
Or elſe is ſinking, preſs'd by loads of guilt,
To regions of deſpair; muſt ſink for ever.
I thro' the ſame great change e'er long muſt paſs,
Perhaps this year begun may be my laſt,
And finiſh all the buſy ſcenes of life.
Prepare me, by thy grace, my deareſt God,
For this important moment; let a troop
Of thy celeſtial guards ſurround my bed;
There let them wait till all the bonds are loos'd,
Which have confin'd me in this houſe of clay
Groaning and burden'd; let them bear me then
A conqueror ſhoutiug to thy bliſſful preſence.

B.

ADO-



ADORATION of GOD.

THOU God of awful majesty,
Whose throne is fix'd beyond the sky,
How gladly I thy works survey!
What scenes of glory they display!

In order rang'd around thy feat,
Myriads of angels at thy feet,
With crowns cast down, their homage pay,
And saints releas'd from cumb'rous clay.

To thee my cheerful songs I'll raise,
To whom belongs my constant praise:
O may I all my pow'rs employ!
Be full of reverence, love, and joy!

Sweet work in this dark dreary vale,
Where daily fears, and griefs assail,
By which the soul prepares to join
In endless worship all divine.

B.

Quid



Quid sit futurum, &c. HOR. Lib. I. Od. 9.

CONTEMN the earth, with vigour heav'n pursue;
 Ask not what scenes shall open to thy view;
 But learn to drive all anxious thoughts away,
 And what so e'er th' allotment of the day,
 Or joy, or sorrow, reckon each thy gain:
 So shall thy mind in sweet tranquillity remain.

B.



Quid dedicatum, &c. HOR. Lib. I. Od. 31.

PARENT of Nature, grant me to enjoy
 These outward sweets, free from the sad annoy
 Of pain, and sickness; and while flesh detain
 Th' immortal mind, let all my powers remain,
 In their full vigour; keep my heart above,
 Fix'd on the realms of perfect light and love.
 So my declining years shall pass away,
 Like the gay evening of a summer's day:
 And if, when to the verge of life I come,
 I can, by faith, descry my heav'nly home,
 With cheerful smiles, I will resign my breath,
 And, tho' a victim, triumph over death.

B.



OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

RESTLESS mortals toil for nought ;
 Blifs, in vain, from earth is fought.
 Blifs, a native of the fky,
 Never wanders. Mortals, try ;
There you cannot feek in vain,
 For, to feek her is to *gain*.

B.



ON GEORGE BARNWEL.

BEhold the youth to love of virtue bred,
 In beauty's chains by vice a captive led:
 What fool, in error's border ever ftay'd ?
 To ev'ry other crime his firft betray'd ?
 Freedom once loft he panted to regain :
 And ftrove, to agony ; but ftrove in vain.
 Confcience remonftrates ; tortures tear his breaft ;
 Eafe ever quits the mind where guilt's a gueft.
 On, on he labours to the fouleft deeds ;
 His mafter's plunder'd, and his uncle bleeds.
 The curfed fyren, to whole arms he flies,
 Turns his accufer, and condemn'd he dies :

Pity

Pity the penitent insures from all,
 Yet who most pity, most approve his fall.
 A first temptation cherish, or repel,
 As life, or death, your choice ; as heav'n or hell.
 B.



L I F E R E V I E W ' D.

FAR I have travell'd in the rugged paths
 Of human life, and in my journey seen
 Much of the serpent's guile, the num'rous snares
 Of this vain world, the folly of my heart ;
 The boundless love and pity of my God.
 Thus I address'd him in the bloom of youth,
 When Death my tender parent had remov'd ;
 " Thou, LORD, shall be my father and my God ;
 " I give myself to thee." The solemn deed
 Acceptance gain'd : He took me for his own.
 His friendly counsel, and his quick'ning grace,
 Attend me still in all the varying scenes
 Thro' which I pass : His smiles revive my heart.
 What shall I render for his love, divine ?
 Bless him, my soul, with all thy wond'rous pow'rs ;
 My lips, in grateful songs extol his name ;
 My life be ever sacred to his praise !

B:

P A S S I N G -



PASSING-BELL.

HARK!—at what ear? At thine, my soul—
that *bell*,

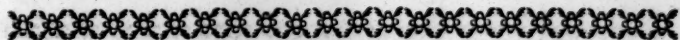
Wert thou *all* ear, has more than sound to fill it:
One who, *but yesterday*, 'twixt hope and fear,
Divided stood; a mere contingent all;
Or *this*, or that might happen; *both*, or *neither*;
Is now beyond the *curtain*! all to come,
He *sees*, in what he *feels*, or bliss, or woe!
All, yesterday, was but the *cypher* life.

(For when departed, seventy years are nothing)
That cypher *now* is *something*! *much*! how much?
More than can soon be counted! well it may!
'Tis thrown into a table of strange name,
Innumeration! and before it stands
The *sum* of *ev'ry* figure join'd for ever!

“Gone!” say’st thou? If from sorrows only
cheer’d,

At *intervals*, to scenes of sadness *all*,
I take thy *warning*! If from *checker’d* life,
To where an *intercepted* sun’s a *tale*,
At thy strong dictate, on this moment’s wing,
I fly to *preparation*!—When, of me,
Thou say’st as much, may *vice* and *virtue* hear!
For both may profit by thy *funeral sermon*.

* * *



On a ROBIN RED-BREAST,
that lodg'd in my House.

WElcome, pretty, harmless creature,
From the cold, and blust'ring wind;
Here, each night, thy tender nature
Safety, warmth, and rest shall find.

When the sun's returning rays
Drive night's gloomy shades away;
With thy soft, harmonious lays
Here salute the cheerful day.

From my chamber, when I come,
Let no fear invade thy breast.
Still my house shall be thy home;
At my table thou shalt feast.

Unconfin'd, or go, or stay;
No one e'er shall thee molest:
All my kindness thou'lt repay
With thy musick, tuneful guest.

B.

To



To the Reverend Mr. CLARK.

On Parting.

WHEN friends, *endear'd by absence*, meet ;
For absence will endear ;
How passionately *fond* they greet !
How cordially sincere !

Heart flies to *heart*, with *rapid* wing,
Reciprocally kind !
Closer than *lovers* can they cling !
'Tis *mind's* embrace of *mind* !

When rapt in social scenes *how* blest,
No language can define !
'Tis something—sure, 'tis *but* express'd
By that *high* term, *divine* !

But what, at parting, friends sustain,
Far less can language say !
'Tis all that's *exquisite* of pain,
And *scarce* with *hope's* allay !

Since

Since to the theme *no* terms were *just*,
 The muse no more will try.
 Part oft, on earth, my *Clark*, we *must* !
 We ne'er shall part on high !

J. GRIGG.



NATURE and MERCY.

NATURE, in her youth, we hear,
 Had her eye-sight, strong, and clear ;
 But in age, or story lies,
 First grew dim, then lost her eyes.
Mercy came ; without a fee,
 Couch'd her ; and she now can see ;
 See, but not as in her youth ;
 Yet, in spight of warning *Truth*,
 Affirms that *Mercy* ne'er was kind ;
 Affirms that she was never blind.
 " Quack ! says *Nature*, with a sneer,
 " Thank you, for my sight, my dear !"
Mercy was of temper mild,
 Or the sneer had turn'd her wild ;
 But, as *Pope*, his merit knew,
 When the libels round him flew,
 " Peace, she cry'd, and look'd so gay !
 " *Truth*'s my judge another day."
Truth, said *Nature*, shall decide.
 But the *Truth* she mean't was *Pride*.

Y

* * *
 An



An H Y M N.

AS we the Saviour seek, or fly,
Our lot is Bliss, or woe ;
We live, for ever live, or dye,
As he's our friend, or foe.

His heart is friendship, all, to-day,
“ Come, finners, come !” he cries ;
Speed, ye invited, wing away !
An endless crown's the prize.

Who calls to-day, to-day will save,
Let this deaf adder hear !
To-morrow, many a soul shall crave,
But find no mercy near.

The rock of ages wou'd, and can
Sustain, sustain us all ;
But woe eternal to the man
On whom that rock shall fall !

* * *

An



A N H Y M N.

WHEN stung by serpents, *Israel* cry'd
 For help, and help was near ;
Repentance never vainly sigh'd,
 To an eternal ear.

That ear, though weary'd long, still heard,
 Not *Israel's* crimes cou'd seal ;
 The *brazen serpent*, *Moses* rear'd,
 If seen, was sure to heal.

For nobler ends, see *Mercy* raise
Mount Calv'ry's wond'rous tree !
 The sun it darken'd, sinner, gaze !
 It shall enlighten thee !

Sin stings us all, and wound so sure
 What serpent else can give ?
 A *lifted Jesus* is the cure,
 Ye wounded, look ! and live !

* * *

An H Y M N.

BEHOLD a world of rebels rise
Against th' eternal king !
And many a wond'ring angel cries,
“ O, when will vengeance wing ?”

To give those angels new alarms,
Alarms of wond'ring joy,
See *Jesus* reach the world in arms !
But comes not to destroy !

O'er guilt, that mountain in his way,
He comes with tidings sweet !
And for the tidings they convey,
How beautiful his feet !

He comes, in his great father's name,
A pardon to propose ;
Ye courted rebels, peace proclaim,
And be no longer foes.

Else to the fiercest wrath will turn
The mercy now so mild :
Before that wrath begins to burn,
O world ! be reconciled !

* * *



H O R. Lib. II. ODE X.

WHO knows the art of living well?
 Exclaims the wand'ring world, ah! who?
 Yet ev'ry boy at school can tell,
 Rake as he was, old *Horace* knew.

And still our principles are sage,
 But sage our principles alone,
 The bane of this, and ev'ry age,
 Is scorning virtue, when she's known.

Rightly to live is this, no more;
 Not rashly, dare the dang'rous deep;
 Nor close along the treach'rous shore
 With meanly-tim'rous caution, creep.

The middle way, which, man if blind,
 Could hardly miss, resolve to hold:
 There, my philosopher, you'll find
 The stone that all things turns to gold:

The cot is despicably low,
 The palace just as vainly high;
 Here want resides, and want is woe,
 There envy's poison'd arrows fly.

Wind shakes the lofty pine-tree most ;
 The heaviest fall the tower sustains ;
 That summit shall the mountain boast
 Which thunders rend, while calm the plains.

For all events prepare the wise ;
 And mind prepar'd was ne'er betray'd ;
 Its midnight hopes a sun shall rise,
 Its noon expects an ev'ning-shade.

Jove beckons *Winter* ; at his nod,
 The tyrant comes, with iron-sway :
 " Tyrant, be gone," commands the God,
 And *Winter* can no longer stay.

Thy lot this moment if severe ;
 If such through many a moment past ;
 As sure as were it smiling here,
 The scene revers'd arrives at last.

Apollo's lyre, awake to-day,
 To-morrow sleeps through ev'ry string ;
 And trust me, friend, for trust you may,
 Who mourns this hour, the next shall sing.

Ev'n *Labour* may be *Labour's* foe ;
 A-while each anxious care suspend ;
Apollo loosens oft his bow,
 And why must your's for ever bend ?

Tho' now too sound sleeps ev'ry gale,
 For your weak voice to wake at will,
 Stand firm on deck, and tell your fail,
 "The port shall sure receive thee still."

But when the wind comes fair and strong,
 To shorten fail be all your care;
 Else, what you told your fail was wrong;
 Tho' near the port, you're never there.

* * *



P S A L M LXVII.

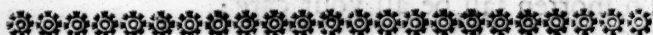
THE Mercy of the Lord descend,
 On ev'ry realm that sees the sun!
 And, to compleat a nobler end,
 Swifter than his, its radiance run!

Run, and the maladies of mind,
 Those worst of maladies reveal!
 Run like itself divinely kind,
 The maladies it finds, to heal!

Then shall the *saving health* be known!
 Then shall the nations boast they live!
 Health of the *Soul* is health alone;
 And *life* no *other* health can give.

O come, the kingdom wish'd so long!
 Let ev'ry age salvation see!
 And with a universal song,
 The world, in raptures, bow the knee!

* * *



P S A L M XXXIV.

WHILE we have tongues the song to raise,
 Our tongues shall sing *Jehovah's* praise;
 Souls that have hop'd for mercy long,
 Shall hope with patience, from our song.

Our cry was ardent; mercy heard,
 And rescu'd from the ruin fear'd;
 Fear fled before delivering grace,
 And rapture kindled in her place.

To God when virtue tells her pain,
 Ease shall arrive, or God sustain;
 Pray'r never yet was cloath'd with shame,
 Nor ever shall while God's the same.

His eye, each moment, night and day,
 Dwells on the man that loves to pray:
 Sighs often wasted, still may soar,
 His ear drinks all, and stoops for more.

Whil

While he but means to frown anon,
The sinner, and his name is gone ;
But what avails that mem'ry dies ?
For, where's the soul, with waking eyes ?

Fear him, and smile ; for safety's sure,
If camp of angels can secure :
Fear God, and God himself is near ;
Fear God, and feel no other fear.

Fear him, you then, have *leave* to rest
Upon his care ; and then, are blest ;
'Till then, howe'er it overflows,
The cup of life no joy bestows.

Fear him, and you ensure a friend
All good to grant, all ill suspend ;
In vain if hungry *lions* roar ;
Bread ne'er shall fail the pious poor.

Peace, if you wish in all your ways,
Wish to be blest with length of days,
Wish a celestial crown to gain,
Fear God, and all you wish attain.

Ask what the fear of God can be ?
The plain, short lesson, learn of me,
Truth only let your lips impart ;
To truth alone resign your heart ;

Bid

Bid ev'n your darling sin adieu;
 And duty's hardest path pursue;
 Then, he that can all seas controul,
 From trouble's wave shall snatch thy soul;

Shall snatch thy soul from trouble's wave,
 When only power divine cou'd save;
 When all thy breaking heart can say,
 Is "Lord! I must be cast away!"

On trouble's wave let *him* despair,
 Who sees no Saviour walking there;
 But contrite souls their God behold,
 On ev'ry wave by trouble roll'd.

And soon the final wave shall roar;
 Soon they salute the heav'nly shore;
 Thence to survey the sea they cross'd;
 For, never trusting soul was lost.

* * *

A LOOKING-GLASS to PHILLIS.

POOH! *Phillis*, ask me nothing more!
 I tell thee thou art fair.
 But on a glass within thee pore,
 Thou'lt see no angel there.

* * *



CELIA, an INCURABLE.

CELIA contemplates o'er and o'er,
 The charms her mirror shews;
 And tho' all vanity before,
 A vainer thing she grows.

Here wit, if wit be just, can find
 But little cause to smile:
 For what can e'er reform a mind,
 Which *Truth* but helps to spoil?

Yet *Truth* is blameless, life *must* go,
 When ev'n *specifics* kill:
 But where the poison lies, we know;
Truth's a *specific* still.

IMITA-



IMITATIONS from OWEN.

I.

WHEN flames his heart, like sap from fire
that flies,
A lover's tears come trickling thro' his eyes.
Oh! *Damon*! have I touch'd thee to the quick?
A weeping lover is a sappy stick.

* * *



II.

Motion to paint ('tis truth, I vow)
Nor *Phidias*, nor *Apelles* knew,
Yon *river* paints it. *Nature*, thou
Do'st more than *Art* can ever do.

* * *



III.

Voice, paint, or carve, no human artist can;
Echo does more. Sink, sink, aspiring Man.

* * *

I.V

IV.

All ear the blind, all eye the deaf appear :
 These see with ears, and those at eyes can hear,
 Who tell you nature treats her children ill,
 Reproach her, she's an equal parent still.

* * *

V. To a MISER.

Iron thy chest, and iron is thy door ;
 Thy hand is iron, and thy heart is more.

* * *

VI. The EQUAL PAIR.

In temper, wit, form, age, wealth, graceful air,
 In ancient noble ancestry, they pair ;
 Yet she deserves a worthier man for life ;
 And he, if possible, a worthier wife.

* * *

VII. PROVIDENCE equal.

Some rich, some poor, thro' all the world you'll
 find ;

Hence Folly cries, " Sure *Providence* is blind !"
 But *Wisdom* holds what sets the matter clear,
Hope dwells with *Poverty*, with *Riches* *Fear*.

* * *

VIII. HOMER.

Nothing, but for its contrary, cou'd be ;
Homer was blind, his writings, therefore, see.



IX. TRUTH and ERROR.

Truth loses nothing by the beams she throws ;
Error's a snow-ball, gathering as she goes.

X. To an ILL WOMAN, pulling out
 WHITE HAIRS.

O spare those locks ! they have not long to stay !
 Sin soon shall pluck what sin has turn'd so grey !



XI. BLOOD and MERIT.

Your boast is blood and merit ; so is mine :
Jesus, that merit, and that blood of thine.

XII.

XII. KING and PEASANT.

Life marks the prince's from the peasant's lot,
 By all that lies betwixt a crown and cot :
 Death brings them nearer, yet not joins them quite;
 One finds a tomb, and one a turf as light.

* * *

XIII. Shut your WINDOW, and your DOOR.

That nothing vain you see, or hear,
 Fasten your *windows*, front, and side ;
 And least your vanities appear,
 Set not your *folding-doors* too wide.

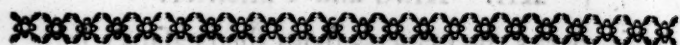
* * *

On seeing Mrs. ——— look at the SUN.

SHE views the sun, and he a sun surveys,
 Dazling, and dazled; blaze contends with blaze:
Phæbus looks longest ; hence, the flatt'ring sky
 Shouts "*Phæbus, Phæbus*, has the brightest eye !"
 The world observes, and reasons strictly right,
 " Yon sky's a sophist, *bold* she construes *bright*.
 " Ours, without flatt'ry, is the brightest sun,
 " Shame has the *Goddeſs*, while the *God* has none.

* * *

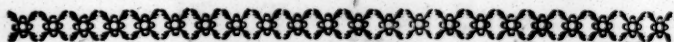
P E E R



PEER and FOOTMAN.

IF the *Peer* drops, and *Tom* sustains his place,
Tom turns the *Peer*, whose footman is *his Grace*.

* * *



EPITAPH on a L A D Y,
 By her BROTHER:

THIS tomb contains, however strange to say,
 A brother's *love*, and but a sister's *clay*.

* * *



MOUNTAIN and VALLEY.

THE mountain *Pride*, 'tis vain to sow,
 For not a grain 'twill bear:
Humility's a vale, and lo!
 'Tis always harvest there!

With fire that in *this* mountain glows,
 Not *Ætna's* entrails vye:
 The eye that knows this valley, knows
 A vista to the sky.

* * *

P S A L M



P S A L M XCIV.

Applied to BRITAIN and FRANCE.

TO Vengeance let the LORD arise!
For vengeance is the LORD's alone:
He is the judge whose piercing eyes,
Leave not one circumstance unknown.

O! shall the mountain *Pride* ascend,
Till it can rush on all below!
Shall *Vice* her conquering arm extend,
And never meet a stronger foe?

Beneath her never-sparing hand,
Shall strangers, orphans, widows, fall?
Shall she lay waste heav'n's fav'rite land?
Stab *Virtue*, and enslave the ball?

"The LORD, she cries, has ne'er survey'd,
"Or, on the world no care bestows."
Fool! when that very world he made,
And this, for all her boast, she knows.

Z

Nor

Nor eye, nor ear enjoys the mind
Who planted all our ears, and eyes ?
Who blest, with wisdom, human-kind,
With all but *Vice*, wou'd pass for *Wife* ?

Yes, and though fancy'd far away,
Her blasphemies have reach'd his ear.
And wing, O mercy ! wing the day,
When blasphemy shall find him near !

The LORD may chasten us, who knows
The way to make a people blest :
Tears water wisdom, when it grows,
The LORD shall give his people rest :

Rest till the pit, now deep'ning fast,
The swelling monster can contain ;
Then down the monster shall be cast,
And roar for help, but roar in vain.

All worlds shall wonder at the fight !
All worlds prepare the grateful song !
All worlds shall own the judgment right !
And wonder heaven cou'd spare so long !

A pit for *Britain* was design'd,
And *Britain* to the brink was brought ;
She pray'd, and Heav'n, for ever kind,
Salvation for the victim wrought,

Again

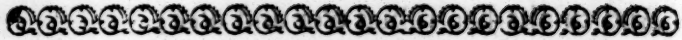
Again upon the brink she stands,
And thinks her follies o'er and o'er;
Now smites her breast!—now lifts her hands!—
And he shall save, who sav'd before.

For, lo! the *trembler* dares to *trust*!
And all *such* confidence avails.
Vice may *presume*; but GOD is just,
And therefore, the *presumer* fails.

Shrewd as she is, and framing laws,
To crush the world and shake the sky;
Her plans too large, till in her cause,
She can engage the *best ally*!

Then let her boast, for boast she may;
But first, some unknown arts be try'd!
For he whom gold will ne'er betray,
Stands sworn to aid a different side.

* * *



P S A L M C.

SING to the LORD, from east to west!
 Let north and south a tribute bring!
 With sacred joy beat ev'ry breast!
 And ev'ry tongue the rapture sing!

Serve him, with ev'ry thought sincere!
 Then, rapture cannot burn too strong:
 Then, never can his saints appear
 Before him, with too rais'd a song.

Know, that the LORD is GOD! who made,
 Man's wond'rous breath-supported clod!
 Who man's amazing soul convey'd!
 Our friend! our father! and our GOD!

We are the people of his choice!
 His pastures feed! he guards us there!
 Well may the little flock rejoice,
 Blest with this gentle shepherd's care!

Enter with praise, his house below!
 Court to his temple in the sky!
 Here, to his name, our altar glow!
 Anon, we're kings, and priests on high!

The

The LORD is good, and who can say
 How far his mercy shall extend?
 Mountains of guilt it smiles away:
 All bound it scorns; it knows no end.

Yet is the LORD as just as kind!
 Fire shall consume earth's goodly frame;
 But, saints and sinners, you shall find,
Truth varies not! and God's the same.

* * *



Riding round the GREAT OAK.

A Farm of *Parkly's*, at the hall,
 One *Satfield* hir'd; nor large, nor small;
 'Twas just an hundred pounds a year,
 And reckon'd neither cheap nor dear:
 With unremitting toil and care
 He liv'd, and something had to spare.
 At half year's end he surely went,
 And, at the mansion, paid his rent.

One day, as rent was tend'ring down,
 'Twas found deficient, just a crown;
 His head he scratch'd!—his shoulders shrugg'd!--
 And from left fob, his purse re-tugg'd!--
 Turn'd inside-out!—Thrice, shook it well!
 But nothing!—Nothing!—Nothing fell!--

When three times told, 'twas all the same!—

“ So! here's some blunder of my dame!

“ She told it fifty, I dare say,—

“ I met no gypsy by the way!”

Something besides, he mumbled o'er.

Quoth *Parly*, “ Teaze yourself no more;

“ The crown I promise to forgive,

“ If you'll acquaint me how you live;

“ Keep a sick wife; breed children five;

“ And, as the country has it, *thrive*;

“ Yet, never fail your rent to pay,

“ Each *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*.

“ My farm, you know is thrice the size;

“ And snug within itself it lies;

“ And 'tis my *own*, yet, I protest,

“ I can but drag along, at best.”

Said *Satfield*, and he shook his head,

“ Why, maister, somewhat mought be said;

“ But, if-and that, the thing be so,

“ Truth, landlord—I know what I know!”

“ Then, what you know discover; do;

“ And I shall know—what I know, too.”

“ Aye, maister, but 'tis sometimes best,

“ To curb the truth; so let it rest.”

“ Come, give it rein.” “ You'll take it ill?”

“ No; call *me* tenant, if I will.”

“ Why then, six mornings, all together,

“ At six o'clock (and heed no weather)

“ Round

“ Round your great oak in *Farfield* ride,
“ Three times at least, what’er betide ;
“ Then home to breakfast : On your life,
“ Be secret ; trust not ev’n your wife :
“ Saddle your mare yourself, and strait,
“ Steal slyly through your hunting-gate.”
“ Go, you’re a wag.”—“ But mark my rule,
“ And, if it fails you, call me fool.”

They part. That night, upon his bed,
Parkly recall’d what *Satfield* said.

“ What if I rise, and take my mare,
Thought he ? There’s health in morning-air.”
The oddness of the whim possess’d,
And, for his heart, he could not rest.

At five, he rose ; not madam knew ;
At six, the hunting-gate went through :
O’er the first field, went all-so-fast ;
But o’er the rest at leisure, past.
Full oft, he stopt, with “ None so fine !
“ Are these the grounds that once were mine ?
“ *Mine* still I ween ! but what they be,
“ ’Tis hard to say, for hard to see !
“ Once *were* they *grounds* ? they still are so,
“ Else, whence cou’d all these thistles grow ?
“ That ever I was bred or born !
“ Fallow the fields that shou’d be corn !
“ That, shou’d be fallow, corn, is there !
“ These hedges down !—Yon meadows bare !

“ Wheat call we this ? What ears ! they seem

“ Lanker than those in *Pharaoh's* dream !—

“ I wonder, (for 'tis out, by now)

“ I wonder where my team's at plough !

“ My sheep not folded all this night !

“ Was ever farm in such a plight ?”

Farfield, at length, he reach'd, full sad ;

And 'twas the farthest field he had ;

The oak, as bid, rode three times round.—

As he returns, new troubles wound.—

His neighbour's field for harvest brown ;

His own all green, or trodden down !

At home he lights, his mare puts in.

His horses where ? Some at the bin !

Some deep in dung, instead of litter !—

His very soul was in a twitter !

The teat still weeping for the pail !

In every barn slept every flail !

Round kitchen-hearth, slept cats and curs !

The servants fast !—But, hark ! one stirs !

Down creep the maids in loose attire,

To dress 'em prattling round the fire !

The maids, at sight of master, fled,

And dress'd above !—Now, down came *Ned* !

And *James* !—and *Tom* !—and *Will* !—and *John* !

“ Vile drones ! are these your goings-on ?

“ Out of my house !”—Their due he paid,

And turn'd off every man and maid ;

Took a new set; his ride renew'd
 Next morning; all his grounds review'd.
 Oak was forgotten; for his breast
 The drift of *Satfield's* counsel guess'd.

Fast, his observ'd affairs amend :
 He borrow'd once; he now can lend;
 And *Satfield*, to his heart's content,
 Was thank'd; with what?--A twelvemonth's rent.
 Still tenants, all the country through,
 The story tell, and tell for true.

Who farm their own, yet snore in bed
 At six o'clock, will farm unsped.
 Large ricks and barnfuls wou'd you see?
 Rise, and ride round the great oak-tree.

* * *



AUTUMN to BRITAIN.

PRITHEE, *Britain*, tell me why,
 From the foul, that spending sigh?

Winter must arrive; but know,

I can teach to quell the foe.

He may point, and point he will,

To the barren vale, and hill,

To the vine whose grapes are lost,

To his realms of snow and frost;

But,

But, your barns, with corn I've stor'd;
Plenty waits to crown your board:
 Broach your cellar, laugh, and sing,
 Toasting me, with *Church and King*.
Elm and *ash*, for fuel, fell;
Oak will conquer *France* as well:
Winter! smoke out both his eyes!
 Smoke him!—smoke him till he dies,
Coffin him! in what you ask?—
 Yonder stands an *empty cask*.
 Burn him; 'twas the ancient way;
 Were he *living*, flame would slay.
 Let the chimney-piece, to fame,
 Give his actions, with his name.
 Of his actions, choose the best,
 Be the matter thus exprest;
Winter, at the chimney-side,
 Held a jovial feast, and dy'd.

* * *



Choosing a WIFE by a PIPE of
 TOBACCO.

TUBE, I love thee, as my life;
 By thee, mean to choose a wife.
 Tube, thy *colour* let me find,
 In her *skin*, and in her *mind*.

Let

Let her have a *shape* as fine ;
 Be her *breath*, as sweet as thine.
 Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn, like thee, to give me bliss ;
 Never burn to thwart my will ;
 Never burn to use me ill.
 Let her in some *smoke* or other,
 All my failings, kindly, smother ;
 Often, when my thoughts are *low*,
 Send them where they *ought to go* ;
 Often hint (as thou, when spent)
 " Life's lent, for a moment, lent."

* * *



H O R A C E, Ode IX. Lib. I.

Imitated.

BEhold—but what? Hill, vale, and plain
 Are gone to bed in sheets of snow ;
 Scarce can the trees their load sustain,
 And first forbids the streams to flow.

Pile, pile, your hearth, and scorn the cold,
 Pile till the blaze salutes the sky,
 Then broach your gen'rous four years old,
 Nor spare it till the cask runs dry.

All

All else be to the Gods resign'd,
Soon will they calm yon raging deep ;
Through oak and cypress, ev'ry wind
On op'ning leaves, lay fast asleep.

To-morrow's lot thou can'st not say,
To wish it is the bane of Man ;
He pleases Heav'n, who oft to-day,
Makes something, makes the most he can.

Nor love despise, nor dance, nor song ;
Youth is the moment for delight,
Morose old age arrives, e'er-long,
Old age pronouncing nothing right.

At evening, swains, and softer maids
Than evening gales, in groves may meet,
Or at fix'd hour, through palisades,
Two safely whisp'ring lovers greet.

Lo *Delia* hid ! so deep, no doubt,
You have forever lost your dear !
Imagine these to search her out ?
Said not that laugh, " I am *not* here ?"

So cruel 'twas to find the fair !
Her bosom how the thought alarms !
She'll have her vengeance you may swear,
And hide, next time, *within your arms* !

Why

Why snatch that ribbon from her breast ?

'Twill never more your touch endure ;

“ Man is *so* strong ! but I protest——

“ You wou'd not have my ring too sure !”

“ He has it ! but remember, friend,

“ You had not thus obtained your point,

“ But that my finger cou'd not bend,

“ Because 'twas once put out of joint.”

Thine ear, O Truth, if this offends,

'Tis at the worst, but harmless art,

And some who feign at finger's ends,

Are blest with quite an honest heart.

* * *



To a Gentleman, who argued against the
Notion of a Deity, from the observed
Sameness of the World, through so many
Centuries.

SMART reas'ner, yes ! the world, we all well
know,

Stands as it stood two thousand years ago ;

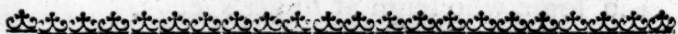
Unshaken stands—Hold ! that is not strictly true ;

It sometimes trembles with the weight of *you* !

Nor

Nor stands the world *precisely* as of old,
Sinners there were ev'n then, *some sinners bold*;
 But none *so bold to doubt*, and to proclaim,
 They doubted if from GOD all Being came.
 Such thoughts, if nourish'd at a *villain's heart*,
 Not hell itself durst prompt him to *impart*.
 An atheist *real* was a phrase unknown,
 A *public* atheist, *proud* that name to own;
 A *modern* this, a *monster*, and more fell
 Than those of *Afric*, would be SHEWN in *Hell*.

* * *



POPISH PARDON.

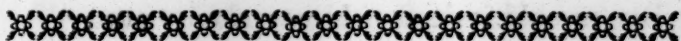
FOR sins past, present, and to come,
 One bought his pardon. For what sum?
 Ten thousand pounds, in sterling gold,
 Into the pontiff's chest was told;
 But there not long the treasure stay'd,
 The wag who paid it, thence convey'd.
 Seiz'd was the thief, but dauntless cry'd,
 "I'm pardon'd!" "True! the pope reply'd,
 "And shall be hang'd!" "Hang'd!" "Sure as fate!
 "For this the church has rear'd the state.
 "Expect to rob, and not to swing?
 "'Tis more than I wou'd grant a king!

" If

“ If priest may do’t, the world shall own,

“ It may be done by priest *alone*.”

To jail he went, as caitiff goes,
Was try’d, cast, hang’d, the gallows knows :
Hang’d, and what sureseems something odd to tell,
The very church that hang’d him, sav’d from hell.



On a L A M B.

A Lamb that in a vale was bred,
There, for a while, contented fed,
And skipp’d with joy ; but on a time
Must needs a neighbouring mountain climb.
Quoth *Dam*, a parent kind, “ My dear,
“ You know this place, you know, ’tis here.
“ Rich is your food, and sweet your play,
“ You’ll rue the moment if you stray ;
“ For on that hill, no food you’ll find,
“ But brambles, thistles, docks, and wind ;
“ And should you fall”—“ No more, no more,
The wanton cry’d ; “ My fate deplore,
“ When fate arrives, adieu, adieu.”
It bleated twice, and pleas’d, withdrew :
The summit of the mountain gain’d,
And there was pleas’d, or pleasure feign’d ;
For on the dam it cast an eye,
And cry’d, “ Behold me at the sky,

“ So

“ So rich my pasture, that I vow,

“ I never tasted life till now :

“ Sure fillier than a sheep you’ll grow,

“ If still you bear a lot so low !”

Here wisdom beams—The lamb now found
Its head turn round, and round, and round :

Down, down it tumbled to the vale,

But reach’d it dead. Here ends my tale.

Let children read and learn it through,

My little lambs, ’twas writ for you.

Your parents with delight obey,

From lowly valley never stray ;

When you behold the mountain *Pride*,

Think of the lamb that climb’d and dy’d.



LETTERS.

Dear Madam,

O *Happiness! our Being's end and aim!* Was the sentiment with which I fell a-sleep; and this was the vision of my pillow.

Upon the edge of a town I overtook a venerable old man, of whom I enquired, "What agreeable town, father, is that before us?" "Agreeable, is indeed, the proper epithet, son, said he; for the name of the town is *Prosperity*; and if my company thither may be acceptable, it is at your service. It is true, I am but slow-footed, but

A a then,

then, according to the proverb, I am sure. I am in no great hurry, sir, said I; and, for the sake of your company, will gladly accommodate myself to your pace. "Not to be too fond of making my worthy self the subject of conversation, said he, the general foible of old age, a man may be twice in my company, without repenting it once." Of this I was pretty readily convinced; for we had not made twenty steps together, before the old gentleman had made at least half the number of weighty observations upon human life.

As we entered the town, "See, said he, what fine walks! and what fine company! I believe you have now in view most of the inhabitants; for the town is not over populous. You appear to be highly delighted, son?" "I am, answered I; for how gay!"—"Gay even to wantonness, interrupted he; but look you, my son!" That instant some were hurried off the walks by a spectre; some by a second, and some by a third. "The third spectre, observed he, is *Death*, the other two are *Poverty* and *Sickness*, who are almost continually plying here to bear off whom they may, to the

town

*

town of *Affliction* yonder, in the valley." I asked the name of the walks, and was answered, "The walks of *guilty pleasure*, paths of the destroyer. But, will you step into that sweet little garden?" continued he. In we stepped, and a sweet garden it was. The company was far from numerous, but *such* smiles upon their countenances! "The name of this garden?" said I eagerly. "*Innocent Pleasure*," said my companion. A grave person presenting at the gate, cried, "Away, my friends, away." The company issued, and we after them; my instructor having cured me of wishing to tarry, by acquainting me, that we were beckoned out by *Reflection*, because to continue there too long was the forbidden fruit of that garden.

Passing through the town, we came to the foot of *Wealthy-Hill*; a hill which I did not care to ascend, because I observed it to be darkened with a large funeral procession. It was the corps of *Lord Cupulo*.

On a rising ground, we observed the *square of Competence*; as neat a *square* as one should see, but overlooked by *Wealthy-Hill*,

from whence mischievous urchins, nay some big boys, were continually throwing stones at children in the *square*, who by their situation were unable to take a revenge. It was evident, however, that the children of the *Hill* copied their parents, who appeared fond of injuring the parents below.

We made several efforts to see the *Court of Honour*, but to no purpose ; for if, borne along by the multitudes pushing for the threshold, we gained two or three of the first steps, it was only to be driven back again with the crowds carried off by the *spectre, Disgrace*.

“ Now son, said the *Sage*, let us visit the valley ;” and we set forward : but when within a mile of the place, I had no remaining curiosity to satisfy, and would gladly have been excused going any farther ; but my guide insisting on my seeing the town, I complied, and we reached it ; but *seeing* it was a thing almost out of the question, for its atmosphere, though not quite so substantial, seemed well-nigh as incapable of transmitting light as a mountain-town ? City was its properest name, for the houses even clustered ; and when we
had

had travelled in it, miles and miles, I was told we were yet but in the suburbs. O! the sighs of prisoners through their grates! Of children for bread! Of parents not able to supply it! Of the dying! Of the wishing to die! Of the *Jobs* cursing their days! The prodigals their crimes! The blasphemers their souls, and their Maker! “Enough, enough, said I, in sad truth! Let us be gone, before it be worse with us!” That moment was I flat upon the ground; for here a rough stone, and there a deep hole, was the general run of the streets; if streets one may call what, in any other city, would not have past for good kennels. This disaster befel me just by a corner-house that stood partly in *Poverty-Lane*, and partly in the *Lane of Disease*, two lanes that shot into one another, at an *acute* angle. “Here, said my fellow traveller, lives my friend *Lazarus*, to whose care I commend you.” With that he knocked at the door, and delivered me to the person that opened it, a man in whose countenance you might discern a contest betwixt sorrow and satisfaction. “How is it with you?” said my host. “Sorely bruised,” an-

swered I. "It had been a wonder, said he, if you had escaped our town, sound and whole; sit you down kindly;" and he led me to what he called an easy chair, but what proved to me but one degree easier than the ground I fell upon. "Brother, said he, for to love as brethren is one of the fine morals to be learned in this town, I dare say, my old friend had no ill design in bringing you hither." "And, pray, who is this old friend of yours?" answered I, for I know not his name. He was indeed so kind as to shew me the town upon the hill; but for dragging me into this dungeon, I cannot speak much of his kindness." "His name, said he, is *Experience*: you are young; 'twill bring you better acquainted with him, and to know him well is to value him highly." Here, at the instance of my host, I recited the adventures of the day, and then desired a sketch of his history, which abridged, was this: "*Disease* and *Poverty* brought him to this present habitation."

We now fell into discourse concerning the inhabitants of the town; and among other questions I demanded, in the name
of

of wonder, how he could appear so happy in a place, where, if it was only for the company, a man must necessarily be wretched. To which he answered, " I will not indeed pretend to be happy, where it is impossible any man should be so; for you know at what corner I stand. Not that my condition is that of a wretch compleat; for I know multitudes, who would rejoice to accept it, in exchange for their own; wretches who live upon the *bank of Despondency*; and who, if they unhappily slip into the *deep ditch Despair*, are, at once, fast in the mud, and never stir afterwards; wretches indeed, and wretches, whom, were it possible, one would not pity, because to pity them is only, for the time, to become almost as miserable as they are. But as for the rest of the neighbourhood—In short, our *old friend* has taught me, that there is a sweetness in sympathizing with *equal sufferers*; and perhaps, it may rise, chiefly from reflecting that one has but neighbour's fare. Besides, I may possibly, be happier than many would be upon the same spot, at least of those who had once lived on *Wealthy-Hill*, or in *Competent-Square*;

for none so ill brook their lot in this town as they who came from the *town of Prosperity*; and of such, few find, in this place, a situation preferable to mine; they are most of them ranged along the *bank of Despondency*; nay, my very next door neighbour on *Wealthy-Hill*, is now a statue in the *mud of Despair*." Here I fetched a deep sigh. "Come, come, said he; let us avoid the *bank Despondency*. You are got lame, and so am I; what then? Why we may come the feldomer into harm's-way. For my part, when I had my legs upon *Wealthy-Hill*, I was apt to be venturesome, and was always in one mischief or another. 'Tis true, *Lazarus* is my name, and *Lazarus* I am; but when I get into my *observatory*, O I am a very *Moses* in my *observatory*!" "Your *observatory*?" said I. "Ay, ay, said he, a rare place! A rare place, assuredly! You must know I had one upon *Wealthy-Hill*, and in *Competent-Square*; but was rarely in it. Particularly upon *Wealthy-Hill*, where if I thought of going up, *such a flight of steps*! thought I: and then I clambered—in truth as man would, when *nothing ailed him*, that is, one-foot to-day—to-

to-morrow-an-other. And besides that my knees were liable to the cramp upon those *stairs*, my pockets, which were generally pretty full, were a dead weight upon me. The place, indeed, when gained, was, for a few minutes, well enough; but at the first thought of my *iron chest*, I was down again without touching the *stairs*. But, come, shall we mount?" "If we can," said I. "Can!" returned he; I *believe* we can, and therefore it is *possible*." In short, we mounted like—two *cripples*; that is, we ascended the *stairs* upon our hands and knees, and were instantly in the *observatory*, in which stood a *mounted telescope* pointing upwards. My host looked and turned the *instrument* to me. I looked, and exclaimed, What a city! "City!" said he; why it is the *new Jerusalem*!" "What an assembly," said I! "The *church of the first-born*!" said he. "What seats yet empty!" said I. "Mansions," said he, for us and our brethren! If you see *Moses*, tell him he is but a *story* beyond us." That moment a cloud came before the end of the *glass*, and sp oiled all; in a minute it surrounded the whole *observatory*. I groped for the *stairs*,
and

and they were gone. At the thought, I fell, and broke several bones.

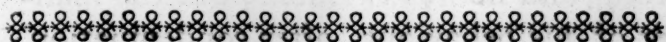
You cannot wonder that such a fall should wake me. Methinks I still see my good host! It is certainly our friend Mr. — Think as you will, I find the atmosphere about the *city of Affliction*, will admit light enough to illustrate a diamond. The *observatory* is undoubtedly that of *faith*; the *stairs* were *prayer*; the *cloud* was *unbelief*.

The *stairs*, I perceive, are up again; having lightened my pockets by a present to the *corner house*, I shall endeavour to climb like a *cripple*. I long much to see *Moses*; but if I get a glimpse of the Lamb, it is enough. O! to forget my old chest, and keep clear of the *cloud*! If you are in the *observatory*, stay till I come.

Yours, &c.

* * *

Dear



Dear Sister,

BUT let me retract it ! Nature reproaches me for pretending to be related to any thing human ! My last letter was a picture of the happiness I possess'd, and expected ; this cannot paint the misery I feel and fear ! What perswaded me to hope that my interest in the heart of Mr. B—— was sure, I know not ; for he had given me no just ground for such a conclusion. He publicly addressed miss T——, a girl whom I thought, in every thing, my inferior, but who was really above me in every thing ; for she had virtue, and *now* virtue is all. The marriage, I foresaw, was at hand. O to prevent it ! That another should enjoy the object of all my wishes, it was not to be borne, by a heart like mine ! My heart how was it torn ! Torn chiefly by hatred of the intended bride ! *Thursday* was the appointed day ! On the preceding *Monday* a robbery was sworn against Mr B—— ; the evidence was strong,

strong, and he was executed; but the manner of his behaviour, after condemnation, to his last moment, convinced every one of his innocence; a conviction that brought suspicion upon the evidence. And who was the evidence? Ah! Who?—The hand that writes!—but cannot proceed!—I was questioned! My countenance confessed all!—I see you fainting! My dear mother faints!—What a murderer am I!—Have murdered an innocent friend!—A meritorious sister and mother!—The worthy miss T—! for she wishes to die, and cannot long survive her wishes!—I have murdered myself!—My soul!—O that I had!—I cannot!—O that misery might dispatch it in ten thousand years!—And could my sister? you cry!—O I could! I did!—You cannot wonder so much as I do!—O support my mother! Heaven,—if to pray will not encrease my guilt, and it cannot be encreased! Why then, Heaven support her!—O what a sentence I am under!—I mean not that of the judge!—But that within!—That of yon tribunal! O mercy! mercy! If you could say amen, I might find what I cannot hope!—But you
can-

cannot !—One prayer I can make !—But one ! That my mother may never meet her unhappy daughter ! My sister never meet the wretched, wretched——*

M. P * * *

From my cell in
* * * jail.

* The above is a fact.



To Miss A —

My dear Child,

IN the name of propriety, and good manners, what have I done, to be thus used? If I were a disagreeable speaker, you might bid me hold my tongue; were it rude, or hard, you might refuse my offered hand ; you might prohibit me your company, were I an impertinent companion. But though I say it, my voice is as sweet as *Herring's*; my hand as soft as—your own; and no body is better company than your humble servant. If I love talking, I can talk sense; as a singer, I have no reason to be against a comparison

son with Miss *Burchell*; and for an air, I would not yield to a dutchess. I can laugh, but it is not the laughter of madness; can dance, but not till I faint; can dwell upon a languishing note, but not till I expire. Oddly it might sound to a certain *countess*, gay thing as I am, I can be grave too; odder still, *delightfully* so: As I can sing a song gracefully, I can sing a *Psalm* with *grace*. On a merry subject I can be fluent, and am seldom at a loss upon a sacred subject. The *countess* yonder may sneer, but in the opinion of as good a judge, I am an *exquisite speaker*, a *divine singer*, and a companion fit for the *best* Lady in the land. In short, I seldom tell a story, of which a repetition is not solicited; never sing but am *encor'd*; and most folks believe me to be what they call me, an angel.

Yet when you admit me, it is with so much caution! Wary girl! did I ever come as a thief? Ever come, but with presents in my hand?—You appear so doubtful of trusting me! Timid thing! did I ever deceive you? Perhaps you think me a flatterer: Good girl! I cannot flatter *you*. Let me not affirm, that I never deluded any one,
for

for the experience of mankind would confute me ; but I am not the deceiver I am taken for. One indeed, who makes free with my name (don't imagine that I mean *F—*) is eternally deluding the *inattentive* world ; for the least attention would detect the mimic ; the voice, and manner, as little resembling mine, as vice resembles virtue. You shall seldom see a *bolder* face than the mimic's : and of all others, my face is not a bold one. The mimic always, I never, pronounce with assurance.—Never ? To confess the truth, now and then, upon funeral occasions, I am apt to be too *sure* and *certain*.

In general, however, the mimic cannot pass for me, but among the willing to be deluded ; and if people will be deceived, they must. By some indeed, and not seldom by you, I am disgracefully termed the mimic ; I say disgracefully, because it is really to dishonour me ; the thing being downright slander ; for the mimic is not less the enemy than I am the friend of mankind. And why, when I sing to my child, must I needs be a syren ? When I talk, a teaser ? A fool when I laugh ? And when I dance, a wanton ?

ton ? I sing but to sooth, entertain, and if I enchant, it is innocently ; for which of my songs has not a moral ? Nay, allow me to say, that I talk, laugh, and dance, just as I sing, to the *time* given by *Virtue*. You love me, and that dearly ; why then fly an innocent charmer ? Your heart answers, “ Because I am unworthy.” Come, girl, *Humility* is my near relative, my firm friend ; I have been told she is my parent ; and she may be so, for in her company I am *so* happy ! and seem to revere her as a parent ! But I am pretty sure, it is not in me to be *positive* ; I am pretty sure, you have misunderstood *humility*, if you imagine she has dropt any thing against your intimacy with me. No, no, it cannot be. If you remember, it was but t’other day, when she put us in your closet together. Nay, but last *Sunday* she ordered me to go home with you from church.

When I have been carried out into great warmth, upon my favourite subjects, you have suspected me of canting ; but the suspicion was groundless ; I cannot cant, nor ever uttered myself in your hearing, but
with

with strict truth, and with some degree of sobriety.

Chide, said you? Indeed I do not. I never was angry, never frowned in my life.—I won't say that I never wept, never sigh'd; but my sigh is not that of bitterness, nor can I shed the tear of sorrow.—Even now you disregard me, eagerly beholding yon *spectre* with a face wan as diseased old age, and her flesh working like that of a slain beast, when lingering life agitates every nerve! She points to a tempest collecting in the west. Let the tempest collect, yours is not the head destined to receive it. Bid the † *spectre* sign to the wretch yonder who blasphemes the *power* that collects the tempest. Turn you to the east—How serene the sky!—What a flaming sun!—Behold that gilded || *Mountain*!—See there, your father!—Aunt!—Your late pastor!—Observe that beckoning angel!—My dear child, if you wish to be conducted to the *mountain*, you will not readily meet with a softer hand than mine.

I cannot, indeed, dread any thing, nor ought I to dread being heard by your fa-

B b ther

† Fear.

|| Heaven,

ther or mother; your father cannot frown, nor can your mother blush, to hear me pronounce you the child of

H O P E.



T O G R E A T B R I T A I N.

YES, *Britain!* you may well tremble! for great is your danger, and the danger is imminent! But is the reason to seek? Have you not carested an enemy? a monster? one more your enemy than *Goliath* to *Israel*? one more a monster than that *Philistine*? To your friend, one more your friend than *David* to his country, have you not copied the behaviour of *Saul* to that valiant son of *Jesse*? When, through some signal exploit, your friend has risen to considerable honour, have you not sunk her to the command of a thousand? yet, if she has slain you her *ten thousands*, why must not this be the chorus of the anthem? If hers be the only hand, as it is, that can play off your *evil spirit*, in your melancholy moment,

moment, why darts the javelin in the palace, till she becomes a *partridge on the mountain*? Among your children, indeed, she has hitherto found her *Jonathan*, whose love to her has *surpassed the love of women*. Has not your *enemy* been even set with diamonds, still indeed a *jetty monster*, while your *friend* has been cloathed with sackcloth? Yet even in sackcloth illustrious. Has not the *enemy* exhibited the pomp of a princess, when the *friend* was her maid—not of *honour*, for under such a princess any post is a disgrace? For the *enemy* has not the vintage cluster'd, and has she not fattened on your marrow, your milk, and your honey, while the *friend*, having eaten her last scrap, and hungry still, has hung over the brook to quench her thirst, and repayed what she borrowed, in a shower of tears? If things are not quite at this pitch, why are they so near it? You cannot give me the answer of a good conscience. Why is an *enemy* favoured at all? why is a *friend* at all neglected? by land, by sea, why has the former the least authority? Here and there, why is not the latter supreme? In the name of interest I

ask it ; for this necessarily sinks, and that exalts a nation.

This pleader, you exclaim, has surely self in prospect. Frankly granted ; for I cannot lie, cannot prevaricate. I am the intended *friend* ; the *enemy* intended is *my* bitterest enemy. And why is she suffered to see the Sun ? for I have met her at noon-day ; met her gayer than noon, though she knew her soul to be blacker than midnight. At midnight, indeed, I seldom see her, yet then you know her to be abroad. And why, when I am keeping good hours at home, may she, wrapt in the mantle of her sister *Night*, be a common *street-walker* ? Upon the high-seas have I met her, and my flag has been obliged to confess it ; is it not a shame ? Is it not to insult the best friend you and I ever had upon earth ? and one, more the lord of those seas than you are ? In short, why am I only *something*—Interrupting, you demand “Why aiming at all ?” Because all is my due. “Prove it.” It is self evident ; I defy you to disbelieve it. “What a boaster !” I am none ; yet for cause to boast, I would not yeild to St. *Paul*, for touch-

touching every thing, I am blameless. "Pride! pride all! and the rankest pride!" I deny that: had I called myself a poor unworthy creature, the charge had been plausible. In that case, indeed, the crime had rather been vanity than pride; for by the dissimulated self-censure, I could only have hoped for the applause of fools. Pay me, then, O *Britain*! at least the principal, and the interest I remit. If you refuse, you know in what court the cause must be tried. It is a court that scorns a bribe. What council will you retain? I know what pleader you intend to trust; one in high favour, I grant, with the judge, and by him taught to plead; but even in that inimitable orator you may presumptuously confide; for the council, on the crown-side, is a severe pleader; and if the pleader join not the issue, the cause is lost, and it is lost beyond appeal.

The truth is, I heartily hate divisions; and of all things would not divide an empire: yet, let me not disown what I have, while I am fighting for the rest. The *stage*, though far from mine, is not quite the enemy's: fix me, O *Garrick*! an empress

without rival! Say not that I entreat, for I demand it. That the *press* is not purely mine, witness, ye virgins, who redden as as you read! ye youths, who forget to blush by reading! The *enemy*, however, can yet boast but few writers, and not a single *good* writer among them. Nay, to some of her class, I could almost be thankful; their names I know not; no body knows them; and therefore, I thank them. It is an hopeful circumstance: an ill book without a name, probably, conveys *one* truth, namely that its author can blush. The *pulpit* (it were needless to except a certain *vile orator* as little *able* to do good as willing to avoid it) the *pulpit* is sacred to me; though every preacher is not a *Herring*, a *Hervey*, a *Chandler*, a *Milner**. The pulpit, indeed, is not sacred from ridicule; suffice it, that by ridicule, the pulpit cannot suffer. *Very much* mine are the *courts of Judicature*, one *court* is all my own, the judge of which has my *seal*, and he cannot shew a better. Mine is the *senate*, and will be so, while it can boast

* As a proof that to mention Dr. *Milner* in this connection, is no compliment. see a Sermon of that gentleman's, preached on the 6th of *February*. 1756.

boast its *Littleton's*, and *Chesterfield's*. The *throne* is mine, on which, as in the pulpit, I have exercised the muscles of ridicule ; if not to her own hurt, it was not to mine. Whether an *illustrious author* be right, or wrong, I am *Truth* ; and if *Folly* laughs, till *Truth* changes, she laughs for ever. I fear she will never laugh herself into *Wisdom* : Yet still, perhaps of the court, of the city, of the country, the *enemy* has more authority for saying, " It is mine," than I have ; and as her share is the greatest, her hope of ensuring the whole, is stronger than mine. It is, however, well known, that she leaves no methods unattempted, that promise to set you against me ; and she has the artifice of hell. Be upon your guard ; and remember, that against me is against yourself. Such intimations have reached you from the *press*, the *pulpit*, the *senate*, the *throne*. Attend ; they were my suggestions. Universal misanthropist ! She recollects her former successes, and imagines to repeat them. Recollect you these occasions ; and by avoiding what then threw advantages into her hands, disappoint the *fury*. Sorcerers ! she has e'er now, *possessed*

you with a mad rage to destroy me; and at her instance, you have more than once forced me to a scaffold, and a stake; but it was not in my nature to perish; I am as immortal as an archangel. O, for your own sake, be no more *possessed*! for no weapon lifted against me can be fatal, except to the hand that lifts it. At present, indeed, it is chiefly in secret, that you trample upon me, and caress the *enemy*. Be just to your principles, and invert the scene. There is nothing secret that shall not be revealed. Openly avow me, me only. Avow me to *France*, avow me to the world, avow me to heaven. This is the only patriotism; this only is public spirit; this the sole avowal worthy of *Britain*. Then shall *Tyrant-France* keep her chains, for her own dastard sons, that thank her for slavery. Then may you defy the shackles of the tyrant *Fear*; for then our *enemy Vice*, the *Idol-Dæmon* of the land, removing from one *high place* to another, from whence she intended to curse you, shall take up her *parable*, and pronounce blessings which she can neither understand nor prevent; then hang her head like a *bulrush*, fold her arms together,

together, and go her way. Indeed, though I never destroy, I cannot always save. Possibly, the *daemon* may, this moment, be mounting *Perdition* into the *whirl-wind*. Mine, however, is the *seven-fold* shield. Step under it, for that, or nothing, protects you from the thunder-bolt. At all events, you cannot have a better *Guardian Angel*, than V I R T U E.

* * *

To Mrs. ———

Dear Madam,

THERE is a point as far as which, and no farther, we can assist our brethren; but it is a point beyond which they, happily, need none of our assistance. I am doubtful whether the poor school-master was not beyond it before he heard of your last favour; for when I got home, I was told that the *Sunday* before, he was prayed for,
as

as almost a dying person: I dispatched your kindness, however, as soon as possible, supposing that a staff might be most wanted, at the end of a journey; and whether it reached him or not, your present cannot fail of blessing the hand that bestowed it, because, if Mr. H—y be no more, his *elder brother* lives for ever. How rich is a poor good man, the moment he changes worlds! And when a rich man is once through the *needle's eye*, is not this his first exclamation? "Till this moment I was poor." Happy spirits, we know that you pity our poverty; nor think that we envy you the *true riches*. Censure us not severely that we seem fond of our poverty; remembering that you *had* your infirmities. You cannot censure with severity; for you went not to heaven to put off your charity; as a proof of the contrary, when you perceive us trembling in the *valley* you have passed with security, if it be permitted, descend and assist us on our passage. Rather, O thou, whom *Stephen* beheld when entering the *valley*, be visible to us when we enter! For the sake of thy desertion, may we never

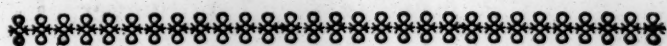
be deserted there!—But let a *Jew* speak of death as a *valley*: the *christian pilgrim* has turned it into a *plain*; and rolled back the waves of *Jordan*, till the river may well be forded. Nay, it has derived omnipotence from its author, by which it even annihilates *Jordan*, and exalts the *plain* into a *mountain*; a *mountain* brighter than *Sinai*, but bright with far other radiance, though irradiated by the same countenance; a *mountain* on which you have lately seen some of your friends conversing with God, like *Moses* at *Sinai*; looking into *Canaan* like *Moses* at *Pisgah*; and a *mountain* glorious to them, chiefly because it sent them not back into the *wildernefs* of Life, but transmitted them to *Canaan*. Such be your transmission. For my part, I am a perfect *Hebrew*. I have seen and heard all the terrors of *Sinai*, am pretty nearly through the *wildernefs*, and somewhere in the valley, which is but the *shadow of Death*, I hear *Jordan* roaring like the sea in a tempest. If I am to be honoured with an angel's company through the *valley*, may the friendly spirit first lead me to the top of *Pisgah*, and
shew

shew me the *promised land*! However, I cannot but wish to salute you again in the *wildernefs*, and ever while there, your's sincerely is the pilgrim.

J. G. * * *



AUTHOR



AUTHOR to the READER.

Excuse, O Reader, many a languid strain;
Languor at heart, will indispose the brain!
In the *design*, some little zeal, I've shewn,
Zeal for a Life, to which I owe my own.
All mothers claim a daughter's *best*, you'll say;
But *mine* has claims no child on earth cou'd pay:
Ease cou'd I shed on all her hours below,
The balm how sov'reign to *my* wounds of woe.
Happy my heart, if this weak hand has pow'r,

Her lot to lighten, in *one* suffering hour.
Age will have many a weary day at best; }
Rarely, tho' *pious*, with a *raptur'd* breast; }
Rarely, tho' *pious*, till entomb'd, at rest. }
If to the world, a stone her name shall tell,
Suffice this epitaph, "Go live as well."
Old age, tho' poor, since poor, in virtue's way,
No cause to sigh shall find, an other day."

F I N I S.

E R R A T A,

- Page 11. line 14. after *soul*, a break
 Page 56. add at bottom * * *
 Page 57. add ditto
 Page 60. add ditto
 Page 74. line 3. for *in*, read *of*
 Page 71. line the last, after *being*, add *uncloth'd when compar'd*
 with the advantage of being cloth'd, &c.
 Page 79. ver. 2. line 3. for *car*, read *ear*
 Page 83. line 5. for *this*, read *the*
 Page 84. line 10. for *call*, read *saw*
 Page 106. line 6. read *yet nearer than thee*
 Page 116. line 13. read *into which we were*
 Page 126. line 12. for *made*, read *mad*
 Page 129. line 8. for *then*, read *that*
 Page 143. line 23. read *he must before then*
 Page 144. line 6. for *which*, read *without*
 Page 150. line 4. for *three*, read *thee*
 Page 151. line 4. for *last*, read *cast*
 Page 159. line 10. add * * *
 Page 161. line 11. for *her*, read *his*
 Page 196. line 16, 17. dele *like the maker in the bull of*
 Phalaris
 Page 225. line 19. for *mind*, read *mine*
 Page 228. line 21. for *value*, read *valour*
 Page 239. line 3. for *childish*, read *child's*
 Page 248. line 14. for *thee*, read *to*
 Page 266. line 15. for *ease*, read *case*
 Page 305. line 17. for *cross*, read *crop*
 Page 351. line 7. add * * *
 Ditto line 12. for *this*, read *your*
 Page 352. add * * *



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I have a goodly Heritage.

Pfalm xvi. 8.

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